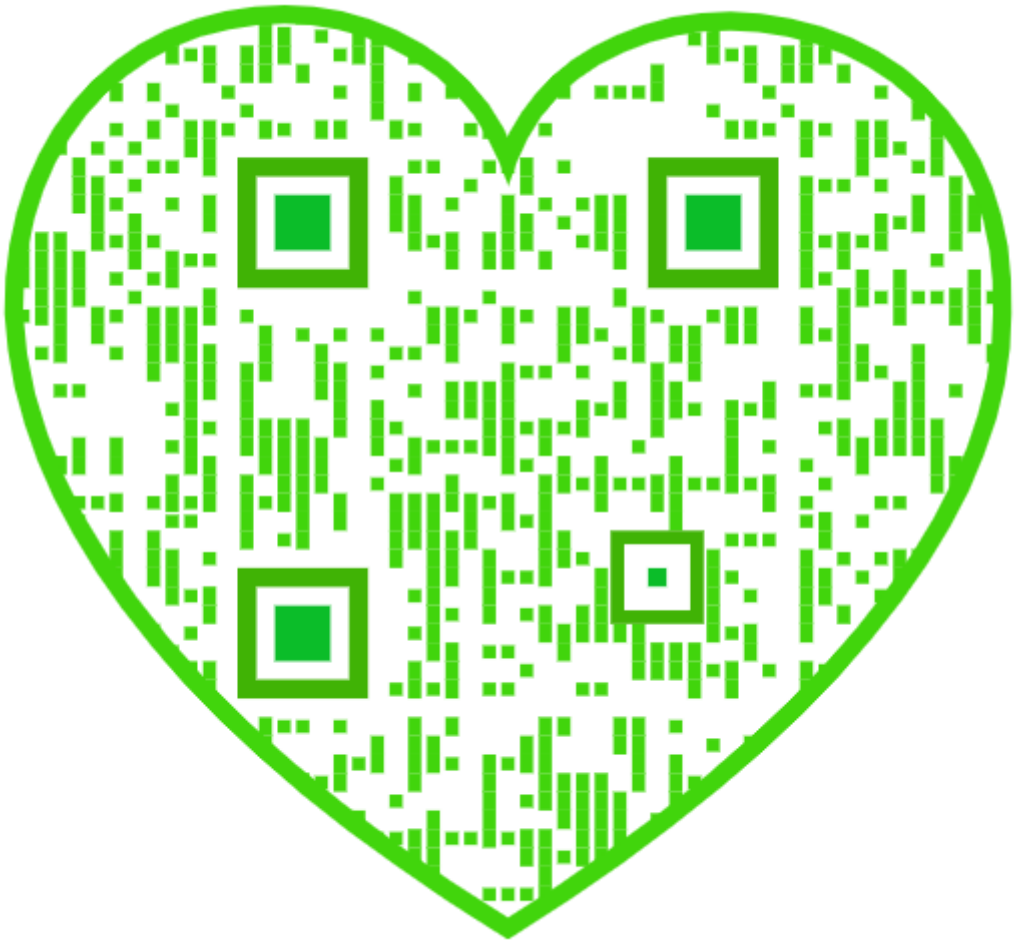

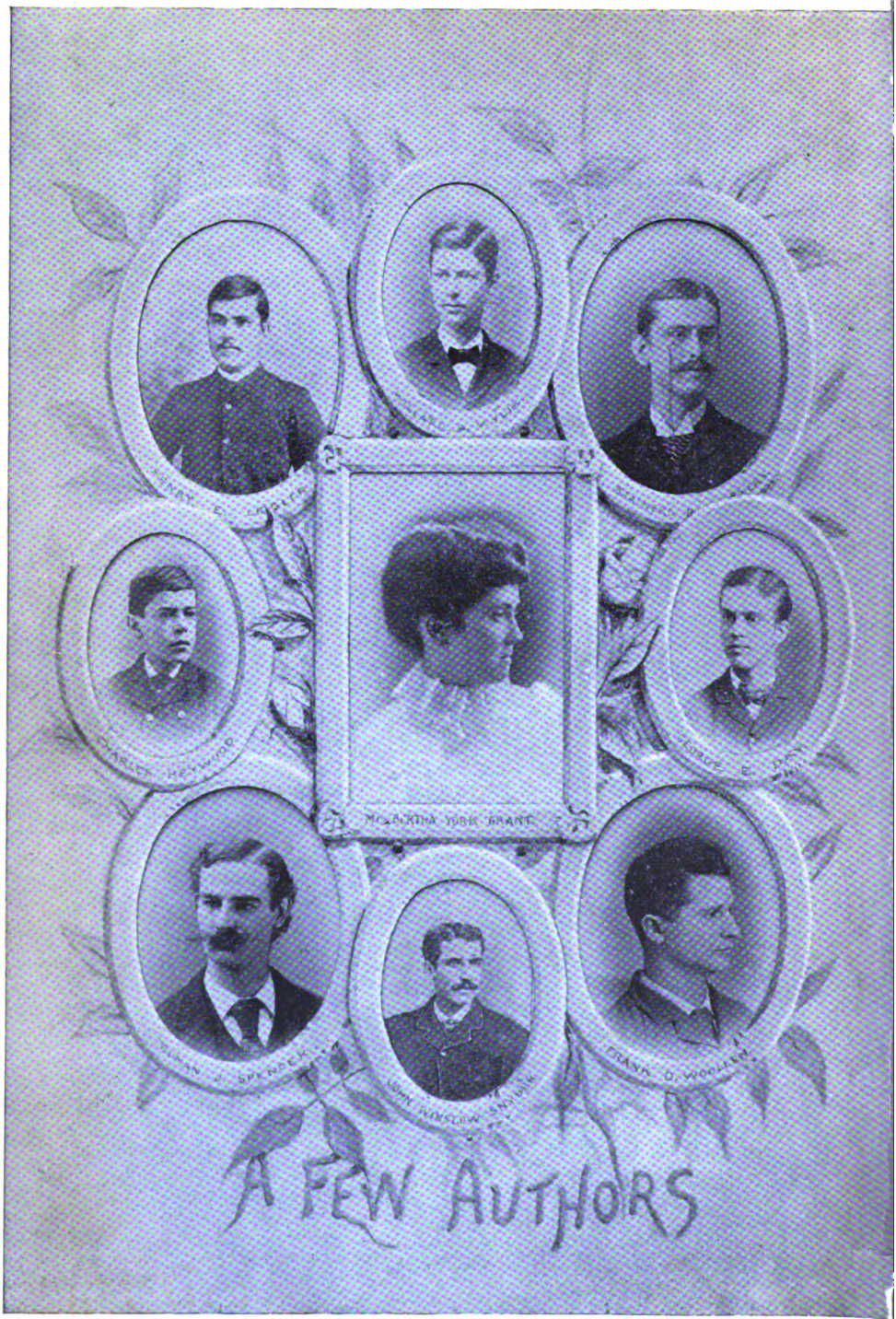
A FEW AUTHORS

A CYCLOPEDIA

OF THE

LITERATURE OF AMATEUR

JOURNALISM.

TRUMAN J. SPENCER.

HARTFORD, CONN.
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Press of the
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TO MR. AND MRS. FINLAY ARNON GRANT,

IN WHOM ARE UNITED

THOSE QUALITIES WHICH MAKE UP THE AUTHOR'S

IDEAL OF A TRUE AMATEUR JOURNALIST,

THIS VOLUME

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.

PREFACE.

TO those among whom this volume is intended to circulate but a few words are necessary. In the treatment of the different authors, the judgments made have no value other than that they are the honest opinions of the author, who makes no pretensions to infallibility. It is hoped, however, that the selections from the writings of each author are copious and representative enough to allow the reader to form his own ideas. The certainty that offense will be taken at some things herein contained is only equalled by the certainty that no offense was meant. In justice it should be borne in mind that this volume is not, like some other works, a selection of the best writings in amateur literature. The aim was to present specimens of the work of the prominent writers of different periods in the history of amateur journalism, and while frequently a multiplicity of riches has embarrassed the author, at other times he has been at a loss to find anything worthy of preservation in the writings of authors who have attained much popularity.

To those outside the pale of amateur journalism, into whose hands this volume may happen to fall, a brief explanation will be necessary. Amateur journalism is an institution formed among the young men and women of the United States and Canada for the purpose of mutual intellectual culture. This is attained by means of the publishing of papers and magazines, filled with the authorial and editorial productions of the members, which are exchanged among the different editors and authors, and their contents reviewed, criticized and discussed. The leading organization is the National Amateur Press Association, which holds its convention in July of each year, affording opportunity for the social intercourse of the members, as well as the devising of means for the improvement and encouragement of the literature of the institution. The association confers each year the titles of poet, essay, sketch writer and historian laureates to the authors entering the best effort in each department, the decision being made by men of prominence in the world of professional letters. The educational facilities of the institution are apparent. This volume contains selections from the literature of amateur journalism during the first two decades of its organized existence.

To those few who have so kindly aided the author in gathering together the materials for this work, his sincere and heartfelt thanks are herewith publicly extended. Toward the much larger number who have failed to respond to the author's request for aid, he entertains no ill-will, for he had no claim upon them, excepting those few who had given him a promise to furnish material.

The plate which serves as a frontispiece was an afterthought, and was made as representative as possible in the short time remaining before the appearance of the book.

New Britain, Conn., February 21, 1891.

INTRODUCTION.

THE one word which would seem to rise involuntarily to the lips of anyone who takes even a cursory view of the literature of amateur journalism during the two first decades of its organized existence is "Progress." There have been those who have laid it down as a dictum that amateur journalism never could improve in its literature, and it is not the purpose here to enter into argument upon the subject. But cogent as the reasons for this conclusion may have been, the undoubted facts of that literature itself seem to utterly disprove its truth. Nor is it the purpose to enter into a discussion of the means through which this improvement has been achieved. In spite, too, of the oft repeated cry as to the degeneracy of the institution in its latter days, an appeal to the records of its literature shows that broader and loftier and more profound results of the author's pen are to be found in the second than in the first decade, and greater works in the last than in the first portion of the second half score of years. Nor is this to be accounted for upon the ground of the general prosperity of the cause. At no time in its history has amateur journalism contained so many papers, or has published in quantity such an amount of literature, or in the excitement of its political campaigns and the rivalry of its editors has been so much alive as during the last half of the first ten years. Indeed, it is a fact that much of the very highest and best in our literature saw the light of day in periods of the darkest gloom and amid surroundings which spoke only of decay.

True literature of the first few years is very scanty. An excellent reason for this will occur to the reader who considers the career of almost any one of our prominent authors. The first years of his connection with amateur journalism were not his bright ones; or, if, as in some cases, they have been, it simply shows that amateur journalism has no claim upon the light which shines forth from them. And so in the days when authors of experience were unknown in the ranks we have no right to look for ripened fruit. The very authors of those early years afterwards brought forth that which will live in the annals of the institution.

In 1876 there was written considerable that was worthy of the name of literature. It was in this year that Henry S. Barler, one of the natural singers of the times, wrote his best poems. It was in this year, too, that John Winslow Snyder began writing his famous essays, which gave to this period much of its literary lustre. Though undoubtedly overestimated, they evinced a profundity of thought rare in those days and seldom, if ever, equalled in matter, but not in style even in later times. "Feramorz" gave birth at this time to one or two comparatively graceful verses. But the great mass of so-called literature was

of no value whatever. The doggerel of Richard Gerner, the weak and preposterous detective stories of A. N. Demarest and others, and the trashy sentimentalism of the sketch writers of the day have long since faded into deserved oblivion. Charles K. Farley, "Yelraf," however, towered far above his contemporaries, and wrote once in a great while such a real piece of poetical fancy as his "A Summer Idyl," and in his great serials and shorter sketches gave the amateur public of the day a taste of what true fiction was like.

In 1877 there was a perceptible increase both in quality and quantity. Miss Adams did her greatest work in this year; Farley's last serial, "Two Fair Bedouins," appeared; James Austin Fynes, the most graceful and artistic writer of the first decade, wrote many of his poems, essays and light airy sketches, Miss Knapp gave evidence of much of her power, and "Caxton Stanley" wrote a few pieces near akin to true poetry.

In 1878 and 1879 there was no especial change. In March of the former year one of the great poetical works of amateur literature saw the light, "Music," by George M. Huss. Snyder wrote much in these years. James L. Elderdice, too, wrote some of his best efforts, and Henry E. Legler produced most of his verse. S. S. Bartlett, "John Quilldriver," a popular sketch writer of his day, and the best after Farley, and before Buckley, wrote most of his sketches in these years.

In 1880 there was a spirited contest for the poet laureateship. Miller, who was then just coming into prominence as a poet, Elgutter, Harrison, more poetical in spirit than in form, Elderdice, Palmer, whose lines possessed some dramatic fire, and Ludwig, being among the contestants. Mr. Miller, with his "Pastoral," was successful, but it was an evidence of the paucity of true poems as compared with more recent times. S. A. Wood wrote a few trifles, and was the forerunner of a not very valuable school of light verse that came after him, though not as a result of his efforts. Miss Stevens, "Rubina," was more conspicuous in 1880 than in any other year, and her verse was a little above the standard of the day. Wm. F. Buckley, too, came prominently to the front as an essayist and writer of a superior class of fiction, in which latter field he has never been equalled.

The next year was largely one of preparation, although Mr. Buckley's most noted serial, "Missoury," was published in this year. Max A. Lesser flooded the papers with his so-called æstheticism in verse, and Thomas G. Watkins wrote poetry and sketches of a commonplace order. Miss Brown, though not reaching the acme of her career until a year or two later, wrote some commendable verse, and J. Rosevelt Gleason published one of the really fine poems of amateur literature in his "Lines on Breaking a Clay Pipe." Miss Gage published in this year her narrative poem, "Jack's Mistake."

The year 1882 was a notable one. In one sense, at least, the poetry of the institution reached the high water mark of excellence, in that in this year was published the greatest poem in its annals, Clossey's "Red Letter Days," which won the laureateship, and stands unrivalled for its potent strains of thought, its wealth of poetic imagery, and its

urgent appeal to the understanding of the reader. It was in this year also, that James J. O'Connell gave to amateur journalism his greatest work. His talents were greatly overestimated by his friends, and, on the other hand, he was thoroughly misunderstood by the masses. Although it might be maintained that it was the result of a misapprehension as to his real powers on the part of his followers, it is idle to deny that his influence upon amateur letters was both potent and beneficial. He published his "Stanzas and Sketches," which was the finest book, both as regards contents and appearance, that had been issued up to that time. From the time of its appearance dates a new era in amateur literature, one which a well known critic has, not over-accurately, called the Renaissance. It was a primal awakening rather than a renewal. Besides O'Connell's polished prose, stinging criticisms, and readable stanzas, there were the carefully constructed sketches of Gleason, with an occasional gem of verse from his pen, and the scholarly productions of Buckley. This year, in the persons of O'Connell and Schofield, and in the advent of Heywood and Edkins, realized the first real school of criticism, though it was not for a year or so that the latter two became prominent in this field. Arthur J. Huss, it is true, had written criticisms that could be truly dignified with the name, and he did good service in exposing the frailties of Gerner's verse, but at most he was only a forerunner, and it is undoubtedly true that real literary criticism in amateur journalism dates from 1882. And this awakened in the authors of the day the true spirit of literary ambition. Literature became the study and the object of earnest and sincere endeavor on the part of many devotees, and the consequence was that there was ushered in a period of solid worth in the history of amateur literature.

For a year or two was experienced what has been called the golden age. New singers in the choir of melody began to make their appearance. Emery, Day, and Miss York sprang into deserved popularity, Batsford penned the first chapters of his great work, "Dr. Dick," Miss Tardy gave forth her greatest work, and the smoothly written verses and carefully turned periods of Ralph Metcalf were comparatively abundant. Shelp, also, published some of his clear-cut crystals in verse, and Antisdel's wit blazed forth now and then, in an odd fancy or conceit.

But the high plane of literature was not to be maintained. Poetry, especially, seemed to lose somewhat of its individuality, and, indeed, this was but a natural result of existing conditions. And as it partook more of the nature of a general model it lost its vitality. It became artificial and its soul languished and nearly died of lack of nourishment, while its outward form was decked and decorated with a mass of gingerbread ornament which was typical of the falsely delicate nature of the prevailing school. Everything was sacrificed to outward show and form, and this influence seemed to pervade all classes, though when it reached the poet of real genius, instead of dragging him down to the general level, he raised it up so as to show some of the possibilities of even this light form of verse, as for instance, Miller's "Ballade

of Some Fair Women." In this carnival of sound and form Stinson was one of the prime leaders, and, in this particular field, his verses have, perhaps, never been equalled. But the very vital spark of true poetry was wanting.

But in 1888 signs of a change in amateur literature were apparent. The spark struck from the anvil of Ernest A. Edkins kindled a blaze that was to burn with genuine poetic fire. Charles Heywood, who had done much by his caustic pen to mold and formulate and prune the poetry of the so-called golden age, now gave concrete examples of what constituted true art. The sympathetic muse of Mrs. Grant made pure and soul-touching melody, and the tender reveries of Miss Fellows and the fine poetic instinct and bold metaphors of Miss Callender delighted the heart of the true lover of the pure and the beautiful. And a little later, those master spirits of the realms of poetic imagination, Misses Johnson and Parsons, added the products of their gifted brains to the general store of poetic wealth, making the greatest era in the annals of amateur verse. Nor were the other fields of literature neglected. Edkins himself gave now and then a fragment of brilliant prose, Miss Johnson wrote sketches and essays, though still with the vision of a poet, Mrs. Miniter wrote stories full of human nature, though scarcely with her old-time vigor, and Woollen produced studies of character worthy of much attention, while Bull painted picturesque landscapes with the hand of a true artist. Thus the second decade of organized amateur journalism closed with a literature inferior to that of its early days as regards quantity, but of a quality never equalled in its history.

LITERARY CYCLOPEDIA

OF

AMATEUR JOURNALISM.

RICHARD GERNER.

THE most prolific writer of the early days of amateur journalism was Richard Gerner, who wrote sketches and poems with equal facility, his productions being numbered by the hundreds, and who undeniably achieved an immense popularity as as author. But it is equally as undeniable that his sketches were poorly written, feebly sustained, sensational and trashy, while his poems were exceedingly commonplace, seldom, if ever, rising above the merest doggerel. He was a prominent candidate for the presidency of the National Amateur Press Association at its organization in 1876, but was defeated by John Winslow Snyder. His productions were usually signed "Humpty Dumpty." His most famous prose works were "The Colonel's Little Game," and "The Winning O'T," and his noted poems were "Terrible Snow," "The Fallen Angel," "Infernal Comedy," and "A Dream of the Past." The following is a fair sample of his poetry:

FLOWERS AND BOOKS.

Flowers fade,
Pass away;
Are unmade
And decay
When they're broken.
Sorry token!
Most unhappy is the gift;
How can they a friendship sift
When they die before the morrow,
Emblems of affection's sorrow?
Shall the donor's memory
Like their brief existence be?

Books outlast
Flowers must;
Are not cast
In the dust
When their pleasure
Is at leisure.
Here you find my tribute writ,
'Though it may be sorry wit;
April sprouts die in November,
But my verse you will remember
Till this page shall be a blot,
When the flowers are long forgot?

The following selections from his "Dream of the Past" give an idea of the quality of his more lengthy work. It was first printed in *The Budget* in May, 1877, and afterwards published in book form.

The night-winds moan o'er the house-tops,
And whirl over meadow and lane,
The rain pours downward in torrents
And patters against the pane;
It strikes a chill to my bosom
As I sit by my hearthstone bright,
Dreaming away the long hours
In this dreary December night.

* * * * *

My riches can purchase me pleasure,
World's homage and gratitude's prayer;
The honor and strength of manhood
And the worship of vanity fair.
But it cannot buy me affection.
And it cannot swell my heart—
The romance of my joyous youth is o'er;
Our destinies lie apart.

* * * * *

'Twas an eve in the sultry summer,
By a splashing mountain stream,
That I first stood face to face with her,
In the setting sun's last gleam;
Like a vision she came upon me
As she stood by the river's bank,
Gazing where, over the hill-tops,
In glory the orb down sank.

* * * * *

That night I shall ever remember,
When I asked her to be my wife,
And bid her to share forevermore
The sorrows and joys of my life;
Our troth we plighted in tender vows
There, under the starlit sky;
I would gladly renew that blissful hour,
And then lay me down and die.

And the summer waned; the autumn came,
And I left the mountain dell;
I kissed off the tear from the gentle cheek,
And bid her a fond farewell:
"When the spring comes 'round, my darling,
I'll come and I'll claim my wife;
I'll take her away to my city abode,
And cherish her with my life."

* * * * *

I paused for a moment to hearken
To the chatter I heard within,
And my heart beat high in its gladness
At the thought of the treasure to win;
I glowed with expectant feeling,
And into the window bright
I cast a look——my heart stood still!
And froze at the galling sight!

* * * * *

There she sat in the room within,
By another's loving side:
She, who had been so dear to me
And had promised to be my bride.
She sat with her head on his bosom
And his hand within her own—
I could only turn my eyes away
And utter a bitter groan.

GEORGE M. HUSS.

In striking contrast to Mr. Gerner was George M. Huss, who wrote one poem where Mr. Gerner wrote a hundred. But the poetry of Mr. Huss was worth reading when it was written. He entered amateur journalism in 1874. His work was characterized by a graceful, yet compact, expression, and he succeeded remarkably in bringing, with a single phrase, scenes and objects before the mind of the reader. His most celebrated work, and justly so, was "Music," first published in *The Stylus* for March, 1878.

MUSIC.

Through Art and Nature flows a melody
Of highest and divinest harmony;
In all the world, in all the universe,
There swells and dies on modulated chords
A music grand, consistent, yet diverse,
A music full of meaning, without words;
And to the soul attuned to hear the wondrous song
These voices bring a winged, intense desire,
To put away the world and drift along
The dreamy life the monotones inspire.
The grandly silent music of the spheres,
Swinging in ponderous numbers years on years
Through all the eras of eternal time,
Entrances the spirit with a rhyme sublime.
And lower and yet mighty in the scale
Of Nature's limitless and complex tone,
The thunder rolls in deep and sombre peal
And on wild shores the hoary Oceans moan.

In lighter measure and in contrast sweet
To these profound and melancholy strains,
The forest songsters trill an air replete
With happy melody, that swells and wanes
On chords which make the vaster hymn complete.
In accents low, and faint, and far remote
From symphony, the insect's tiny note,
That stabs the stillness of a summer day,
Completes the choir and fills out Nature's lay.
And from these wild, uncultivated sounds
The inspiration of immortal thought
Has caught the finer beauty that abounds
And into melody weird wildness wrought.
The resonant, the sweet, the tiny trill,
Are made to move by the artistic skill
Of hearts o'erflowing with the song divine,
In measures that enwrap and weave and twine
About the soul a pure celestial charm.

THOMAS G. HARRISON.

Thomas G. Harrison entered amateur journalism in 1875, and published the *Welcome Visitor* from Indianapolis for many years. He was president of the Western association in 1878, and at Cincinnati in 1880 was elected president of the National, and in 1883 was chosen official editor. His poetical productions were written under the signature of "Nameless." While they were crude in construction, and frequently lame in metre and deficient in rhyme, yet they contained a number of poetical ideas, some of which were happily expressed. His best poem was "The Wilderness Maid," entered for the laureateship in 1880, and published in *Young American.* Other poems were: "Too Hasty," *Independent Times*, June, 1880; "Advice," *Egyptian Star*, March, 1878; "Flowers," *Egyptian Star*, April, 1878. In 1883 he published an account of his connection with amateur journalism in book form, under the title of "Career and Reminiscences of an Amateur Journalist," making a volume of over three hundred pages, the largest book issued up to that time by the amateur fraternity.

THE WILDERNESS MAID.

In the valley of Monan, secluded afar
From the vortex of strife and the tumults of care;
Where the flowers of Spring in a gay wreath join
With the moss-covered stone and the Ivy vine;
Where the lofty Elm lifts its boughs on high,
And the Poplar waves, when the wind rushes by;
Where the Violet smiles from its humble bed;

Where the Wild Rose nods its lovely head;
Where the woodland hymns in sweet melody rise
Toward the bright blue veil that envelopes the skies;
Dwells a youthful Maid, in the Western wild,
In lonely seclusion—the Wilderness Child.

The Wilderness Maid is gay, gentle and fair,
Her light step elastic, her heart free from care;
Her eye beams with pleasure, the graces combine,
She seems less of Mortal than Angelic line:
Her innocent breast—the seat of a heart
Undefiled by deceit or affectation's art,
Is warm with the feelings of Friendship and Love,
Which she has imbib'd from Nature's sweet grove—
That school of simplicity, where we may read
The diction of Heaven, in landscape and mead;
Where SOLITUDE, Mother of lessons divine!
Invites the pure bosom to bend at her shrine,
And pour its oblation, untarnish'd by art,
From the pure holy fount of an innocent heart,
And indulge in reflections, so welcome and sweet,
While the matted spring flowers rise kissing our feet.

Amid the sweet flowers on Monan's bright stream
That mirrors the landscape—where Phebu's first beam
In morning effulgence bursts on the calm glade,
To halo the haunt of the Wilderness Maid;
The sylph of the wood, with love kindling mein,
Strays pensive and lone, 'midst the flow'r spangl'd scene,
While the bright dew is sparkling in the primrose's bell,
And zephyrs are loitering in the fragrant dell;
Where the butterfly sports on its gilded wings,
And the emerald arcade above it rings
With the mingled notes of the warbling throng,
Which pour to God their sweet matin song.

The balm breath of morning her sweet lips inhale;
Her breast bears a chaplet, fresh plucked from the vale;
Her bright, glossy tresses steal down her fair brow,
Where modesty, virtue and innocence glow,
And charms which weak language would vainly portray,
Or painter's best skill would fail to display;
But beauty is Nature's, and she has display'd
The sample of beauty—the Wilderness Maid.

ELIHU PALMER.

Elihu Palmer wrote in a different vein from most of his associates, the dramatic; or, at least, he was able to bring to this style of poetic writing a greater power, and therefore made it more prominent than any other author in the early days of amateur literature. His periods were not always

nicely rounded, there was a crudeness of expression frequently, sometimes painfully, present, and his ideas were not strikingly original. But there was considerable power in his lines. His poem "Time," published in the *Welcome Visitor*, and entered for the laureateship in 1880, was perhaps his best work.

TIME.

Time, thou art a fraud, a base, ignoble liar,
Whose rose is not a rose—only a briar
Concealed—a gaudy, painted thing,
Whose beauty hides a poisoned sting.

Vain boaster, dost thou remember
How in a long past September
Thou didst seek me, and falsely sing
Of blessings thy coming years would bring?
Dost thou remember, how to my youthful heart
You pictured life's conflict, and my part
Crowned with honor, wealth and fame,
Bequeathing to the world an immortal name?
And later, when I was in the fray called life,
And around me was earnest work and bitter strife;
Dost thou remember how you wooed me
From my task, and soothed me
With thy talk of love—Eternal love
Blessed by him who rules above;
Conversed of a land perfumed with flowers,
Within whose realm there was no weary hours,
But one long day of pure delight,
Gladdened by love's most glorious light?
Dost thou remember? Yet thy years
Instead of joys have brought me tears.

Aye, Time, thou art a fraud! Born
On the first glorious morn,
Thou hast seen the rise and fall of nations—
Saw them laugh with joy and bend with tribulations;
Yet one word of warning to living generation
Thou hast never spoken; and thy consolation
At best was base deceiving;
For to hearts innocent and believing,
Thou dost whisper of love, and wealth and fame,
And dost bring them sin and death and shame.
Aye, thou art a fraud, a base, ignoble liar,
Whose rose is not a rose—only a briar
Concealed, and tho' older than the waves,
To men thou canst promise surely only graves.

L. LIBBIE ADAMS.

The first young lady author to gain prominence in the fields of amateur literature was Miss L. Libbie Adams, more

familiarly known as "Nettie Sparkle." She edited and published the *Youthful Enterprise* from Elmira, N. Y., during 1876–7–8, and wrote many poems at this period. Her style was not elaborate or profound, nor richly figurative, but her poems were simple and delicate. She was also the author of several sketches and serials, which, though fairly interesting, were not of a very high order of literary merit. Some of her poems were: "A Sonnet," *Violet*, December, 1885; "A Fragment," *Brilliant*, Autumn, 1885; "The Ice King," *Imp*, January, 1878; "Love's Triumph," *Youthful Enterprise*, February, 1877; "Christmas Eve," *Ibid.*, December, 1876; "Echoes," *Ibid.*, August, 1876; "Who Knows?" *Ibid.*, June, 1876; "Knowest Thou?" *Ibid.*, May 1877; "Waiting," *Amateur*, March, 1877.

IN THE TWILIGHT.

When the twilight shadows cover
All the sleeping earth below,
And a thousand mem'ries hover
O'er the buried long ago——

Then my heart is sad and weary;
And I long for some sweet rest
Where the way is not so dreary,
And the sunny skies are blest.

Twilight shadows, shifting ever,
With the spirits of the past;
Ye will bring my love—no—never,
Love has fled—the die is cast.

But a thrilling voice is near me,
And a whisper seems to say:
"Seek to know the blessings near thee
Know the spirit of to-day."

A LITTLE THOUGHT DROPPED FROM THE SKIES.

The old grey mists of the morning
Flee when the sun arise,
Like baby lids when the dawning
Of day awakes the skies.

I am sitting, watching, waiting,
But my heart with gladness fills
When I see the mellow radiance
Like a blessing flood the hills.

For a world, a world of sadness
Had come with the morning grey,
And damp'ning of earth and self
Had taken the light away.

But now the warmth of the sunshine
Is wed to the summer air,
And I feel, though the earth may be between,
That the Cause is ever there.

A FRAGMENT.

I would that flowers half expressed
The hidden life in every part;
That words the feelings best confessed
That dwell within the inmost heart;
For if 'twere given the heart to tell
The fullest measure of its love,
The songs from mine to-night would swell
The anthems of the heavens above.
But words are vain! *I* only know
The full sweet love enfolded here;
Though countless silent tears may flow,
A world of words is not one tear.

HENRY S. BARLER.

One of the most prominent poets of his day was Henry S. Barler, whose genius has, perhaps, been slightly over-rated by some, but who, nevertheless, was possessed of greater poetic talents than nearly all of his contemporaries. His poems, though sometimes deficient in rhyme, were smooth and graceful in rhythm and movement, contained some highly poetical thoughts, and, more than this, they breathed forth the sentiments of humanity. The praise of a fellow poet, Mr. Benjamin, was exalted but it was hardly too much so.

When twilight fades, and sombre night
Her diamond-studded robe lets fall,
One star the most resplendent gleams
And shines the brightest of them all.
And thus did Barler's genius stand
Out from the rest, and well-defined
Shone with a lustre all its own;
The lustre of a rare young mind.

But at an early age he was stricken down, and loved and mourned by all the fraternity he died in June, 1876. At one time he issued the *Amateur Author*. His best poems are given below.

THE VALLEY BIRD.

Now merrily my bonny bark,
Swiftly o'er the waters glide,
Plying the wave with steady mark,
From early dawn till eventide.

How oft I've watched thy shining oar,
In measured silence cut the wave;
How oft I've seen from shore to shore,
Thy sides the muddy waters lave.
Full many a bounding heart hast thou
Kept time to with unconscious dash,
As onward rushed thy little prow
Through the ripple's foamy plash.
'Tis well, my bonny bark, that thou
All mystery canst not divine:
'Tis well thou has not power to know
The thoughts for which thou'rt made the shrine.
Cheerful as the early lark,
When first his matin song is given,
Bounds o'er the tide my bonny bark
From morning grey till dusky even.

FALLEN.

No one knew him, no one cared,
How he suffered, how he fared,
In the strife;
In the struggle to excel,
How he faltered, how he fell,
A ruined life.

He had genius, he had skill,
He had courage and a will;
He was young.
But they pushed him from the rank,
And his life remains a blank,
All unsung.

Now he lieth wrecked and shattered,
All his hopes and fortunes scattered
From the light.
O, his life was done too soon,
His bright sun gone down at noon,
Into night.

MERRY CHRISTMAS, TOM.

World is wild with jubilee,
Christmas bells are mad with glee,
Ringing on the air!
Christmas in the city's reign,
Christmas on the sun-burnt plain,
Christmas on the surging main,
Christmas everywhere.

Tempest roareth fiercely past,
Laden with an arctic blast,
Fierce and strong and cold:

Let it howl and let it storm,
Let the weather beat alarm—
Fires are bright and hearths are warm,
—Warm with love untold.

Sitting by my blazing hearth
On this happiest day of earth—
Day of joy and cheer—
Comes to me through misty clime,
Memory of the Christmas chime
Ten years back the past of time,
Sounding in my ear.

By this ancient hearth I stood,
By my side Tom Brackenwood,
Friend of boyhood's day—
Here I drew the last love token,
Here our link of fate was broken,
Here the last good-by was spoken,
And he went away.

Out upon a boundless tide,
Out upon the ocean wide,
Seeking Fortune's balm,
Tom wherever thou mayest be,
On the land or on the sea,
Let me drink a health to thee,—
Merry Christmas, Tom.

JOSEPH P. CLOSSEY.

One of the shining lights of the fraternity in the latter part of its first decade was Joseph P. Clossey. His paper, *Our Free Lance*, was remarkable for size, regularity and the general literary excellence of its contents, and was known as the "king of amateur journals." As an editor Mr. Clossey ranked high. In 1878 he was a very prominent candidate for the presidency of the national association but was not elected. He was chosen official editor of the association in 1880, and in 1882 received the title of poet laureate. Outside of his editorial writings his best efforts were in verse, his "Red Letter Days," which won the poet laureateship in 1882, being universally recognized as one of the masterpieces of amateur literature.

RED-LETTER DAYS.

From Kentish leas where fragrant hopvines blow,
While summer winds hay-scented drift along
The tufted downs, and overhead the song
Of heaven-seeking bird comes sweet and low,
As beating the responsive air with wing-strokes firm and strong

His world of pleasure the blithe lark surveys,
With no regret save for the warmer land
To which, ere chilling touch of Winter's hand,
He speeds away, my heart, to happier days
Reverting, longingly o'erleaps the sundering sea and strand,

And all the barren years that lie between
Exultant life, and that which is but living:
And boldly parts Time's curtains, not misgiving
But on dim mem'ry's mirror will be seen
Bright visions, stirring scenes of old, all duller days outliving.

Again through sunny Gallic lands I roam,
And gay companions greet me, and I dream
Of joyous hours in wooded shades that seem
Of fabled dryads the befitting home;
And many a wild adventure in the plain or on the stream,

Long since forgotten, thro' my memory runs,
Each scene recalling others madder, bolder,
At which—do I but shudder that I'm older?—
Hounds, men and horses, raging beasts and guns, [and colder.
Bewild'ring throng my brain, while heart and blood grow still

Here, where St. Hubert's beech-crowned head uprears,
De Rogers turned the bristly maned boar,
Whose foam-flaked tusks, red eyes, and savage roar
Dismay us all till Arnault calm appears,
And with a well-sped bullet spread his russet flanks with gore.

His maddened onset brings him to my face,
His hot breath choking me with reeking fumes;
The fire-gleam of his eyes my brain consumes;
Then icy currents through my being race;
The pulseless quiet of the dead for once my heart assumes.

But quickly conq'ring fear, with steady aim
My trusty rifle stays his further course,
Who, fighting death with fast departing force,
With desperate tusk-strokes that the wolf-hounds maim,
At length reposes on the heath, a ghastly, grisly corse.

And that glad time, Morel, when you and I,
Between us borne our spoil, the day's sport ended,
Our nightly way to fire and shelter wended,
Comes back as though no years had flitted by,
With hopes and fears and loves and joys and miseries attended.

Once more in Arden's woods the wintry night
Falls swiftly down: the shadows chill and gray,
Its vanguard, close pursues the flying day;
We toil along led by the faint star-light,
While on the wind comes from afar the wolf-pack's hungry bay.

The ruined hut in which we shelter found
Was bare and weak enough: nor roof, nor fire
To temper the shrill wind; all Winter's ire
Is wreaked upon us; while with savage bound [nigher.
The hoarse brown horde across the snow comes nigh and ever

Our powder spent, our flimsy barricade
O'erthrown by their mad rush, we take our stand
Amid the frost-rimmed rafters, blade in hand;
And when the leader gaunt his leap had made,
His death-yelp echoes as he falls among the snarling band.

And thus all night! Above a rolling hell
Of barking demons wait we for the morn,
With fevered tongue and brain, and all out-worn
Till we can bear no more: when the last yell
From our besiegers tells the coming of the laggard dawn.

Of how we fared betimes by southern hills,
Of ventures strange by flood and northern river,
Enough, enough: one cannot roam forever;
And sport and chase, twin solace for my ills,
Could only for a time from toil their votary deliver.

But though in Paris, delving for Time's treasures,
The tumult of the chase no more is ours,
All is not dull: the year brings brighter hours—
O, happy hours that were but mine and pleasure's, [flowers!
When all the air was sweet and fragrant with spring songs and

Mayhap adown the curving Seine we drift,
Past quiet convents that on either shore
'Neath larch and willow nestle; now the oar
Our shallop urges by where lilies lift
Their topaz chalices with silver dewdrops spangled o'er.

The hospitable cabaret that peeps
Through locust-blossomed arches white and cool,
And overhangs the river's darkest pool,
Invites us: high above the Sun-God creeps,
And 'minds us of our journey from the barriere du Roule.

So while the warm day runs we sit and quaff,
The wine of Epernay and red Thierry,
That sombre ones make ardent, dullards merry;
And Blondine charms Morel with witching laugh,
And I a willing captive in your toils remain, *ma chere.*

Again, O my love!—who no longer mine is—
The moonlit eve we pass, the soft air thrilling
With odorous sighs from lilacs scent-distilling
Enfolds us, while your voice men call divine is
The last light *chanson* from Lecocq or Herve gaily trilling.

A sudden mist then leaves you chill as death,
And as your shawl I clasp about you shivering
A ribbon falls, your fragrant hair delivering,
That sweeps my cheek, fanned by your ardent breath
Till all Love's passionate pulses are aflame and quivering.

Ah, sweet! we wandered then in fairy bowers:
The red moon in the heavens above us flamed;
And could fond lovers as we were be blamed
For Love's joys tasting with Love's daring powers [claimed?
Through long and languid nights, too fleeting all, that Eros

If time but left us happily together,
If fate had never willed that we should part,
Our lives had been but one, and your true heart
Had, loving on through storm and sunny weather,
Ne'er felt as in the anguished hour of parting woe's keen dart.

So from the past your presence that so sweet was
Returning brings a tender, cloud-like pain
That darkens ever, though regret be vain,
The pleasure of a season that complete was,
Recalling which, years roll away and I grow young again.

JOHN WINSLOW SNYDER.

The most prominent name in the literature of the first decade of amateur journalism is John Winslow Snyder, generally known by the *nom de plume* of "Winslow." He was the first president of the national association, and in politics and literature achieved first rank. And his position was one to which he was undoubtedly entitled. He wrote a number of sketches and humorous articles, but these were generally insipid and silly. But as an essayist he had few, if any, equals. It was sometimes said that his articles smacked of the encyclopedia. This was true, but only in a limited sense. In the prime of his career, flushed with political honors, and crowned with the laurels of literary conquests, his name resounding from everybody's lips, he was called upon to furnish an immense number of literary productions. Willing to respond to calls of this kind, but lacking the time and opportunity to devote to this work, he seized upon the encyclopedia as a ready help in the production of a hastily constructed essay. But however we may look at this process, it should be remembered that it was not resorted to through any lack of original thought on the part of Mr. Snyder. He was preeminently a thinker. His best essays were profound, and evinced a depth of thought reached by no other amateur author. His reasoning powers were well developed, and his

logic was usually irresistible. His essays always possessed a pure, moral tone, and set forth the highest ideas of human action. Indeed, it was sometimes said he was too much of a preacher. Nearly all of his work was characterized by a most elegant diction. His periods were nicely rounded off, his sentences even and well-balanced, his choice of words happy, and his splendid rhetoric possessed at times almost the cadence of poetry. His style was marred, however, by an occasional use of a colloquial expression. And about some of his writing their was too much of the method of employing a steam hammer to crush an egg shell. He would frequently state a truth of universal acceptation with all the dignity and statliness, and all the force and emphasis, with which one would announce some new and important discovery. And not content with this he would proceed to carefully demonstrate what was in its very nature an axiomatic proposition. Thus portions of his writings were nothing more than bombast, but it must be confessed he very effectually concealed the fact from the casual reader. They seemed to contain the profound utterances of a sage, while in fact they were but commonest platitudes. Mr. Snyder was by profession a lawyer, and evidences of the fact may be observed in his writings, not only in his frequent choice of legal subjects for his essays, and an occasional use of legal terms and phraseology, but in a certain method of argument he frequently employed, strongly savoring of the special pleader, and also in his fondness for citing authorities to strengthen his statements. Some of his best works were : "Useful Knowledge," *Young America*, March, 1882; "Garfield's First Case," *Detroit Amateur*, June, 1882; "Thomas Carlyle," *Arnett's Phœnix*, October, 1882; "Power of Words," *Paragon*, December, 1881; "The Novelist," *Ibid.*, November, 1881; "Our Grammar," *North Star*, September, 1878; "Hope," *Little Rhody*, December, 1888; "A Scientific Age," *Eastern Star*, December, 1878; "Study Emerson," *Lynn Amateur*, December, 1882; "Napoleon," *Egyptian Star*, June, 1879; "Thomas Chatterton," *Ibid.*, March, 1879; "Consult the Eternal Oracles," *American Sphinx*, December, 1882; "Blessings of English Liberty," *Ibid.*, December, 1883; "The Conscientious Worker," *Ibid.*, September, 1885; "Carlyle," *Independent Times*, August, 1881; "Bryant," *Ibid.*, July, 1879; "Culture," *Ibid.*, September, 1878.

A SCIENTIFIC AGE.

This age has been properly characterized as a scientific age. For the world has its epochs, its periods, its ages, even as Shakespeare has

given seven ages to man; and these ages of the world, even as those of man, have their distinctive marks and natures. The student of Egyptian antiquities learns of a people given to a rigid formalism, and finds the Egyptian priest, and the kingly Sesostris, their representative heroes. The reader of Grecian history looks upon a portraiture where met the Muses of Poetry, Philosophy, Eloquence, the Arts, to charm, to enchant; the lives of Homer, Socrates, Demosthenes, Phidias, mark the boundaries of the ebb and flow of that nation's life. Roman story tells us of iron manhood, and great laws, of a Cato and a Justinian. The Middle Ages were devoted to what men, ignorant of its ways, have dubbed vain pursuits and sophistries, but the close student of the labors and intellectual character of Thomas Aquinas vows that no mortal ever boasted grander mental powers, and followers of Bonaventura would fain to worship him as the Seraphic Doctor. Then the present age, the one into which it was our fate to be born, the nineteenth century, the days of a Hamilton and a Darwin; an age intensely practical, and, as some would have us believe, even dangerously scientific,—and,—*horresco referens*—altogether given,—given over, I suppose it is meant,—to the most virulent forms of materialism.

Into such an age, I repeat, we have been born. Though doubting all things else, this much is certain. However much we would have preferred to live an Egyptian's life, and die an Egyptian's death, and be buried an Egyptian mummy, it has been otherwise decreed. Though we would have delighted to follow Socrates through the market places of Athens, and to stand in the company of Plato's disciples beneath the shade of classic grove and porch, it was not permitted us. Whilst we envy the men who gathered firmly their tunics about them and followed Caesar across the Rubicon, we must "grin and bear it." Howsoever wisely we might have discussed with the sage schoolmen of the middle ages the problem of how many angels could stand on the point of a needle, the opportunity was not granted us. A dry, prosaic age was reserved for us, and we must make the best of it. Though we may inveigh against this nineteenth century, and bitterly speak of its faults and foibles, and forget that it heralds grand discoveries, fosters liberal thought, and proclaims the greatness of a Christian civilization, this spirit of discontent will bring neither aid nor hope, for a wise Providence has ruled that now shall we live.

How shall we live? To such a question there can be but one answer. We must live so that the world will be the better for our lives and therefore must we firmly plant our feet upon the platform of duty, right, and truth. But if so to live, and so to do, be the whole duty of man, why should we complain that our lot has been cast in a scientific age? For "science" only means "to know," and surely knowledge will not blind us to duty, to right, or to truth. Such a growth, rather, thrives in great light, and gathers strength from close inspection. I see no reason why the truly scientific man ought not to be the noblest and best of all men. To my mind it appears that but one danger is introduced by such an age, the danger which arises from the fact that where the genuine article is so highly prized and eagerly

sought, there is great temptation to flood the market with base imitations, and cleverly-devised shams. Where there shines forth true science there is always danger that over against it will glisten forth in a borrowed light false science; no, not false science, that is a contradiction in terms, for if it be science it cannot be false, and if false it cannot be science. We call it a "falseness" that represents itself to be science; that misleads under pretence of rightly guiding; that mystifies while promising to make clear. It becomes especially dangerous in a scientific age because men of all natures, talents, intentions, and training are looking for the true light. Eagerness in pursuit if unmingled with discretion will blind the eyes of the most conscientious students. Europeans were never so liable to mistake a yellowish soil for pure gold as when the discovery of a new world filled all minds with a thirst for, and a hope of obtaining, the precious metal. You perceive the parallel I would draw. The nineteenth century has discovered a scientific world, it flatters itself that in such soil great truths may of a certainty be found in plenty, yea even upon the very surface; a host of enthusiastic seekers, perhaps with little lore in the mining of such ores, have gone forth; they are very hopeful;—under such circumstances, I repeat, there always hovers danger.

I find another fact necessarily involved in the one that this is a scientific age. We are forced to declare, to a greater or less extent, for or against science. When the issues of battle are joined there is no chance for a declaration of neutrality. In the late misunderstanding between the states, Virginia would have been neutral only there was no such course possible; she might cry "Peace! Peace!" but there was no peace, she was forced to furnish troops to one section or the other. In the day of science we must also declare ourselves, and I think that I may find that every one has arrayed himself under some one of the banners. We are either ignorant of what science signifies, and denounce it; or in a blind adoration we rush forward to embrace it, when very likely we clasp the strumpet named falseness; or like wise men we make sure of the foundation of the faith within us.

The first class have placed themselves in a very unfortunate position, have committed themselves to the rashest of courses, that of openly denouncing what they do not understand. Every blow such men strike only wounds the striker. By their very denunciations they expose their ignorance, and, at best, can only hope to arouse sympathy. Every one is shouting in their ears that "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing." But assuredly there is a little knowledge; the comprehension of the mere definition of the term should open their eyes and close their mouths. It is said that the schoolmen often discussed for ages certain questions only to find that they agreed in their views, as soon as they learned what the views of one another were. They would dispute over "categories," "principles," "intuitions," and "humors," because each placed a different construction on these words. To define accurately the ideas they respectively attached to the words they employed was apt to end all differences of opinion. How, likewise, necessary is it for this class to learn what science means. Having learned

its signification I defy them to longer war against it. Yet this class possess a valiant leader; even as we found each age had its representative hero, so we find that the enemies of science boasted a standard bearer. The world has almost forgotten his name but in this connection I am bound to resurrect it. Reader, allow me to introduce you to Cornelius Agrippa, born in the year 1486 at Cologne, but known as Agrippa of Nettesheim. Now listen to his discourse. "Knowledge is the very pestilence which puts all mankind to ruin, which chases away all innocence, and has made us subject to so many kinds of sin and to death also; which has extinguished the light of faith, casting our souls into blind darkness, which condemns truth, and has placed error on the highest throne." Then follows a general denunciation of grammar, poetry, history, rhetoric, logic, mathematics, music, and geometry. "Oh!" cry some of Agrippa's modern followers, "we do not mean to condemn all these studies in condemning science." Then I reply you are not as logical and consistent as your leader, who with all his folly had brains to see that a right definition of science embraced every form of knowledge, and that we must cut them all, or stand by science. You will agree with me in the light of Sir William Hamilton's remark: "Science is a complement of cognitions, having, in point of form, the character of logical perfection, and, in point of matter, the character of real truth." Everything we know as a fact, we know as a scientific fact. To denounce science is to denounce knowledge, substance, and truth.

But, probably, the second class at the present day is the largest, and possibly it is not the more promising. Their devotion to science is as irrational as the hatred professed for science by our first class. Certain of this class are doubtless moved by the consideration that a professed devotion to science is just at present extremely fashionable, and accordingly they bow at its shrine with about as much of intelligent and genuine admiration as the average European tourist pays to the works of the old masters. It is "the rage" you know. Only the basely illiterate fail to take interest in these great scientific discoveries and promises. Very wise you would imagine them to be; richly competent to pass judgment on subjects about which they manifest so ardent an interest. But ask them to explain the deductions by which Newton proved the universality of the law of gravitation. Yet only clear and positive knowledge is scientific knowledge; "knowledge," Aristotle would say, "that it is so, knowledge why it is so." The ignorance of others of this class may be explained by Locke's declaration, "It is easier to believe than to be scientifically instructed." Doubtless it was this great second class that a learned writer in the *Quarterly Review* had in his mind's eye when he wrote, "For many persons, at first violently opposed through ignorance or prejudice, to Mr. Darwin's views (as to sexual selection) are now, with scarcely less ignorance and prejudice, as strongly inclined in their favor." So it would seem that many persons had suddenly changed, without giving much of an excuse for it, from the first to the second class. I fear that such recruits to the ranks of science will add little strength to the cause.

The third class include the true and loyal followers of the noble goddess. Their devotions are directed by intelligence, and therefore it is a just and significant devotion; and in return, these alone are admitted within the pale of her counsel and confidence. We are truly scientists in so far as we are truly knowing. In the light of such a definition how strongly are condemned the first class, who would persistently denounce truth. How certainly are censured the second class who as persistently neglect knowledge.

The prime motive power which drives the scientist to his labors and investigations is not so much the hope of utilizing knowledge, as the passionate and ever growing love of knowledge itself; he seeks not to know in order that he may do, but to know in order that he may know. Karslake has written, "In science, *scimus ut sciamus;* in art, *scimus ut producamus.* And, therefore, science and art may be said to be investigations of truth;"—but mark the difference in motive,—"science inquires for the sake of knowledge, art for the sake of production." And Maurice supposes Socrates to utter this indignant protest against the Sophists of his day,—"They are destroying the heart and soul of my countrymen, because they are continually leading them to think that what they want is an *art* which shall enable them to do or to make, when what they actually want is a *science*, a means of seeing that which they did not make, that which lies beneath all our doings, which is at the root of our own selves."

BLESSINGS OF ENGLISH LIBERTY.

There is an old adage which declares that "the healthy know not of health, but only the sick." We think little of the air we breathe, or of the water we drink; but how different it would be, if the one was turned into carbonic acid gas and the other altogether denied us!

It seems most natural to have yesterday's history of the world laid before us this morning, but our grandfathers would have thought it most wonderful. In the golden eras of Greece and Rome, it required a small fortune to learn how to read, and to have something to read, but both the learning and the literature are now supplied us for nothing, yea, in some states we are even forced to take them.

But of all our conditions none surrounds us so constantly, guards us so closely, rewards us so richly, is needed so signally, as the blessing of English liberty. We move in it, we breathe it as we do the air, both give us life, and, to make the analogy complete, we think of neither, until beholding a fellow-mortal strangling in his need; before he can be rescued he may perish in the one case, but never in the other have our constitution and laws been vainly invoked.

But just as scientists tell us that this earth was once surrounded by a state of carbonic acid gas in which no human being could exist, so was long liberty too suppressed and narrowed for the life and security of a freeman.

In a pardonable pride and patriotism we are apt to trace our own deliverance to the Declaration of Independence, call the Fourth of July the Birthday of our liberties and to fondly believe that upon this

soil it was first found that men were free and equal, and that life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness were inalienable rights.

But all these truths were too self-evident not to have been discovered sooner.

It is conceded that we enjoy them here in a peculiar sense, but Englishmen were born with the instincts of freemen and never ceased their struggle that obtained them the rights of Magna Charta, and retained for them the blessings of civil government.

It is upon this rock that our race has always stood, and which remains our fortress unto this day; some speak of it as the right of trial by jury, some, as the rule of courts over camps, some, as the supremacy of the civil over the military power.

It is as fascinating as it is ennobling and instructive to trace the history of the ever firm maintenance of this cardinal doctrine, including as it does all the blessings of English liberty; with the noblest pride do we discover our forefathers formulating, asserting, and expanding it, at a time when England's condition seemed scarcely above the barbaric, and when their luxuries of life were far below our necessaries.

Neither was the right of civil rule merely defended in times of unbroken peace, and when it might have been supposed that the people were arrayed against their rulers; but often when the nation was yet heated by victories over rebellious citizens, and stirred to acts of revenge and punishments. The rebellion in 1322 against Edward II was only suppressed by a great national uprising in behalf of the king; forty thousand men marched against the insurrecting Earls; with great loss of life to both armies the enemy was defeated at Bouroughbridge; the nation was thrilled with the excitement and passion of victory; in that moment the Earl of Lancaster, the prime mover in the rebellion and the leader of the insurgent forces, was put to death; if ever there could have been a time when something might have been excused to popular fury and military harshness, it was then; but no! Enough that the smoke of battle had passed away, that the rebellion had been suppressed, and that the courts of law were open. Eight years afterwards the Parliament of England reversed the decree of attainder passed upon Lancaster's son, and declared "that no man ought to be sentenced to death, by record of the king, without his legal trial *per pares.*"

Towards the close of the last century another striking example was offered in English history and jurisprudence of the limit of martial rule, and that no power could override the law without paying the consequences attending crimes. Joseph Wall was then governor of a British colony in Africa, and suspecting one of the privates in his regiment of being guilty of inciting a mutiny, he drew up the troops in line on the parade ground, and ordered the suspected man to be seized and led out before the regiment. His evident intention was to make an example of the private, but to his own great misfortune, he was making himself a remarkable example of the awful supremacy of

civil rule. The obscure private was tied to a cannon and given eight hundred lashes with a heavy rope.

The man died, but obscure that he was, his fate lived in record. Liberty would signify very little, if it protected only the great and powerful, who need it not. Twenty years later, when Governor Wall might have seemingly well supposed that there could be no power interested in the fate of Benjamin Armstrong, the obscure private, the military hero was in turn arraigned before the highest and most august of English Tribunals. In that tribunal the three great courts of judicature were represented, since every court in England had been outraged. Wall's lawyers claimed in his behalf the necessities of the case, and the license of the Mutiny Act, but the Court would listen to no such pleas; Governor Wall was found guilty of murder, was sentenced to death and duly executed. He was a greater man than the highway robber, and, perchance, far more innocent, but all the greater need that the law be vindicated, if there be greater danger that the law should be forgotten.

In 1743 an English naval lieutenant was courtmartialed for refusing to obey an illegal command. Three years later the naval officers were arrested, just as they were leaving a session of another court-martial. Thereupon fifteen naval officers, comprising the naval board, assembled and declared the arrest an outrage. They, themselves, were thereupon immediately arrested by the Lord Chief Justice. They appealed to the King, but he was powerless. Finally they wrote the Court an humble letter of apology, which the Lord Chief Justice ordered to be enrolled in the Remembrance Office, "to the end," he said, "that the present and future ages may know that whosoever set themselves up in opposition to the law, or think themselves above the law, will in the end find themselves mistaken."

When General Jackson commanded at New Orleans, he put the city under military rule. All the citizens and authorities seemed to believe his course justified and absolutely necessary. His efforts succeeded, and the city was saved. But though his services there made him the greatest military hero of the day, and none could charge him with an arbitrary display of power, he had yet usurped the legal authority. He was brought into court, and the sternest of leaders, and most powerful of men, bent humbly before the power that declared his conduct illegal and sentenced him to pay a fine. The penalty was paid without a word of defence or excuse.

In our childhood days our fancy was aroused and entertained by legends of the good fairies who watched at cradles and bedsides over the sleep of innocence and purity. In manhood's state we put away childish things, but well for us is it to read, in the place of fascinating but idle romance, the history and majesty of a real power, that guards not merely the pure and innocent, but insures the legal rights of even the most unworthy.

As a divine power sends rain upon both the just and the unjust until there shall come the day of final reckoning, so do the blessings of English Liberty protect alike the upright citizen and the base crim-

inal from hasty violence and tyrannical verdicts; in open court, by the judgment of their peers, after their full defence, according to precedents most conducive to obtaining the truth, can a legal conclusion be reached, and a legal punishment inflicted.

THE CONSCIENTIOUS WORKER.

Perhaps there is no other kind of worker among the children of men; perhaps all other actors and artisans are only alleged workmen, base counterfeiters, some, or self-deceivers at best. Perhaps the man who persists in writing poetry after Heaven has told him to stop, or the shoemaker who makes poor boots, or the doctor who continues to kill people, though the inner voice has told him he was only called to slaughter sheep and bullocks, are no more properly called workers than are grocerymen who put sand in their sugar. Perhaps criminals, sinners, frauds and drones differ from one another only in the degree of their moral turpitude, that they all alike bring suffering and burden onto the world, and that therefore it would be absurd and inconsistent to call one more than another a worker or helper. Perhaps one cannot be rightly and righteously said to work, unless the whole man works, and if the whole man does work, then surely do soul and conscience, as well as body and brain. Perhaps in every real and destined work every gift, power and attribute is summoned to win the victory, and exalt the warfare. If this very thing be true, and if we can see and believe and know it, then shall we first clearly and strongly realize what the world ought to mean when it speaks of the dignity of labor, and then shall we, indeed, perceive that there is no human being quite so noble and exalted as the working man.

But in contemplating the main branch of my topic, everybody can excuse everybody else from proving that the conscientious worker is the only one. Such a study might result in discussions, in metaphysical trouble and in word-splitting, and might result in little else. It could teach us the logic of the situation, but not the improvement of it. If we learn who the true worker is, and if we believe that of such is the Kingdom of Heaven on earth, and if we yearn to become such a worker, and if we do, it matters less as to what we ought to have been called before the change, or what would have become of us if we had remained as we were. As Christian fled from the city of Destruction, he did not linger to cogitate if his old home was doomed in war or fire, or famine or cholera. Enough that it was doomed, and that he was better out of it than in it. Enough that the conscientious worker has passed from that which is untrue and unworthy to that which is really true and really worthy; that he has escaped from darkness and danger into light and safety. If his former state was only somewhat unworthy, and only somewhat untrue, if there was only a little darkness to grope in, and only a little danger that he would fail to do his full duty, enough; he considers his escape a deliverance and a salvation. Perhaps before this he was not idle, perhaps he even labored with something of that care and perseverance that school compositions are ever praising, but now he will do no other work than his own destined work, because

none other is honest work, and he will not be content to honor care and perseverance save as good working virtues, whilst he exalts his acts of labor into a course of worship, so that his soul can as surely expand and his conscience quicken, in his workshop as at his church. Work that can be bettered he will no sooner let go unbettered than he would tell a lie or do any other deceitful thing. When to this faintly drawn description I add, that he does none of these things from pride or fancy or policy, or for this or that reason, but from conviction, from principle, and does it through all his works, not simply because he thinks it right, but because he feels it to be the "right-est" thing concerning this earthly life; you will know, as well as I can tell you, of the conscientious worker.

But how shall one discourse upon this transition of the mere actor into the true workman, at once so delicate and so radical in its nature? All this would, indeed, require not merely the description of a thing, but of an existence, and not only of an existence, but of a change in that existence. More easily might be watched and told how the flickering and mingling tints of the rainbow melt together into new colors, than to analyze and picture the light and essence that suddenly changes and consecrates every effort, anxiety, ambition and action into conscientious work. Neither, perhaps, is there any more certain or settled way to effect this transition than there is to accomplish the spiritual changes described in the New Testament. There is no one city of Jerusalem toward which every eye must look in the hour of prayer. But each right mind and life must and can work out its own deliverance.

Neither is there any better proof of the conversion than the gospel one, "he loves the brethren," save the other and the supreme test, "by their works ye shall know them."

This feeling of love for the brethren, not only proves your own deliverance but edifies and strengthens. Your brethren are your instructors, and, if you love them, you love to read their lives, to remember their words, and to respect above all things else the deeds of these true workers. Call this hero-worship, if you please, but please to also explain the hero was a conscientious worker; and add further that you are respecting the nature and not the rank of these workers, that it matters. not whether they were prophets or kings, or presidents or generals, or authors or saints, or shop-men or laborers, or farmers or mechanics. Enough that your heroes, the only ones you will ever honor or follow, are those who in turn honor and follow the will of God. How? In the nature and quality of the work they did, in the manner and method by which they earned their daily bread, and in the kind of service and companionship they gave their fellowmen; and they acted it out in deeds, as ceaselessly and sternly as did ever the foolish saints of the dark ages utter it forth in prayers and cries.

Only by following such lives and transforming his own, can one reach that goal of right minds; a goal not placed at any fixed or even finite distance from life's beginning, and about which one beholds no garlands, inscriptions or devices of man, since no mortal eyes shall behold it; but, only seen by mental and spiritual strength, it is more

true and real than mere matter is, since it is truth and reality itself, and measures the fullest stature of nobility and usefulness attainable in each man's career. Therefore, each might reach his own if he began in time and pressed forward with vigor, but all loiter until the mind and soul have conquered the body, from which very moment they bravely progress, until, like weary travelers, they fall by the wayside and are suffered to rest.

HENRY E. LEGLER.

Henry E. Legler, although perhaps basing his chief claim to prominence on his rank as an editor, orator, and statesman politician, was yet considered one of the shining lights of the literary world. He entered amateur journalism about 1878, and published the *Censor* during 1879 from La Crosse, Wisconsin, and afterwards issued the *Idler* from Winona, and later a handsome journal called the *Caprice* from Milwaukee, and also *Blade of Grass*, a literary journal. He was also associated with Mr. F. F. Heath at one time in the publication of the *Stars and Stripes*. He was president of the western association in 1882, and was declared president of the national association for the term ending 1884, and in 1885 was chosen an executive judge, bnt he resigned this office. His verse was somewhat mechanical and at times labored, but his mind as shown by both his prose and metrical productions was essentially poetic. His principal poems were: "Justice Triumphs over all," *Leisure Moments*, 1878; "Echoes," *Mercury*, 1879; "Life's Voyage," *Censor*, May, 1879, and *Stars and Stripes*, October, 1884; "Departed Days," *Idler*, Sept., 1882; "Nature's Music," *Independent Times*, June, 1880; "Fragmentary," *Stars and Stripes*, February, 1884; "Typical," *Blade o' Grass*, 1883. He also wrote the following humorous verses: "The Sly Dentist," *Correspondent*, 1879; "Sweet Sixteen," *Ibid.*; "The Last Fly of Summer," *Ibid.* The following is a fair sample of his verse:

NATURE'S MUSIC.

Evening breezes, gently blowing
Through the rustling leaves above,
Seeming as they pass to whisper
Nought but innocence and love,

Making music, low, pathetic,
Waking echoes in the heart,
Bringing thoughts and recollections,
Which a sad'ning charm impart.

Silver cascades, bright and glist'ning
In the sunset's roseate glow,
Falling over precipices
On the rocks which lie below,

Make a music, sweetly gentle,
Which the pen of Nature wrote,
Breathing love in every accent,
Whisp'ring love in every note.

He was also the author of these sketches: "No Heart so Desolate," *Bluff City Amateur*, 1878; "Noel's Revenge," *Tidal Wave*, 1878. He wrote in conjunction with Harvey Shepstone a serial entitled "After Many Years," which was published in the *Comet* in 1879. In prose he was a very easy and graceful writer and his essays evinced much thought. He wrote: "Happiness—What Is It?" *Chronicle*, December, 1879: "Duty of Authors," *Ibid.*, January, 1880; "Histrionic Decline," *Idler*, May, 1882; "Dawn of Liberty, *Blade o' Grass.*

THE DAWN OF LIBERTY.

It is a matter for regret that opposition imbues the leaders of a great movement with fanatical tendencies, impeding the accomplishment of the very purposes which they advocate. The women who are foremost in their efforts for the disenthrallment of their sex from the fetters which have bound them since the beginning of time, are no doubt too bigoted in their arguments in favor of women's rights, yet they represent womanly intelligence and intellect and are entitled to the recognition which is accorded all pioneers in reform. While female suffrage may be correct only in theory, as the opponents of the principle allege, it is wrong, it is tyrannical to condemn it without a trial. True, political economy may not be in the repertoire of a woman's knowledge, great financial problems may not be suited to her temperament, yet is she not capable to judge what affects her home as well as the rabble of illiterate voters who press around the ballot box, and, ignorant of principle, without the mental capability to wisely, calmly and honestly discriminate, deposit a ballot at the dictation of political demagogues? The atmosphere which envelops the ballot box is foul with the odor of liquor and tobacco, and the seed, as it falls into the receptacle, is tainted with the putrefaction of the air around. What wonder, then, that the tree which arises from such germs should vie in its deadly influences with the upas, and that its poisonous fruit should make itself apparent in legislative halls and in the departments of national and state government? Whether woman, as a factor in political life, would purge politics of its putrefaction, is a question which argument will not decide, and which can only be determined by practical experience. Man has always proclaimed that man is her mental superior, and by continually impressing that idea upon her has

almost succeeded in demonstrating that the assertion is true. Oppression will always dwarf struggling intelligence. Yet, woman by virtue of her inherent power, by the greatness of her mind, has effectually refuted the idea by practical results, and man, wondering and amazed, reluctantly begins to award to her the place she is worthy to occupy in science, in art, in literature, in all the departments wherein honor is to be obtained and wherein genius alone will enable entrance. Colleges of medicine are allowing her entrance, the bar even accord her a place among the fraternity of lawyers, professorships are accessible to women and she is gradually obtaining recognition. And woman has won it for herself. She has been told that the world's affairs are not her own; that though she is governed by laws she cannot assist in enacting them; that she has no right to enter the realms where mind holds sway. And the result? Those of weaker natures have become the "women of the period," social distinction their aim, fashion their goddess, hypocrisy and heartlessness their nature. Those of stronger intellect, indignant at unjust oppression, have burst their manacles and asserted independence, despite the rigor of conventionalities. Woman is now known in scientific circles. in astronomy and the ologies. Mary Somerville, who indexed the course pursued by Humbolt, was placed in comparison with Isaac Newton. Herschel, the astonomer, would be unknown to-day but for his sister Caroline, whose astronomical researches were as great almost as his own. It is said of her that "through the long winter nights she sat in the observatory, a tireless reader of the heavens, noting each fleeting change and executing the most laborious mathematical calculations. She discovered eight successive comets, and not a doubt was raised but hers were the first discoveries." The faculty at Cologne were eclipsed by Laura Maria Bussi, an Italian woman of womanly modesty and yet imbued with a love for the sciences. So great was her talent and her earnestness that she was given the chair of philosophy in Bologna College and she was crowned with laurel leaves. In art Rosa Bonheur, Harriet Hosmer, Anne Damer, Vinnie Ream, are not far behind their male competitors. Hannah More, an able religious writer, was complimented by Johnson, who said, "she was the best of female versifiers." Lady Mary Wortley Montague is not unknown in literary circles, and even Swift could not outdo her *bon mots*. The list is numberless, and it is not an isolated case that can be mentioned in each instace, but many examples can be adduced in substantiation of woman's attainments.

But it is not the mental superiority of man or woman that is now agitating the world. It is the problem of comparative wages for men and women. Women are paid less than men. Why? Because they are women. The avenues open to women are circumscribed, yet even these avenues are being inhabited by men, and women crowded out. The progress of education should rest in women's hands. Men have no right to occupy positions as teachers in the primary grades, when women as well qualified, are seeking situations. Telegraphy is a trade adapted to women and should be left to women. Above all, remune-

rations for women should be equivalent to that for men. It is the labor that earns the money and not the laborer, and if a woman doing the same amount of work as a man, can do it as well, she is entitled to the same recompense accorded the latter. The world begins to acknowledge this, as ideas broaden. Already the first bright streaks of dawn illume the horizon, giving promise of a glorious day.

MORRIS W. BENJAMIN.

Morris W. Benjamin was one of the popular writers of 1876 and 1877, his best efforts being in verse. He was not a great poet, though some of his poems were among the best of his time. He usually wrote under the name of "Feramorz." During the winter of 1876–7 he was one of the associate editors of the famous *Boys' Herald*, then published by Mix and Onderdonk, from Batavia, N. Y. The following are probably his two best poems.

MODEST WORTH.

True goodness, like that little flower,
The modest daisy, hides away,
And shrinking 'neath some hawthorne bower
Courts not the glory of an hour,
Nor flaunts its beauty to the day.

Full many a kind and gentle breast
That racked at tales of pain and woe,
That throbbed with anguish unsuppressed,
In sympathy with the distressed,
Are memories of the long ago.

But these true hearts a fame attain
More than all earthly plaudits worth;
And tho' no marble shaft attest
Their merit, is their memory blest
Who makes a paradise of earth.

MAY.

Wafting light her balmy breezes,
Tinging, with a verdant sheen,
Hill and dale and mead and valley,
Comes she in her robe of green;
While the joyous feathery songsters,
'Midst their ardent hymns of praise,
In the air and in the sunshine
Warble forth their matin lays.

Freed from winter's cruel fetters,
From the frosted ice and snow,
Bubbling, murmuring, dashing, tumbling,
Brooks resume their wonted flow:
Buzzing, piping, twittering, chirping,
Bushes, trees, and flowers among,
Nature thus revives her beauty,
Thus are Spring-tide's glories sung.

STEPHEN S. BARTLETT.

In 1878 Mr. Stephen S. Bartlett was the most popular sketch writer of the day. His *nom de plume* was "John Quilldriver." In plot and manner of treatment he was apt to be sensational, and he possessed but little power of portraying character. His style was fluent, but he strove almost constantly for what is called fine writing, often inverting his sentences to make them seem more poetical and pleasing to the ear. This gave to much of his writing an artificial appearance. He wrote serials "Fan," published in *Independent Times*, during 1880, "Playing with Fire," in *Amateur Tribune* in 1878, and "Held in Chains," *Amateur Gazette*, 1878. In 1881 he entered an essay entitled "Cromwell and Washington," for the laureateship, it being published in the *Independent Times* for December. His style may be seen in the following.

ON REEDMAN'S LEDGE.

A huge, black rock rising out of the ocean, covered with a thick, slippery coating of kelp and seaweed, lashed and swathed by the billows of the tide; such was Reedman's Ledge. A hated spot with its cruel, jagged edges had that been to the mariner in days gone by, but since humanity had placed a beacon there much of the danger had been averted. Those frowning rocks gazing down on the foaming body of water as it eddied by could tell many a tale of splintered boats and drowning men, of piteous calls for help choked almost in the utterance by the relentless waves.

When Reedman's Light became a thing of reality there were two who sought the position of keeper; Edwin Morton and myself, Robert Burton. Ed and I were friends; at least we called ourselves such, but in my heart of hearts there lurked a hate born of jealousy and envy, which although it had lain dormant for many years, might bring out an unfruitful crop some day. At school our rivalry had begun, where try hard as I would he always outshone me. In the play-ground it was the same; so it was in the so-called society of our fishing town. I might be a star of magnitude myself, but when he came the sunlight of his presence placed me in complete insignificance. But I could

have forgiven all this, but for one little thing: I call it little now for the fire has all burned out, but 'twas a mighty conflagration then. It was only a pair of laughing blue eyes, yet those were going to be his instead of mine some day, and they made me hate him while I called him friend. I was the hypocrite, I will not impeach Morton's memory by saying that he was the same. He was a friend to me but I was none to him.

Another drop of bitterness was added to the cup which I proposed some day to pour upon his head, when they told me that he had secured the position of keeper of Reedman's light. Again he had been my stumbling block—was he always to be such?

So Morton took his place out on the lonely ledge, and I went on in that old lottery which people call fishing. It was an unhappy life that I led then—a constant yearning for something, I knew not what. One day as I sailed by the treacherous ledge, I heard Morton call to me, and accordingly I turned my course toward the little landing he had made. "Bob," said he, "I know it's hardly the right thing for me to do, but I want to sail outside this afternoon and get home late in the evening. It's so long since I have tried my hand at fishing that I would like to go once again. You would do me an everlasting kindness if you would light the lamps for me — they are all trimmed and ready; eh?"

I do not know why I did so, but I immediately assented, and he sprang into his boat, and like the captain of the Hesperus, "steered for the open sea." As night came on, large, heavy clouds sprang up all along the eastern horizon, omens that spoke plainly as words that a storm, and a heavy one at that, was brewing. As I climbed up the winding stairs to do my duty, a very demon entered my mind. It was a hideous, black and murderous thought, yet I acted it out. What if I should not light the lamp that night? Might I not bring a terrible retribution on Morton's head for neglecting his duty? I decided in a moment, and Reedman's light cast no welcome gleam upon the waters that night.

Meanwhile the storm, as it grew darker, increased in fury every moment, and I could plainly hear the roar of the waves as they rushed against the rock, and now and then the scream of some belated sea bird. Sometimes the door would shake as though someone outside was trying to get in. What was that? Did I not hear somebody call, above the roar of the storm? I seized a lantern and opened the door, oh, what a terrible night it was! But what was that thing clinging to the slippery seaweed on that rock yonder — a man? Yes, and as he saw me he raised one of his hands and probably shouted, but the elements drowned his voice. Then a wave dashed up over him, and in its recoil pulled him back into that mad churn of waters, then it hurled him back on those cruel edges, and I lost sight of him in the foam. But I had seen Morton—those staring eyes, that pale, reproachful face promised forever to haunt my vision. I stood like one stupefied—what had I done?

I staggered back into the light and threw myself down on a chair.

All that night I sat there, and when morning came I found the storm was raging as fiercely as ever. I did not show myself out upon the rock, for I knew—that on account of the light not having been lit—it would be well scrutinized from the shore. As night drew on the storm subsided and the sea became tolerably calm. I had already formed my plans. There was nothing to keep me at home, and after what had happened it would be better if I did go out into the world. So in the darkness I sailed away from the hateful spot to a neighboring town, some miles off, and thus turned over and began on a new leaf of my life.

* * * * * * *

Twenty years passed by, and once again I stood on Reedman's Ledge. Fortune had used me kindly all those years, and promoted me fast from common sailor to captain of a large merchantman, but like Lot's wife I could not help looking back to the past, and there was a something that drew me once more to the scenes of my boyhood. No one came out to greet me as I passed through the village, and I did not care to awaken old memories—I would just make a visit *incognito*, and then out into the world again. How vivid it all came back to me as I stood upon the ledge! —the rock—the storm— the night— all! At length I went up to the door of the house, and, having knocked, was ushered into the sitting room and kitchen by the keeper, a bronzed old seaman. Seated at the window which looked seaward, with her chin resting upon her hand, gazing out on the blue expanse of ocean, was a woman, who neither got up nor moved at my entrance.

"Strange," explained the man in a low tone, "almighty strange." "Indeed," I said sententiously. "Yes, been so ever since she lost her lover, Morton—Edwin Morton, I believe — here nigh onto twenty years ago. If you lived in these parts, p'raps you remember that powerful storm—" Remember? *remember?* Oh, my God, could I ever forget? Had not the recollection of that storm, that deed, haunted my mind in the blasting cold of the Arctic, in the scorching heat of the Indian, on those clear tropical nights under the equator? *Remember?—forever!* "When I got charge of the light," he continued, "she begged so hard to live with us that wife and I could not refuse. Poor girl! She sits here all the time looking out to sea." He told more, but I was too engrossed with my thoughts to heed him. So there was another thing to rise up and condemn me — another monument of my deed. I asked the keeper to leave me alone with her, and he graciously complied, saying his "lamps needed 'iling."

When we were alone I went up to the woman, who had not even heeded my presence, and touched her on the arm. She turned up to mine a startled face and a pair of blue eyes, not laughing, as of yore, but dreamy, incoherent. "Has he come?" she asked, "I am getting so tired watching for his sail." She, without waiting my answer, looked out once more. I put my hand into my pocket, drew out my wallet filled with the profits of my last cruise, and placed it in her lap. "Take that," I said, "and may it repay you for the past." Perhaps it was a foolish action, but I did not stop to think. Then I went out

into the blessed sunlight, leaving her with her face still pressed to the pane, and rowed away from the fateful ledge as I would flee from the past. I felt that I had learned a mighty lesson in the last few moments —a moral, as it were, of the past. I had never felt as I did then. It seemed as though I had sown the wind on that day twenty years ago, and now I was reaping the whirlwind.

EDWARD A. OLDHAM.

The southern section of the country had its representative in amateur literature in Mr. Edward A. Oldham, who issued the *Bethel Cadet* from Wilmington, North Carolina, in 1878. During the same year, too, he contributed a large number of articles to the amateur press, generally under the signature of "Aleck A. Mahldo." These were for the most part very crude, and many of his poems violated all rules of prosody, but he now and then gave evidence of the talent which he undoubtedly possessed. Some of his phrases were particularly happy, as for instance his line in "April,"

Thou spoiled darling of the year.

Some of his poems were "Death," *Phoenix*, October, 1879; "Mother," *North Carolina Amateur*, December, 1883; "The Lily," *Ibid*, January, 1884; "Sometime," *Index*, March, 1884; "Epigram," *Ubiquitous*, June, 1887.

MOTHER.

No other name sounds half so sweet to me
As this beloved old Anglo-Saxon word,
Whose simple mention stirs some silent chord
Within my heart, and brings me back to thee;
Methinks thy dear and radiant face I see
When I, a babe, my fledgling fancy soared
Within a little world where light was poured
From out thy eyes so full of sanctity.

When prattling babyhood had passed away,
Thy tender care led my untutored steps
Through narrow ways till manhood looms apace,
And then my buoyant bark in unknown depths
Sets out alone, while thou thy steps retrace
Back unto Him who lives in endless day.

APRIL.

March has gone and April's here—
The sweetest month of all the year—

With its perfumes and its flowers,
With its birds and with its showers,

With its skies so bright and blue,
With its joys of Springtime too.

'Midst sounds of thunder to our ears,
April weeps in rainy tears.

A welcome to this month so dear
Thou spoiled darling of the year.

CLARENCE EASTMAN STONE.

Clarence E. Stone was another author who attained a measure of popularity not warranted by his intrinsic ability. He was president at one time of the older New England association. His articles were mostly signed "Netos," and were generally favorably received by the fraternity. But his verse, though in common with his prose, having a high moral tone, was immature and weak. It was devoid entirely of poetic imagination, and errors of grammar and rhetoric were frequent. In 1883 he published a handsome volume entitled "Poems and Sketches," which met with a favorable reception as a rule, though it was severely criticized by some. Occasionally he would rise above his general level, as in the following poems, which are some of his very best work.

LOVE'S ANSWER.

You ask me why I love thee—
  What charm enslaves my heart,
And what it is about thee,
  That guided Cupid's dart.

Go ask the drop that rises
  From ocean's boundless breast,
What master force entices
  It from its place of rest.

Go ask the trees in May-time,
  What charms their buds unfold;
Or clouds, at close of day-time,
  What makes them gleam like gold.

The sun their love engrosses—
  Thou art the sun to me:
I love, as love the roses,
  Because my sun loves me.

IN MEMORIAM.

Poor little Gyp! Thou art no more,
  Thy simple life has reached its close;
I miss thy welcome at the door,
  Thy bark no more thy pleasure shows.

Friend of my youth—thy love was pure
And unalloyed by worldly greed;
No matter whether rich or poor,
Thou wert to me a friend indeed.

How many times we've roamed the hills,
Or wandered by the ocean's wave;
Unmindful of life's petty ills,
We shared the joy which freedom gave.

When I would turn my mind to thought,
Thou didst not bore with idle talk;
But when thine ear the signal caught,
Ready thou for romp or walk.

Only a little dog wert thou,
Yet knowing in thine humble way;
Naught but a collar's left me now
To tell that thou hast had thy day.

A lesson all may learn from thee
Of faithfulness and friendship true;
Much pleasure hast thou given me—
Rest now in peace—thy life is through.

LOVE AND PASSION.

I hardly dared to tell my love,
It burned so fierce within my breast;
'Twas like a vision from above,
With which the chosen ones are blest.

As burns the fire, whose envious flame
Consumes the wealth of toilsome years,
My love burned in my breast the same,
And fed on hope and jealous fears.

As bursts the torrent from the bond
Which Winter's icy shackle binds,
When ardent Spring, with glances fond,
Frees every captive that she finds,

And rushing on, through glen and vale,
With devastation marks its way—
While death and sorrow form its trail,
And life and beauty are its prey—

So passion fierce rushed from my soul,
Which Love from apathy had freed,
And of my peace of mind the whole
Was lost, and all was dark indeed!

But as the torrent passes on,
And is diffused o'er meadows gray,
Its fury calms itself, and soon
Its course is marked with verdure gay,

Less fierce became my passion, too,
Deeper my love, but full of joy;
And, feeling that my love is true,
Rapture I find without alloy.

His sketches were generally humorous, but weakly, sometimes vulgarly so. Hardly any of them displayed any literary ability. His best prose work was the following:

SUNSET ON THE LAKE.

We have often heard of the splendors of the Italian sunset, but we do not believe that old Sol ever conjured up a more dazzling display, nor retired from his day's journey amidst a more gorgeous surrounding of brilliant colors, in far famed Italy, than he did one evening last August, when we were fortunate enough to view him from the deck of the *Lady of the Lake*, as she glided over the fair bosom of lake Winnepesaukee.

During the afternoon the sky had been overcast with fleecy clouds, which gradually rolled together and increased in size until the sky was nearly all hidden. On the north and south shores of the lake, looking from the steamer were long ranges of mountains, whose highest peaks penetrated the clouds. Thicker they became and darker, while now and then a flash of lightning, followed by low mutterings of thunder, presaged the coming storm.

The surface of the lake was as smooth as a polished mirror, but black as ink. The lightning became more vivid and an unnatural darkness enshrouded us.

But suddenly the scene changes; there is a break in the clouds to the west and their edges become aflame with the rays of the setting sun. Slowly the dense clouds roll upward, each moment growing brighter, till at last the sun is seen, just above the horizon, like a huge ball of burnished gold; its rays, spreading on either side, lend an indescribable beauty to the clouds on the sides of the mountains, which a few minutes before looked so black and dismal. From a bright red in the west the colors shade down to a dark rich purple. But look! From the spot where the sun is about to set, along the surface of the water, up to the side of the steamer, is a path of glistening gold, at the end of which we see a golden shield, more brightly burnished than any borne by Homeric hero.

Of such a sunset Shakespeare says:

The weary sun hath made a golden set,
And by the bright track of his fiery car,
Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.

Even after its ruddy face is hidden behind the distant hill, its radiance gilds each cloud and mountain.

But softly the colors fade away like the shadowy images of a dream, and while we still gaze to the westward, the clouds close up and shut out our glimpse of paradise, as a curtain drawn by envious hand over some rare work of art.

All at once we were nearly blinded by a vivid flash of lightning, and another, and another, and now

> Far along,
> From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
> Leaps the live thunder.

The rival clouds have met, and are battling madly with Jove's artillery. On speeds the steamer; the lake is still calm, but now and then a puff of wind ripples along its surface.

An instant later comes the rain in torrents, compelling us to seek the shelter of the cabin.

But the storm is as brief as it is furious, and before we reach the landing we can discern a timid star peeping through a rift in the clouds, a tiny messsenger of hope. And then

> How calm, how beautiful comes on
> The stilly hour when storms are gone,
> When warring winds have died away,
> And clouds, beneath the dancing ray,
> Melt off, and leave the sea
> Sleeping in bright tranquility.

There is a silvery lustre in the east, and as we glide up to the landing fair Luna rises, like Venus from the sea, and smiles lovingly on mountain, vale and lake.

GEORGE EDGAR FRYE.

Mr. George Edgar Frye, who is known as the "father of amateur journalism in Nova Scotia," started the first amateur paper there, in March, 1878, *The Young Bluenose.* In 1880 he was elected official editor of the Nova Scotia Association, and the next year was chosen its president. After this he spent three years in England, contributing freely to the amateur press. In 1886 he was chosen official editor of the Canadian association. He removed to Boston in 1888, and the next year was elected official editor of the New England Association. His more important contributions to the press were in verse, his prose work possessing but little literary merit. Many of his poems were written as rondeaux, but they lacked some of the essential features of this form of verse, his "Life's Lesson" in March, 1886, *Maple Leaf* approaching nearest to perfection. His best verses were: "I would miss you," *Criterion*, May, 1883; "True Friendship," *Canada,* April, 1886; "Evening Reveries," *Youth*, October, 1885; "Life's Lesson," *Maple Leaf*, March, 1886; "Good Bye," *Nugget*, April, 1886; "When Love is King," *Amateur Journalist*, November, 1889; "Opportunity," *Thistle*, December, 1889; "Dear Christmas Bells," *Mercury Magazine*, Christmas No., 1889; "Thro' Trusting Years," *Our Compliments*, November, 1889; "There is Sweet Trust," *Our Compliments*, June, 1889;

"Christmas Cheer," *Mayflower*, January, 1890; "Nature's Harmony," *Monthly Visitor*, June, 1887; "The Well of Life," *Union Lance*, May, 1889; "A Fragment," *Mercury Magazine*, Oct., 1889; "Life's Mystery," *Enterprise*, June, 1890; "Baby," *Dunlop's Magazine*, 1888.

THERE IS SWEET TRUST.

There is sweet trust when hearts are true,
And love's old theme—forever new,
  Wakes in the soul a rapturous thrill,
  Which worketh out its silent will,
And brings the perfect love to view.
The rose puts on its brightest hue,
When kissed by lips of pearly dew,
  So the fond heart is best while still
    There is sweet trust.

Let lovers seek whene'er they woo,
To wake this slumbering wish anew;
  With perfect love their hearts to fill,
  And doubting fear be lost until
    There is sweet trust.

LIFE'S LESSON.

Time steals away on noiseless wing.
The coming hours new duties bring;
  And he who lives the truest life,
  Battling alone, mid every strife,
Must know and feel its bitter sting.
The peasant, beggar, priest and king,
To life's brief day all fondly cling,
  Whilst from the world with sorrow rife.
    Time steals away.

Amid life's tumult, some can sing,
Tho' tolling bells a death knell ring.
  But others feel the cutting knife
  Which strips them of the sweets of life,
And adds a grief to everything
    Time steals away.

JAMES AUSTIN FYNES.

Probably the most noted author New England ever gave to the amateur fraternity was James Austin Fynes, of Boston, though it is open to very serious question if he was really the most talented. He entered the ranks about 1875, and soon made a name for himself in literature and politics. In 1876 he published two sketches in pamphlet form, "Gosh," and "Love's Discovery," and the year following, "Trance or

Death." He was the winner of the first essay laureateship contest, in 1879, and the same year was a very prominent candidate for the presidency of the National Association, but was defeated. At this time he was publishing a journal called *Fyne's Fancy*. His first poem, written at the age of fifteen, entitled "Spring Time," has been widely quoted, and it gave him prominence at once. Though creditable to one of his years, the poem has been greatly over-estimated. One of its conspicuous faults is its confusion, or, perhaps better, its indefiniteness of ideas. It can hardly be analyzed, and appeals more to the ear than to the intellect. And Mr. Fynes never wholly outgrew this fault, though he more effectually concealed it. There was in all his work a light airy touch, a graceful turn of expression, an undercurrent of sparkling fancy that lent a charm to his writings. But he was not a true poet. His best efforts in verse were, "The Ocean," *Eastern Star*, July, 1877; "Centennial Hymn," *Boy's Herald*, June, 1876; "A Fragment," *New England Official*, September, 1883; "March," *Idle Hours*, March, 1877.

SPRING-TIME.

Oh! the gladsome days of Spring-time,
So jocund and so bright,
That dance along our pathway
Like beams of silver light;
That chase the tones of sadness
Like wintry winds away,
And shed in joy and gladness
Their sunlight on our way.

Oh! the merry days of April,
With its sunlight and its showers
That burst upon our senses
Like springing grass and flowers;
Now dark'ning as the breaking clouds
In copious showers descend;
Now bright'ning, as the sparkling drops
With beams of sunlight blend!

A FRAGMENT.

There's a little pearly streamlet
Flowing down the hills of Time,
With the rippling wavelets dancing
To the music of its chime.
And it speaks in gentle whispers
To the flowerets bright as day:
"I am with you, gentle sisters,
Let us hasten on our way."

And onward, ever onward,
Flows the humble little stream,
Spreading life along its borders,
Robing them in richest green;
And its friendly dews dispensing
Freely from the fount above.
Knowest thou this little streamlet?
'Tis the rivulet of Love.

MARCH.

Blown by great gusts, and rolling scuds aloft,
March fills the noon, while loosed in grief full oft
The winds bewail or roar in thunder by;
Yonder the forest at the sound inclines
Its hoary boughs, that with the movement shed
Snowy jewels 'round; and lo! amidst them shines
A daring crocus, with defiant head,
Silvered with snow, yet opening to the sky.
Strange are his moods; for now 'tis splendor all,
Now sullen gloom, now calm, now stilly shade,
Sunshine and storm; now wakes the waterfall;
Now brooklets flow, and now in ice are stayed.
Yet budding out, despite each fickle hour,
Green tints the bank, and promise shapes the flower.

In his prose the same light touch was apparent. His essays were polished and graceful in their construction, but were not remarkably weighty. He may be said to have been a brilliant rather than a deep writer. His most noted essay was "Orator and Journalist." As a sketch writer he was at his best, and here he excelled all his contemporaries with the exception of Farley, and was more polished than him. His greatest success was with short sketches. "Conquering a Cynic," published in the *Imp*, has been pronounced his best work.

ORATOR AND JOURNALIST.

Learning is but an adjunct to ourself,
. It adds a precious seeing to the eye.—SHAKESPEARE.

History, ancient and modern, teems with the triumphs of oratory. Two thousand years ago, the Roman, Cicero, in the temple of Jupiter, and before the assembled senate, denounced the crafty Cataline as a conspirator 'gainst Rome: and with that magnificence of invective which only Cicero could launch forth, he called upon the traitor's head the vengeance of war. Mark the cunning of the orator. In the senate's midst, beloved of their own number, and unsuspected, sat Cataline,—scheming, crafty, Cataline. Fear at his heart,—wild, mad fear; and every imprecation smiting him even unto his very soul. In vain he dissimulates, and argues with that profound cunning which is his second nature. Before the senate, before his very eyes, sublime

and majestic, his accuser confronts him, fierce with denunciation, reckless in his righteous wrath, yet raining in that wealth of eloquence, charge after charge upon his guilty head. Such power has oratory, even unto the present day. Two thousand years ago, the Greek, Demosthenes, battling with the fury of a vocal impediment, hurled to the mad sea waves those fierce and eloquent orations which, soon, had made him the favorite of the forum. Loudly, with an endless roar, the breakers beat upon the rocks; the clouds lowered across the heavens; shrieking, the wandering gulls flapped their wings about the stately form; ever and anon, a sudden flash, a vivid white cord, tearing the clouds apart; the long, low murmur of omnipotent artillery disturbed the air. Were the Gods displeased? Was this divine disapprobation? On, the storm approaches. Wilder the winds wail, shrilly the sea birds shriek, the clouds come closer to the billow's creamy crest, and darkness drowns the day. Unmoved, unnerved, almost disdainful, the sweet, seductive speaker argues to that angry, awful audience, "rapid harmony adapted to the sense, vehement reason, disdain, anger, boldness, freedom, involved in a continued stream." This was the perfection of oratory, and here the very master of the art.

In exemplifying the two greatest orators of antiquity, we find such action wholly justifiable. Mainly from the fact that biographers and historians of eminence concede to them certain qualities and attributes applicable to our subject matter, do we venture to introduce them as necessary to our course of reasoning. Given, that Cicero was an energetic orator, and Demosthenes an eloquent one. Is it generally known to all young readers that these heroes of antiquity were not alone artists, in the oratorical sense of the word, but statesmen, philosophers and journalists; nor were these gifts combined in the celebrities of antiquity; statesmen for their country they certainly were, in a most noble sense; philosophers were they, and mankind still acknowledges them as such; journalists they were, and the literature of Greece, the archives and records of Rome testify to the fact. Says Goodrich, "of the value of their works to mankind there is no comparison." Showing how deeply impressed was that biographer with the knowledge of his subject's worth, and it was a most natural impression, too.

In the absence of what we term the Press, we must regard the statesmen of ancient times as combining, to a certain degree, the roles of orators and journalists. The voice of the people was never more clamorous, nor was popular opinion ever more variable that with the ancients. Consistency was a rare jewel with the people of antiquity, whom Hume tells us, "were changing as the winds." In all the multifarious and various changes of ancient politics, therefore, it is not surprising, that, lacking the Press of modern ages, the people found vent to their feelings through their public men — their senators and their orators, whom we now reverence more as ancient writers, whom we have learned to regard as the Press of the populace of ancient Rome and classic Athens. Was then, the power of this Press less potent than our own? Most assuredly not. Doubly deep and influential were

those arguments at the forum when uttered in the eloquent language of the human tongue; doubly vehement and powerful those stern orations to the learned and august Senate when the stately form of some son of Rome stood proudly within the marble walls of the classic temple, and pleaded for his people! Here was a Press of Nature's own construction, and this, call it oratory, if you will, was still the truest literature, the ablest journalism of antiquity. In this nineteenth century of arts and sciences we find the connection existing between the professions of oratory and journalism less distinct and less suggestive than in the musty past. Indeed, we might draw the line so closely as to entirely separate the two pursuits, and cause each to become, in its turn, a distinctive branch of the arts. This, however, would be, at the least, a combative action, and rather a hypercritical assumption. There are, let us admit, then, some similitudes, some resemblances between the later day journalist and the modern orator; something in common, let us say, exists between the two, binding them each to the other, the one as it were, reliant upon the other, yet each with a fixed purpose which, from its very nature, becomes mutual and cements the bond. That purpose is to represent the people, to become the medium of popular opinion, the mouthpiece of the masses. Strange it is, yet true, this was the fondly cherished ambition of the statesmen, philosophers and orator-journalists of antiquity, and this is now the proud goal to which every savant of the nineteenth century directs his efforts. More than 2000 years have passed and man's ambition still remains unchanged! With the progression of the arts and sciences, and the triumphs of mechanical genius, we find that, to a certain extent, modern journalism has superseded mere oratory and effecting eloquence as a vehicle in which popular opinions are transmitted. In other words, the journalist in his proper sphere has seemingly become a nearer tribune of the masses than the strictly statesmen-orators of the present era; nor need this assertion necessarily detract from the potential influence of our public men. The power possessed by ancient oratory, of swaying at its own pleasure, the will of the thoughtless masses, may have become diminished with the increase of popular intellect, but the subtle influence of an eloquent tongue has never lessened in its effects. Our congresses, our parliaments, our chambers and our cabinets still have their Ciceros and their Demosthenes, in all the eloquence of antiquity, all the classical severity of argument and all the ancient vehemence of reason; regarded by the people, too, with the same love, respect and mingled fear once accorded those venerable men whom they now emulate. Certainly, their power has waned but slightly. Rather, then, let us assume that the journalist, in his own peculiar sphere, has been the leader in the march, through time, of Progress; consider him, justifiably, a creation so eminently needful that the interests of mankind are best advanced with his prosperity, and soon the secret of his power shall be plain to us. The freedom of the people of modern ages is best subserved by the freedom of the Press; the power of that people best preserved by the prosperity of the same Press, for, free thought implanted, free speech is but a natural

sequence. The journalist frames the wisdom of the masses, the orator expounds and argues it, and, lo! the people adopt it as their own.

CONQUERING A CYNIC.

"You hate flirts?"—shyly.

"Yes, I do!"—sharply.

"Why?"—roguishly.

"Oh, how can you ask, Miss Penfold?"—this almost savagely.

Above, a wide expanse of clear blue sky, a single gull circling about, and all the rest is infinite and tranquil. Below, Paradise! Stretches of green hills, waving meadows, blooming gardens and just the sweetest little dots of cottages you ever saw! Over there the sea! Spray sifting the shore, huge breakers beating the sand with the grand old rush and roar we all love! Everything perfect.

Did I say *everything?*

Listen.

"Miss Penfold, why do you, above all others, ask such a question?

"Mr. Clifton, you are relentless."

Then they looked at each other. He, over the low crossbars into the orchard, where, under the grateful shade of gnarled old trees, sat Beatrice Penfold, demure, pretty and petite. She, over the low crossbars into the road, where, savagely biting a blond mustache, stood Joe Clifton, haughty, tall and cynical.

"Why have you left the hotel?" she asks, and a stray gust of warm, summer wind floating by, slightly lifts the folds of her dress. Now Clifton catches a glimpse of a daintily curved ankle, and a wee little slipper, only for a moment, though, but this cynic of mine, with all his savage misanthropy, wishes it longer, the rogue!

"I couldn't stand the lawn any longer," he answers, half fiercely; "this eternal *coquetterie* worries me; *why* can't people act with at least *some* sense?"

This, very sullenly, whereat my maid of the orchard gives a little scream, followed by a rippling flow of laughter, so melodious and contagious that Clifton himself catches the infection and really smiles.

"Why, how awfully sarcastic you are, Mr. Clifton! And so fierce! Really, has not our defeat at tennis, yesterday, served to put you out of humor to-day?"

"I assure you, no," he answered, "for *I* played my best, and would have won; *you* flirted, and, of course, lost; being your partner, you dragged me with you into the vortex of defeat. I trust you were satisfied?" He is almost cruel, this great, handsome fellow, about whom half of Crafton's belles are in raptures, and he really touches her to the quick.

"Then you think *me* a flirt, too? To be classed with 'the rest,' perhaps?" And he answers only by a grim nod, for his head is turned away. In a minute, though, he has caught a glance from her dark blue, open orbs. They seem full of timid admiration. Such a glance this regal beauty never before bestowed on him. Can it be, ah! he

has met the glance with one of his own. She blushes slightly, and turns her lovely face away.

"*I am not a flirt,*" she murmurs, saucily.

"*Prove it,*" he says—a world of meaning in his words.

"*Come over the bars,*"—quite softly.

* * * * * * *

"You hate flirts?"—for she is in his arms, now, and the world is almost too happy for them.

"Yes, I do," rather quietly, though.

"But you called *me* a flirt," roguishly.

"But I *love* you."

"Ah!" And she is quite happy, now.

* * * * * * *

Oh, my Clifton, cynic that you were, the world was *still* a world to you! You would have made it cold and harsh, cruel, and all that was beautiful and fresh and green—all that serves to make this preface—life bright and happy, you would have trampled with your foot into the dust. *This* was your lesson.

SAMUEL A. WOOD.

The *nom de plume* of "Quince" may be found prefixed to many pieces of verse scattered through the amateur press. Samuel A. Wood, who wrote under this name, was the author of a large number of light trifles, many of them containing a happy conceit, and most of them fairly well expressed. He was excelled, however, by the later writers of this kind of verse. Some of his productions were: "In Church," *Independent Times*, June, 1880; "Her Beauty," *Ibid;* "Finding Out," *Sentinel*, February, 1886; "Fame," *Bijou*, October, 1888; "Fickleness," *Athenia*, Jan., 1887; "To the Roses," *Highland Breezes*, April, 1887; "The Undertaker;" *Union Lance*, July, 1884; "Hearts," *Independent Times*, Mar. 1881.

TO THE ROSES ABOUT TO BE CLIPPED.

O sweet red-blossomed roses,
That 'neath my window bloom,
Blush richer now than ever,
Exhale your best perfume.

There is no flower breathing
That envies not your doom:
To perish in the presence
Of—well— I wont say whom!

FICKLENESS.

I'll model thee a monument,
All beautiful and white,
And on its pallid pedestal
Thy constancy I'll write;

And it shall be in winter time,
When changeful breezes blow—
No rich, staunch marble will I use,
But fashion it of snow.

THE FALLS.

O'er the beaten rocks a gushing
Tearing, splashing, frisking, rushing,
Go the waters of the falls.

In the summer sunlight glist'ning,
Pleasurable 'tis a list'ning,
To the waters of the falls.

Gnawing in the rocks abounding,
In the distance hear them sounding,
Roaring waters of the falls.

Dancing, prancing, e'er in motion,
Flowing onward to the ocean,
Endless waters of the falls.

What a tale you could unravel,
And what occult paths you travel,
Mystic waters of the falls.

Men will die and temples crumble,
But forever you will rumble,
Ceaseless waters of the falls.

DELLE E. KNAPP.

Miss Delle E. Knapp was undoubtedly the most talented female author of the first decade of amateur journalism. She entered the ranks in 1875, and in 1877 she published the *Aspirant*, from Buffalo, N. Y. Her contributions to the press were frequent. She was at her best in poetry. Her "Romance of the Castle Rock," published in pamphlet form in 1877, met with a very favorable reception, but was not equal to some of her other work. Her subjects were mostly religious, and her tone usually tender and frequently touching, though not weak. Rhetorical figures were abundant, many of them original. Her productions sometimes approached doggerel, and in her blank verse she was often too labored in action. Many of her poems, however, were rich in thought. Some of her poems were: "Out of the Night," *Independent Times*, June, 1880; "Nocturne," *Boys' Herald*, January, 1888; "A Prayer," *Ruby*, October, 1878; "Daisy Gray," *Aspirant*, September, 1877; "A Summer Afternoon," *Elmira Enterprise*, June, 1877.

OUT OF THE NIGHT.

Wakeful I lay at midnight on my couch;
The city bells had chimed the keystone hour
Of night's black arch; the earth was hushed to rest,
And still, oppressive darkness hovered o'er
Its slumbers, shading many, like myself,
To whom the drowsy god no favor showed,
But left to toss and turn in weariness
And long for dawning of the morning light.
My mind was full of dark, rebellious thoughts,
And doubts of all the high and holy truths
That lie beyond the grasp of mortal's brain,
Behind the sacred veil of mystery.
"My will is strong," I thought, "the power is mine
To choose how I shall live; my brain is clear
To see the 'vantage ground right has o'er wrong
In all the business of this whirling sphere.
Man never stoops from rectitude to sin
Until he wills it; he alone controls
His destiny; 'tis he alone decides
If he shall rise or fall; within him lies
The power to rise to greatest heights of good
Or sink into unfathomed depths of sin.
Temptations are but wraiths of weakling minds,
The driveling excuses formed in brains
Of bigots and fanatics who would drag
Through nature's realm a Supernatural Power
Who shall control her laws, her children bring
To bow to Him with minds enthralled by fear,
And cringing, His Supernal aid implore.
Were men but beasts, all powerless to live
In truth and virtue upright and serene,
Then were it well some power they had to save
And rescue them from all the wrath to come."
Thus ran my thoughts, as restlessly I tossed,
And as I spoke my eyes were inward turned
Unto my soul, my nature stood revealed
Before me, and, instead of conscious right,
And honor, truth and perfect rectitude
Such as I pictured for the soul of man,
I saw within my heart such midnight depths
Of wrong, such possibilities of sin
As filled me with dire horror, and made thick
My blood in fearful terror of my soul.
I felt the need of the divinest power
And love, to keep me from the dreadful pits
Of sin which did compass me, and I could
But start up from my bed, upon my knees
To fall, and pray: "God save me, from myself!"

CHARLES S. GLADWIN.

Several amateur writers have essayed the role of humorists, but in nearly every case have failed of their object. The most notable exception to the rule was Mr. Charles S. Gladwin of Nova Scotia. He undoubtedly wrote many things that were forced, and perhaps some few a trifle coarse, but he possessed a vein of genuine and original humor. He was not a wit, and his writings were not sharp, but they carried with them a kind of humorous atmosphere. A great deal of his power was due to the fidelity with which he depicted familiar scenes, touching of course upon their ludicrous side, and tingeing his descriptions with hyperbole, but serving to call up in the mind of the reader, reminiscent thoughts of his own experiences. He was a thorough student of human nature. His contributions were all signed "Y. Knott." The following are his best sketches: "A Speech," *Our Standard*, Jan., 1882; "Rag Mats," *Ibid*, November, 1881; "Oaks," *Young Nova Scotia*, February, 1882; "Full as a Tick," *Ibid*, March, 1882; "A Letter," *Nugget*, March, 1883; "Address," *Maple Leaf*, March, 1886; "Bread," *American Sphinx*, May, 1883.

FULL AS A TICK.

Our little bed had been refilled that day with feathers that grew in the out-field; and whoever filled it did the job well and good, and deserved all the thanks and money they could get. They must have put in the stuffing with a sledge hammer, and tightened it afterwards with a wedge.

It certainly came up to the old saying "as full as a tick," and a good deal more. 'Twas as round as a sugar barrel, and two and a half times as hard. I think I would like to sleep in a sugar barrel: it would be a very likely place to get sweet repose.

It was late when we came home that night, or else we would have taken the round off the bed with a jack-plane; but all the rest of the household were wrapped in slumber and we dare not make any noise, or we might have been rapped out of slumber. We arrived at the solitary conclusion that as we were tired and sleepy and there being very little time before daylight, we might be able to stick on top of the mound like a swallow.

So hastily undressing, we bid ourself good night, blew out the light and climbed up the front of the bed, only to roll down the back again, thump on the floor, at the expense of an elbow.

We climbed over the foot next time, and crawled along the summit. Upon reaching the head we sat down on a pillow, and tried to pound the bed down with our heel; we only did that once,—we raised our foot and brought it down hard, but it bounced so much that we thought our right leg was left. However, we promised ourself severally that we would never kick a round straw bed again with our own foot,

and we have stuck firmly to our promise. We invented a thought,—tie one of the sheets along from one post to the other thus forming a cotton railing inside of which we could sleep securely without fear and trembling.

But we must have a light to put our invention into practical use. We felt for a match, but there were none in the customary place. We groped around for our vest to get one, and after stubbing every toe we had against an empty soap box we used for a bureau, we found our garment, but matches were very scarce. First we tried to light a lead pencil, then a tooth-pick without enlightening our darkness one per cent. We took out our knife, a piece of gum, a leather strap, two nails and a Christmas card. Now both of our hands were about full. The next thing was a match; we were delighted, and put the things back into our pocket, match and all. Now what stupidity. We hated ourself over and over again, and had to take all the things out again and a piece of comb, and a hair-net (however it got there we could not tell) along with the rest. But we captured the lucifer all right and held it in our teeth till we reloaded our pocket.

You know how your mouth will fill with spital while you are holding anything between your teeth, well our mouth is the same as yours—only bigger—and by the time we were ready to light the match all the business end of it was washed as bare as a marble.

Now that was too bad, for we had spoiled our only chance for a light: to say nothing about the beastly taste in our mouth, or the chance of being found a cold poisoned corpse in the morning. We despised ourself very much. Our only hopes for a light had arrived and departed good-naturedly, but the straw had not settled a little wee speck.

We grasped the sheet and fumbled it over about six times, and at last,—after we thought it was a circular sheet—we found a corner, and made it fast to the bed-post (if anybody had been looking at us they would surely have thought that we were going to commit soothing syrup—but we wer'nt), pulled it good and tight, in fact a little too tight, for we pulled one time two many; and the consequence was that we had our back leaning against the floor, our head under a second hand sewing machine and our feet resting on the window-ledge looking for daylight. After a short pause to gather our limbs and senses about us again, we arose humbly and coaxed ourself back to the bedside, and tied another knot; this we felt sure was firm but did not try it very hard. Just at this moment we remembered seeing a match once, on the mantelpiece; we softly but carefully felt our way along, reaching out first with one foot and then with the other—for it was not safe to take both feet off the floor at once for any length of time, to feel your way along with—feeling for obstacles to fall over, or rather not to fall over; feeling along with our arms which were flapping up and down, side-ways and end-ways, like the wings of a crow suffering with liver complaint.

We were disappointed again, for just as we got to where the match had been seen, we remembered using it one night about seven months ago to burn the legs of a spider that was torturing a lame flea.

Then we had to bore our way back to our flat bed through the darkness, so intense that you could have driven in a nail and hung your hat on it; but we had no hatchet; besides our hat was a cap and we always hung it up on the floor, for the dog to lay his head on.

We got the other corner of the sheet and made it fast. Since we have been trying to invent a bed to lay our very weary self on (with what success you all know) the clock in the other room (every house has the other room in it) had been striking nearly steady, as we thought; so attentively had we been engaged. It had struck one, two, three, and has just ticked preparatory to striking four. "Nearly morning," we told ourself, "now for a little sleep." We hopped in and laid ourself along the middle of the straw hillock, and in our fancied security we were sound asleep.

We dreamed that we were sleeping or laying lengthways on a locomotive boiler. The clock striking four was the bell for starting, and we felt it start,—puff, puff, we heard her going: that sound peculiar to an engine starting on an up grade. Faster, faster, on we flew, going on, on, over hill and dale, now rattling through a rock cutting, out into a clear meadow, along high embankments (called in the vulgar tongue, dumps), over sundry bridges, past a house where there was a woman filling a straw bed with a pile driver, and we saw another one kissing her hand to a brakeman. Away we are going, the speed is terrific? But hold! wait! stop!—the engine is off the track, the engineer takes the lead, with the fireman a good second, in jumping off, we try to jump but we are going faster than if we tried to jump twice at one time, down, down, we go to certain destruction; there appears to be no bottom to the place. Must we always be going down, down? No! we are at the bottom now, out on the floor, and a hard enough one it is. If there are hard boards in any floor living, here they are right by my bed. And all of this went on while the clock was striking four, and she don't strike extra slow either.

We could not understand it. Where was our sheet we had tied so firmly? Was our invention a failure?

We asked ourself no more questions than we could help, but rolled ourself up in a patchwork quilt and laid ourself across the bed. It seemed like getting into a bag and hanging yourself over a molasses puncheon.

In about seventeen seconds we had an hour and a half, and were called up to light the fire. 'Twas broad daylight, and we only looked one time when we discovered wherein our invention was a failure. Did you ever believe we had no more sense than to tie both corners of the sheet to the same post?

We were amazed exceedingly at ourself, and were always ashamed to tell it until now, and

Y. KNOTT.

FRED J. KOELLE.

Mr. Fred J. Koelle, who wrote under the name of "Montague Tigg," was of a very different school of humorists from Mr. Gladwin. He was a paragrapher, and almost all his

jokes were puns, many of them far-fetched and forced. Occasionally, however, he penned a very good thing. The following selections from his book "Komikoelleties," published in 1881, will show the quality of his wit.

Who was it disc-covered the cause of an eclipse?

A church deacon may be a good man, but a gambler is a better.

It may not hurt a man to fall asleep but still he becomes unconscious.

The Crushed Tragedian must have been beneath the ruins when the audience brought down the house.

A cold, calculating man of the world, would be a very appropriate title for a manufacturer of thermometers.

"I'll be hanged if I will," was the remark of a prisoner who was asked to confess himself guilty of a murder.

"How happy could I be with ether," moaned the poor wretch just previous to the dentist extracting an aching tooth.

When an Irishman was informed that the jewelry he was wearing was not manufactured from pure gold, he exclaimed "It's alloy!"

"That settles all differences between us," is what Darwin is said to have once remarked when he saw a monkey with his tail cut off.

A young lady we are acquainted with wears a necklace of pennies. When we saw her the other day we could not help remarking to ourself that that was the first time we ever saw her display any common cents.

"It wasn't for the sake of receiving the 150 pounds of coal that he cheated me out of that I sued him," remarked a friend of ours last week. "It was just to show him that he could not have everything his own weigh."

POPPING THE QUESTION.

When yesterday I asked you, love,
One little word to say,
Your brother interrupted us,
So please say yes-ter-day.

HER ANSWER.

"An answer, dearest Annie, give,
Oh, say you will be mine?"
"Well, if you must an Ann, sir, have,
I'm thine, dear George, I'm thine."

'TWAS ONLY PLATED.

Her head of hair was neither gold
Nor silver, as was stated;
For she herself informed us that
Her hair was only plaited.

CHARLES STANFORD ELGUTTER.

Mr. Charles S. Elgutter dates his connection with amateur journalism from February, 1877, when he first published the *Inland Amateur*. This journal was continued about a year, and in December, 1878, Mr. Elgutter began the publication of the *Satirist*, which was published for three years, and gained a favorable reputation. In 1883 Mr. Elgutter was one of the well known triumvirate connected with the editorial staff of the *Visitor*, Messrs. T. G. Harrison and Frank N. Reeve being the two other members. He was secretary of the western association in 1880, and the same year was a candidate for the official editorship of the national association, but was not elected. Mr. Elgutter was known both as a poet and an essayist. His two leading essays were, "Thomas Carlyle," *Independent Times*, May, 1881, and "The Rule of the Common People," *Ibid*, February, 1882. Each of these gained for him the title of essayist laureate for the respective years. His poems were more numerous, but his mind was not essentially poetical. Much of his work was cold, stately and mechanical, and seemed to be lacking in feeling, especially his blank verse. Others of his poems were merely a succession of common-place phrases strung together without any of the constituent elements of poetry. His first poem of any moment was "The Misanthrope," published in the April, 1880, number of the *Satirist*, and entered for the laureateship. In the same number of the *Satirist* he published a poem called "Amateurdom," which he afterwards revised and altered and published in the *American Sphinx* for September, 1885, under the title of "Oenone," entering it for the laureateship. In its revised form it contains some good lines, especially the last four, but as a whole it cannot be called a great poem. His best effort in verse was "The Alpine Warning," published in the *American Sphinx* for December, 1883. His last and most ambitious work is entitled, "Narcissa's Lovers," and was published in the June issue of the *Nugget*. But although entered for the laureateship it is hardly worthy of serious attention. In conception and execution it is decidedly inferior.

THE ALPINE WARNING.

It often happens, that on the Alps severe thunder storms break with but little warning. Raging with uncontrolled fury on the heights of some mountain, they rapidly fall on the valleys below and cause sad havoc among the peasantry and their flocks. The hardy mountaineers, some of whom are continually on the mountains, perceiving the brewing of a tempest, sound the alarm on their horns. This signal is caught up by others. In this manner the warning of danger is sent from summit to valley. Such a scene is depicted in the following:

1.

The Alpine hunter saw the storm,
On Jung Frau rise in fearful form.

With eager haste a cleft espied
And thither for a shelter hied.
A blast upon his bugle blew—
Which silence woke as on it flew,
And echoed back from hill to hill,
And bounded on 'cross mountain rill;
Now lost in gorge of frightful depth,
Now upward by the breezes swept
Across the mountain cataract,
And over snow-bound pathless track.
On, on the wild defiant blast
A warning gave then hurried past;
Far in the distance as they browsed,
The startled deer in terror roused.
The chamois trembling tossed its head,
An instant paused, then headlong fled.
Of flinty ledge it gained the height,
With limbs benumbed in its affright.
The gier in its soaring wheeled
With piercing cries its nest to shield,
Her eaglets eyeing in alarm
Lest them befalls impending harm.

II.

On, on the wild defiant blast,
A warning gave, then hurried past.
But now the danger signal smote
O'er Alpine rock with less'ning note;
Like bullet from a deep-mouthed gun,
Soon is its force and thunder done.
With weary steps on Alpine stock
The peasant labored up the rock.
The faint alarm upon him fell,
From whence the sound he could not tell.
'Tis danger,—on his ear alert
He could detect and must avert.
He wound the signal loud and long,
Redoubled and made doubly strong.
A hundred horns the sound have caught,
Far down the vale the alarm was brought.
And every hill and every dell
The music echoed full and well,
And carried by the rising breeze
The bugles swelled through piney trees.
The shepherd with an anxious look
The grassy meadow soon forsook.
His bleating flocks before him drove,
To reach the sheep-fold on he strove.
And husbandmen with garnered grain

The oxcarts urged to gain the plain,
While villagers with eager eye
The tempest scanned in troubled sky.

III.

Now burst the lightning's flash afar,
And Jung Frau's head was wrapped in war.

OENONE.

[NOTE.—Oenone was the wife of Paris before he became enamored of Helen. It was an ancient superstition that when a husband abandoned his wife he did so for just cause, by will of the gods, and she not only lost the rank due her but became an outcast and a by-word to every stranger.]

Why sitt'st thou, Cebren's dearest born,
Alone? Remains to thee no one—
No one to comfort thy sad heart?
Thy faithless Paris, where is he?
From the long roll who oft with thee
Sought pleasures on Scamander's plain,
In vain I call one single face.

Why mournest thou? Thy tresses loose
Are softly caught by wanton winds.
The fillet from thy head is reft.
And in thy hands the garlands lie
That once encircled thy fair brow
With virgin flowers. Sweet perfume,
Which now with Sabian incense fills
Thy presence, seems a farewell sigh
Of all the gods who weep thy loss.

The broken reed, thy harp unstrung,
Lie untouched, fallen at thy feet.
Where is he who once fired thy heart
With music of a lover's song?
Gone—gone—a chilling blast has swept
Thy seats, and left thee desolate.

Oenone,—thou so young, so fair,
The child whose purity did win
E'en love of gods,—is this thy end?
By whose omnipotent decree—
What gods 'gainst thee have risen—
Hast thou incurred a Juno's wrath,
That now in silence all has fallen,
Where once the joys of Heaven dwelled?

Thou,—who didst know no harsher sound,
Save that of harp and sylvan lute,
For whom the Muses strove between
Thy every mood to pacify,
For whom the Graces sought the worlds
To deck thee in their offerings—
No more art greeted with a song,

No longer welcomed by the troop
Of joyous, loyal devotees.
For thee the Naiads and the Nymphs
No more their vesper hymns attune,
And in the glances of the moon
Enact the part the Muses taught.

From thee winged Mercury estranged,
Thy messages and prayers delays;
Inconstant one! How oft his face
Shone bright, as with his two-fold wings
The air, 'twixt earth and sky, he beat,
And bore the greetings of thy love
To Paris, Priam's fairest son.

Oh, dark the hour at Peleus' suit,
When Eris, evil-goddess, rushed
With eyes aflame, and discord brought.
Then Virtue from thee veiled her face,
When the dread Parcæ spun thy fate.

Then fled Euterpe with a wail,
That rent thy bosom as a blade.
The Muse of mirth, the Muse of song,
With tender partings left thy side.

And Clio heard, with bowed head,
The mandates of the gods above.
Calliope, in stately verse,
Thy name in lasting epic wrote,
While tears bedewed the softer cheek
Of Erato. Melpomene,
Enraged, struck from her face her mask.
And silent stole, in sombre state,
The Graces, Naiads, and the Nymphs.
And all was o'er. Thou wast alone.

Farewell to joys that once were thine;
They live no longer, yet, methinks,
Thy memory makes sweet melody,
And ever kindles in my soul
How great, how good, how noble thou
Hast been. Though but a child, wast still
Long suffering, patient, and more strong
To bear the heart-aches of neglect,
Than Achilles' arm to avenge thy wrong.

JAMES L. ELDERDICE.

A popular and prolific poet of the period from 1877 to 1881 was James L. Elderdice, whose *nom de plume* was "Hermit." Like most authors who write so much, considerable of

his work was weak. He possessed many poetical ideas, but was not always happy in expressing them. Some of his earlier poems were "Disgraced," *Amateur Gazette*, Dec. 1878; "Disappointment," *Eastern Star*, Dec. 1878; "Separation," *Ibid.* The closing stanza of the latter is as follows:—

Oh! parting, there is pathos more than weeping
In that calm grief
That turns our beings sombre; like frost creeping
Upon the leaf,
Life's hue is changed and all our hopes are sleeping.

In the April, 1880, number of the *Pastime*, he published a poem entitled "A Picture," which he entered for the laureateship, but it was unsuccessful. The next year he made another attempt to win the poet laureateship, and was successful, his poem being entitled, "Progressiveness of Development." It was published in the *Independent Times* for April, 1881, and was his most ambitious, though not his best, effort. It began with the lines with which his "Disappointment" ended:

Amid my castles in the dust,
Which once were castles in the air.

The idea of the poem was well conceived, but the execution commonplace. Other poems published about this time were: "Waiting," *Independent Times*, August, 1881; "Forgotten," *Young Nova Scotia*, March, 1882; "The Flowers," *Detroit Amateur*, June, 1882; "Nantichoke," *Golden Moments*, June, 1882; "The Ideal," *Patriot*, February, 1882. In the September number of the *National Amateur* he published one of his shortest poems, but one of his best, entitled, "The Giver and the Gift." This was followed in the July, 1882, issue of the *Independent Times*, by a longer poem called "The Burial." His poems were not highly figurative, but were nearly all reflective in their character.

THE GIVER AND THE GIFT.

O flowers, so perfect in your bloom,
Your rainbow tints, your sweet perfume,
Your queenly grace, your modest mien,
And all the beauties in you seen,
In vain exert their utmost power
To hold my fancy one short hour.
From all your charms my thoughts do drift
Unto the giver of the gift.

Fair flower! a little while ye stood,
Type of her budding womanhood.

No violet beneath the skies
Casts to the ground more modest eyes;
Her tints excel thine own, O rose,
For her faint color comes and goes,
And all the hues which earth can flush
Fade into pallor at her blush.

THE BURIAL.

I.

The years have flown since last we met,
Or wandered o'er those far-off meadows,
But while I live, can I forget
The day, when, 'mid the bosky shadows,
We, who had been so long apart,
Were re-united hand and heart?
I plead to know our cause of parting:—
Why did she heed an idle word
And all the falsehoods that she heard?
Her downcast eyes, the tears upstarting,
The quivering lips, did more express
Repentance, trust and deep distress,
Than all the words that she might speak.
"Forgive me, friend, I have been weak,
Ask naught, since all is right at last;
Why should we vex our happiness,
And make this moment's pleasure less
With the dead follies of the past?"

II.

We saw the summer's dreamy splendor;
The brook low murmured at our feet;
Our words were low, our tones were tender,
And life and youth seemed very sweet,
For Cupid whispered words beguiling.
At last, half tearful and half smiling,
Beside the brooklet's purling wave
She stooped, and dug a little grave.
"Here we will bury, and forever,
All thoughts unkind, all past offences,
Follies of youth, and false pretences—
For them a resurrection, never."

III.

Sweet maid, 'twas well we did not know
Sad years, long miles would part us so;
Dreamed not that life could lose its splendor,
Hearts grow less bright, or words less tender.
Alas! how blind we are to light,
How deaf to all the calls of Duty,

How charmed by Folly's radiant beauty,
Which lures our footsteps into night.
One day I woke, and woke with pain.
To find life's pathway grown so dreary;
Oh! to be young and glad again,
Heart unclouded and soul unweary.

IV.

And are you, too, friend, disenchanted?
Any graves in the heart's dark gloom?
Day and night are you ever haunted
By any spectres from out the tomb?
Ever before me they will arise—
Old thoughts, old feelings, old memories;
Back to the past, whence they come thronging,
I turn my eyes, I stretch my hands,
To golden days, to summer lands;
The soul is faint with restless longing
For hopes of growth, its morning splendor,
Joys that are pure, and love that's tender,
After sunny and stormy weather,
After wanderings and bitter learning,
I would return to thee, distant maiden,
With wearied feet, and heart o'erladen;
How would'st thou welcome my returning?
Would'st thou rejoice we were together,
Roaming again the far-off meadows
A little while, as in olden days,
A little while ere we left earth's ways
To rest forever 'mid bosky shadows?

THOMAS W. TRESSIDER.

Mr. Thomas W. Tressider came into prominence as an author in 1878. He never achieved great distinction as a poet, though his poems were published in the best journals. His work was crude and unfinished as a rule, and the ideas rather commonplace. One of his best ideas was the following from his "October Eve:"

The crimson west,
Where the sun sank down in a flame of fire—
The dying summer's funeral pyre.

Among his best efforts were: "The Betrothal," *Censor*, January, 1882; "The Lonely Lake," *Ohio Official*, September, 1880; "The Sword and The River," *Young America*, July, 1882; "Prospection," *Our Choice*, May, 1882; "Sir Hildebrand," *Phoenix*, August, 1878; "Nuptæ Futura," *Sentinel*, November, 1883; "Mary Grey," *Independent Times*, Decem-

ber, 1881. For a time he wrote a column of humorous paragraphs for the *Independent Times*, entitled "First Hand Humor."

THE BETROTHAL.

Over the trembling tree-tops high,
Phaikian barks are floating by;
Down through the maze of flutt'ring leaves
The light of the June sun softly sifts,
And a woof of wondrous beauty weaves.
And there in the glowing eastern sky,
The lonely day-moon dimly drifts.

Ah, could the hour but last fore'er!
For down in the dell, a happy pair
Have made their vows 'mid the forest bowers;
Laura, the light of the vale, and I.
And Love with his joyous magic, showers
Over the face of Nature fair
A lustre, that brightens earth and sky!

THE SWORD AND THE RIVER.

Out of the Past's dim-lighted Night,
There lives a legend strange and hoary,
How once, amid a dreadful fight,
A famous warrior of might
Lay dying in a valley gory.

A sharp-edged shaft had smitten through
That corselet hitherto unriven,
And o'er the armor cold and blue,
The crimson sap of life it drew—
Some giant foeman had it driven.

And there, amid the sick'ning fray,
All smoth'ring in the casing narrow
Of his great weight of mail, he lay;
While round him, dumb and dead, were they
Whom he had slain ere stung the arrow.

His great war-steed stood by his side,
And wond'ring eyed his fallen master;
Who, 'bove the boiling battle-tide,
Heard a great shout go far and wide,
Betokening his king's disaster.

Then on his mail-clad knee he rose,
His great will on his strength last calling,
And grasped that shining sword, whom foes
Untold had felt the weary woes,
Its blade now dimmed by blood fast-falling.

He held it to the darkening sky,
The bright gems in its hilt all flashing;
"O God!" He faltered. "Hear the cry
Of one who is about to die
Amid the woe of War's wild crashing!

"Mercy for self I do not crave,
And Thou dost know, O Ever-seeing,
Soul-steeped in sin, I meet the grave,
Though tranquilly and with heart brave,
From Death's unerring lance not fleeing.

"But, oh! my sword, my faithful sword,
Which I did win in Youth's bright burning!
I pray to thee, O sov'reign Lord,
Let it not fall among this horde—"
He ceased: his soul from earth was turning!

And that sad wail, divinely fanned,
Went up to God—so runs the story.
And lo, where fell the golden brand
From the dead knight's limp, lifeless hand,
Next morn a river ran in glory!

All hail, thou ever-beaming Blade,
Now made an ever-shining River!
Thy beauteous gleam shall never fade;
Thy hilt's rare gems are still arrayed,
Star-beams that on the stream's breast shiver!

Flow on thy way through wold and field,
Song-welling to the wind's deft finger!
Thee, nevermore, shall mortal wield,
But he shall to thee homage yield,
As long as Life and Earth shall linger!

CAXTON STANLEY.

Another of the popular poets of the latter part of the first decade of amateur journalism was Caxton Stanley. He undoubtedly possessed a poetic temperament and his productions were marked by a tender, delicate touch. He wrote, among other poems, the following: "Fulfilment," *Eastern Star*, December, 1878; "Anticipation," *Iibd;* "Carmen Carissimum," *Boys' Herald*, April, 1877; "A Microcosm," *Idle Hours*, May, 1883; "Suspense," *Eastern Star*, November, 1878; "Queen of Evening," *Free Lance*, February, 1877.

FULFILMENT.

From the rude ravaging of wintry wind,
My hands have rescued a fair, fragile flower,
Unopened yet—a bud; but of what kind
I knew not, wond'ring many an anxious hour.

I nursed it with the warmth of tender care,
And cherished it with fond solicitude,
That the keen tooth of frost and icy air
With withering breath and blight might not intrude.
Till, watered oft with dewy drops of love,
And bathed in sunshine balmier than June,
A wondrous miracle began to move
In its most silent heart, a grateful boon.

Oh, stars in heaven look down! my flower has blown!
Sweet flower, thou art more beautiful than they!
And thou, oh sun, shalt shine no more alone:
My flower—sweet flower!—will make a brighter day.
A brighter, far more glorious day for me—
A clearer, purer, softer, starrier night!
And oh, sweet flower, now I have rescued thee
I find myself thy slave—make me thy knight!
Thou art thrice beautiful! In Mexic fields
There blooms no flower with thee that can compare;
Nor Ind, nor Thessaly, nor Afric yields
Another half so lovely, half so rare.

So, daily, as my way of life is trod,
It twines its slender fibrils round my heart;
And daily seeks beneath the frozen sod,
Fountains of life from whence it may not start.
Till all I dreamt that dreaming youth oft dreams,
Read in its velvet petals is most real;
The sweetest vision comes as all it seems,
And actual presences around me steal.
Moons orbed wane and frequent suns revolve,
But my fair flower is ever still the same.
Who shall reveal its origin, who solve
Its mystery, and who declare its name?

MAX A. LESSER, A. B., LL. B.

Max A. Lesser obtained considerable prominence as a writer, but it was not based upon a very enduring foundation. He entered the ranks about 1877, and soon became known as a poet. Much of his writing was crudely expressed, but at times he wrote poems with but few defects in their mechanical construction. In these, however, there was much more of rhyme than of reason. His mind did not run evidently in poetic channels, and this fact was shown most conclusively in his criticisms, which, though written in a seemingly scholarly manner, were nevertheless wanting in a true appreciation of the poetic in literature. In 1881 he ran for the presidency of the National association against Frank N. Reeve, and after a

very hotly contested campaign, he was defeated at the Buffalo convention. His supporters thereupon withdrew from the association and organized the International Amateur Authors' Lyceum, which, however, was short lived. Among his best works the following may be mentioned: "Course of Fate," *Ark*, June, 1880; "The Fire Demon," *Bazoo*, September, 1880; "Ligeia," *Boys of Gotham;* "Per Aspero ad Astra," *Ark*, March, 1881; "Kismet," *Hornet*, December, 1881; "Retrospective." *Our Favorite*, June, 1881; "Harmosan," *Amaranth*, July, 1881; "Destiny," *Our City Boys*, July, 1881; "Premeditation," *Golden Moments*, April, 1882; "What my Love Wrote," *Paragon*, September, 1882; "Ahasver," *Arnett's Phoenix*, November, 1882.

AHASVER.

O wait, Zacyntha, wait,
It is not yet too late,
The orb of day has scarcely sunk to rest;
And with the evening chimes
Wafted from distant climes
Are aromatic breezes of the west.

My radiant roe-eyed dear,
Shed not a single tear,
Weep thou for those, who weep with thee, alone:
Let not each broken vow
Wrinkle thy placid brow,
And unto others leave the plaintive moan.

Dark was the dismal day
And misty was the May
When first on earth were heard my feeble cries;
E'en Nature shed a tear
Upon my cradle-bier,
And like a shroud seemed all the summer skies.

I grew in years—not love—
I yearned for spheres above
The humble station of my early life:
To rank with those whom Time
Has marked out as sublime
Became the object of my youthful strife.

Alas! the Night obscured
Those visions, which allured
My trusting heart and too confiding mind;
I groped in darkness, but
To find Fame's portals shut
To me by the decree of Fate unkind.

The gold I touched turned dross—
Mildewed became the moss
Where I reposed to rest my weary limbs;
For many a livelong day
Despondently I lay,
Whilst callous neighbors chanted canting hymns;

Until at last my soul
Slipped from my mind's control,
And I conceived that I was doomed to grope
Through this vast vale of tears,
For endless boundless years,
Beyond the beam of bliss or gleam of hope.

Gone was that spirit gay
That caused my soul to pray
In fervid words for wisdom as its gift,
By which I fondly thought
From our existence fraught
With mysteries, the sable veil to lift.

Like ignis fatui—
Whose glamours but defy
The wanderer's search and e'er his grasp elude—
So too, the more I toiled,
The more my hopes were foiled
Existence of its secret to denude;

Until I cursed my lot—
Until my heart forgot
My Maker's kindness and all family-ties;
Till, one by one, they died
In whom my soul took pride,
And left me to my anguish and my sighs.

I shunned the sight of men,
I sought a wildwood glen—
The fire consumed what relics I would save;
I sought the ocean main—
I courted death in vain—
All, all but I, sank 'neath the billowy wave.

Into the whirl of war
I plunged—but as before
Averted were from me both ball and steel;
As if by talisman
Frustrated fell each plan
To cease to hear, to think, to see, to feel.

I wandered far and wide
In quest of rest denied—
For many moons I strayed and sought in vain:
Through mead and blooming lea,

Athwart the stormy sea,
Beneath the boreal pole, o'er desert plain.

At last repentance brought
Strange solace to my thought,
And gentle musings filled once more my soul:
I sighed—I sobbed—I wept—
That very night I slept
Free from some hideous dream's austere control.

Then rose I, re-assured,
By new-born hope secured
Perchance I drifted o'er yon placid sea:
Here, where its waves rebound
With sweet melodious sound,
My Saviour I found—Zacyntha, thee!

Sun-litten was the day
When, hard by yonder bay,
Our beating hearts forever entertwined:
Like mists before the sun
Fell from me, one by one,
The dismal fetters that my soul confined.

'Tis one brief year ago
Since vanished has my woe
And I abide in this ethereal isle;
'Tis but a year since thou
Hast listened to my vow
And hast restored me by thy magic smile!

Then wait, Zacyntha, wait!
It is not yet too late—
Phoebus but just has vanished in the west.
Hark! with the evening chimes,
Wafted from distant climes,
Comes music from the Gardens of the Blessed.

WILLIAM FENTON BUCKLEY.

William F. Buckley is one of the very greatest names in the literature of amateur journalism. As an essayist and sketch writer Mr. Buckley had few, if any, equals. He first came into prominence as one of the editors of the *Waverly*, which, in company with Mr. George W. Baildon, he started in the fall of 1877. In 1879 he issued the first number of *Vanity Fair*, which attained much fame as a critical and literary journal. In 1888 he was the candidate of the so-called Radical party for the presidency of the National association, but was defeated at the convention at Cincinnati. He was awarded the sketch laureateship in 1881. His essays were

confined almost wholly to literary subjects, and evinced considerable depth of penetrative thought. They were all gracefully and forcibly written, and many of them contained ideas decidedly original. He has been accused of making too frequent use of long words in essays, rendering them ponderous and stilted. There was perhaps a measure of truth in the charge, but it must be admitted that he was well acquainted with the meaning of his words and used them invariably to express precisely his ideas. There was no straining after effect. Mr. Buckley was decided in his opinions, and perhaps in some cases inclined to be prejudiced in his views. But he always expressed himself clearly and unambiguously and was undoubtedly honest in his beliefs, his work bearing the mark of conscientious treatment. He paid his attention principally to the novelists, and here his undisputed ability as a sketch writer made him especially at home in dissecting, and philosophising upon the work of others. His comment upon the methods of authors was exceedingly valuable. His best essays were: "Irving," *Ark*, December, 1880; "T. B. Aldrich," *Paragon*, December, 1882; "Henry James, Jr.," *Sentinel*, March, 1884; "Anthony Trollope's Biography," *Sentinel*, March, 1885; "Bret Harte's Stories," *Bric-a-Brac*, Oct., 1885; and "Some of Dickens' Characters," *American Sphinx*, September, 1885.

SOME OF DICKENS' CHARACTERS.

The more familiar a novelist is with the people from whom he takes his characters, the greater is the measure of his success. Charles Dickens' mind and spirit were steeped in the customs and traditions of Englishmen of the lower and middle classes, and apart from his occasional hyperbole, he has given us the most faithful portraits of them we possess. The atmosphere of his novels is peculiarly and essentially English, and when he attempts to import another, his failure is signal. The American scenes of *Martin Chuzzlewit* are only enjoyable as burlesque is enjoyable; his effort to catch the local coloring, to shake off the insular narrowness of his native isle, is comical when not contemptible. Charles Dickens, in this, was only like the great majority of his countrymen. In the scenes of his novels laid in Europe his floundering is not so marked only because he indulged in milder caricature.

The Englishman is incapable of appreciation, of discernment, of discrimination, in anything foreign to his sea-girt isle. He possesses little or no flexibility of character; he is the most national of all people. His methods of thought, his tastes, his passions have little or no variety. He is heavy in everything he does, in which he resembles the Saxon from whom he sprang. Infusion of new blood seems to make little difference in him. He assimilates, but does not change.

He has none of that lightness, that grace and beauty which we find in the Italian, the Frenchman and the American. His architecture is homely, his music is homely, his illustrations are homely. No comparison seems more fit to him than one pertaining to the national "'arf and 'arf" or the "two penny ha' penny" commodity. His literature—the only thing in which he really is flexible—even the very best is often marred by this vulgar vice of homely simile.

Charles Dickens was the incarnation of all that is peculiarly English, hence the genuine English flavor of all he did. With little training, with no scholarly attainments, surrounded by conditions more apt to stifle than to foster mental growth, he is a constant source of marvel to those who study him and his works with care. Taken all in all, with his excesses of caricature and redundancy of insistence, he was the greatest master of the art of fiction whom the English-speaking peoples have ever produced. His attitude was clearer, his realism—with all its occasional impertinences of hyperbole—stronger, his mind richer in poise and balance, his stories more interesting, more varied, more truthful, than any novelist's that preceded him, or than any that have followed him. With but a few lapses he wrote only of what he knew. The life, the aim, the movement of his stories reflect the genius of the middle-class English. With them and their wants, their failures and successes, he was thoroughly familiar. It was from them he sprang, and it was of them he wrote most successfully. He understood the lower classes—the "populace"—too, but of the aristocracy he was deficient in knowledge, consequently almost entirely unsuccessful in his treatment of them. He reveals this in a hundred little ways, but most prominently in the manner in which he scores and flouts such of his personages as represent "high life."

But, indeed, he flouts and scores characters drawn from the middle classes, of whom he is most fond, as well; only his doing so is more the exception than the rule. A hater of cant, he holds it up to scorn on every suitable occasion; and much as he liked them he was constrained to recognize the hideous and detestible cant which too often disfigures his beloved middle-class Englishman. This cant takes various forms, but in its religious expression is probably the most offensive. M. Taine says, "the first fruits of English society is hypocrisy," which he attributes to its lingering traces of Puritanism. While in a measure agreeing with his proposition, I prefer to look for the cause not in Puritanism pure and simple, but in the abuse of it. Hypocrisy is the normal and noxious outgrowth of that tendency to subordinate everything to religion which Matthew Arnold calls *Hebraising;* and Pecksniff, as M. Taine points out, is the natural offspring of such a condition. That sleek, oleaginous hypocrite is one of Dickens' most masterly conceptions. He is not the irregular, but the direct product of a society saturated with a belief in its own perfection, and in the utter unworthiness of all beyond its bourne. We find the incarnation of the fruits of *Hebraising*, in all their hideousness, in such unhealthy, degrading and homely manifestations as the "Salvation Army," which is singularly English in conception and per-

formance. The quick eye of Dickens easily penetrated beneath the thin veneering of these conditions, and detected their weaknesses. A belief in men like Pecksniff is one of the most glaring of these; so he holds up the mirror for condemnation in a group of similar characters — the Shepherd in *Pickwick Papers*, Mr. Chadband in *Bleak House*, Uriah Heep in *David Copperfield*, and others.

This is a peculiarity of Dickens — the repetition of a character. At first thought one is apt to marvel at what seems to be a remarkably wide range of characters, but closer inspection dispels such a view. Delightful Mr. Pickwick, in more or less disguise, re-appears, under other patronymics, in Mr. Jarndyce, in Mr. Meagles, in R. Wilfer, in the Cheeryble brothers. An eccentricity is dropped, or mayhap added, a mannerism, a tendency lopped off here and there; but the model is ever the same. It is interesting and profitable to trace this similarity in certain of the groups of Dickens' people. Esther Summerson, Agnes, Lizzie Hexam, Little Dorrit, each has strong points of resemblance to the other. Jack Bunsby's oracles have more than a dash of the terseness of Barkis; the similarity between Newman Noggs and Mr. Pancks, in their deep-rooted dislike of their respective employers, is plain. Mr. F.'s aunt is a morbid exaggeration of Mrs. Guppy; and surely the young man of the name of Guppy, whom you would so like to kick, has gone to seed in Mr. John Chivery.

Probably this use of but one set of characters — this employment of a "stock company" — explains the secret of Dickens' wonderful success in portrait painting. It enabled him to know his people thoroughly, and in confining himself to them, he learned more of human nature than he would had he sought entirely new models for each story. Of course the resemblance of one to another in different stories is not sufficiently full to detract from the reader's enjoyment of the actor's performances in his separate roles, but it is yet suggestive enough to add a piquant flavor of reminiscence to the whole. It is in ringing the changes on his characters that Dickens reveals his extraordinary creative power, and his sense of the humorous, the pathetic and sublime in human nature. What remarkable versatility there is in the metamorphoses of Barkis into the sententious Jack Bunsby; what marvelous power in the difference of make-up between two such inherently similar men as Captain Cuttle and Matthew Bagnet; what an exhaustion of synonymous adjectives, indeed, would be necessary to follow the festive Alfred Jingle through his variegated race as the Artful Dodger, as Dick Swiveller, as Edward Dorrit, as Silas Wegg, as Harold Skimpole.

This last-named variation inspires one with the deepest respect for Dickens' versatility and power of humorous portraiture. Harold Skimpole, the "mere child," is one of the most delightful of his *bizarre* characters, notwithstanding that the slightest scratch of Harold's rather pachydermatous skin will discover the sheerest of humbugs. Like all of Dickens' comedy creations (or variations), Mr. Skimpole is an intensely ludicrous conception. He is always in financial straits through his inability, as he assures you, to appreciate the value of

money; and his delightful wonder that people will not leave him to study the poetry of life, instead of pestering him with such sordid matters as unpaid bills, at times really becomes infectious.

Mr. Skimpole figures in *Bleak House*, to my mind one of the most finished and entertaining of Dickens' novels. Its characters are all powerfully drawn, and its humor and pathos and large humanity such as he has only equalled in his very best work. There we meet that thread of repetition, of reminiscent association, which is one of the most fascinating qualities of light prose, and which in his hands proves such an efficient instrument in enlisting the reader's sympathy and interest. The lights and shades of the characters, the contrast of the one with the other, Mr. Tulkinghorn, Lady Dedlock, Richard Carstone, Grandfather Smallweed, Mrs. Jellyby, Mr. Turveydrop, poor Joe, Mr. Bucket—surely all these constitute a whole as nearly perfect as novel has ever been.

Mr. Tulkinghorn, the cold, unemotional repository of family secrets, at whose tragic end one finds it necessary to subdue a savage feeling of exultation; poor, conscience-stricken Lady Dedlock, pursued by the relentless old lawyer; weak-minded Richard Carstone, ruined by the Chancery suit of Jarndyce v. Jarndyce, which has proved the curse of all its active parties; miserly Grandfather Smallweed; enthusiastic Mrs. Jellyby; contemptible Mr. Turveydrop — all are as life-like and as vivid as it seems possible to make people in fiction.

In poor Joe we find one of those children whom Dickens so delighted to depict. The bitter loneliness, the hunger, the awful ignorance of poor Joe haunt the memory, and make one more tender of such unfortunate waifs as one meets, and more sincerely anxious to lighten their burden of misery. It is a pathetic picture, the friendship which sprang up between the friendless law-copyist and the wretched boy; and one which illustrates the broad bond of sympathy that unites suffering human nature. Poor Joe "don't know nothink;" he is densely ignorant, hopelessly poor, and often miserably hungry. The imperturbable Mr. Tulkinghorn, after using him for his purposes, conceives it to be wise to drive him from his old haunts, and then beings that regular command to "move on" which indefatigable Mr. Bucket inspires; and the boy, frightened from London, from that rank, noxious, awful Tom-all-Alone's, wanders into the country, falls a ready prey to fever, partially recovers, returns again stealthily to the city, dirty, neglected, ill-conditioned as ever, and dies. Were he a dog he might have been cared for, that he had never been born would have been better a thousand times, and death was the first happiness he knew. Alas! it makes us impatient of our vaunted civilization, with all its sweetness and light, to think that human beings breathing the same air that we breathe, with the same plasticity for good or evil, yet live day in and day out in mental and moral darkness, knowing naught of what is good and pure and elevating, knowing no joys, or sweets, or pleasures — nothing but sadness and sorrow and blighting ruin. Well may Dickens' impassioned cry ring out its awful warning,

and well may those heed it who are lacking in the responsibilities which wealth and position create.

"The light is come upon the dark benighted way. Dead! Dead, your Majesty. Dead, my lords and gentlemen. Dead, Right Reverends and Wrong Reverends of every order. Dead, men and women born with heavenly compassion in your hearts. And dying thus around us every day."

But it was as a sketch writer that Mr. Buckley won his chief laurels. In this field he probably never had a peer in the ranks. There were phases of the art of writing fiction that were better mastered by different authors, but as a whole no one writer combined in his own person as many of the different qualifications as Mr. Buckley. Some have surpassed him in description of natural scenery; some, perhaps, in the fascinating interest of their stories ; certainly some in the minuteness of their treatment of details, and the photographic delineation of them ; some, also, in depicting certain phases of life and character, and some in dramatic power. But he was by no means deficient in any of these qualifications. No one else had in such a degree combined them, and no one exceeded him in grace of diction and classical elegance of language, or in the delineation of human nature, passion and character. This latter was the strongest and most characteristic element of his power. He was not essentially introspective in his methods; at least not apparently so to the extent of some other authors of amateur journalism. He aimed rather at results than methods. He concerned himself not so much with the workings of the brain of his subject as with the outcome of it all. This does not mean that he was superficial in the least, but that he was rather the philosopher than the surgeon. He by no means stopped at the outside. He penetrated into the very innermost recesses of the secret soul ; but instead of minutely describing what he saw there he simply told what was present, and proceeded to reason from that. Not that his sketches were filled with the obtrusive philosophical moralizing of the author ; they are very free from this ; but it evidences itself in the words and deeds of the characters he presents, and the results and consequences thereof. Mr. Buckley alwas took plenty of room to expand his ideas, though his sketches were not verbose or prolix, nor on the other hand were they unduly diffuse. The same fault of style has been found with his sketches as that we noticed in considering his essays ; that of using too many lengthy words, and in this case, perhaps, the point is better taken. For Mr. Buckley,

enjoying an extended and compliant vocabulary himself, seems to have forgotten sometimes that persons in every station in life are not similarly situated, and the words, suitable enough coming directly from the author, are out of place in the mouth of his created personages. Aside from this fault his conversations were well carried on and amply sustained. His plots were usually original, and of a high tone ; but seldom lapsing into an unproductive sensationalism. When this did occur it was usually in his earlier sketches, as "Guest of Mine," *Nonpareil*, September, 1881, and "Brave Boy Bed," *Eastern Star*, December, 1878. Occasionally he evidenced a vein of humor, as in his sketch entitled, "Mr. Jones Figures as an Utter," published in *Pandora*, for February, 1882. Mr. Buckley's most noted work was a serial entitled "Missoury," which was begun in the *Independent Times* for July, 1881. By common consent this seems to be considered one of the two greatest stories ever written by an amateur author. It is doubtful if it is Mr. Buckley's best production, but it is the most elaborate work that he has ever publicly finished, and is well worthy of the author. A serial entitled "A Telegram from Dunston's Four Corners," was commenced in the *Amateur Sun* for August, 1882, and gave promise of being superior to "Missoury," but the suspension of the magazine left the story incomplete. "And Even Thou," ran through several numbers of the *Sentinel*, beginning in the November, 1885, issue, but Mr. Buckley has never finished it. It was a remarkably fine sketch as far as published, though not superior to some of his other productions. Some of his best work, however, has been done in his more modest sketches, "Sorry Her Lot," *Arnett's Phœnix*, September, 1882 ; "Sweet Doing Nothing," *Round Table*, February, 1885, and "Doctor Challys," *Sentinel*, April, 1884, being prominent results of his skillful pen. Among his other sketches the following are the more notable : "What Might Have Been," *Our Sanctum*, June, 1882 ; "Midnight at Trinity," *Amateur Sun*, May, 1882 ; "As It Fell Upon a Day," *Zephyr*, August, 1885; "The Shadows in the Corners," *Bric-a-Brac*, October, 1885 ; "Day of Days," *Violet*, 1886 ; "Return of the Rebel," *Independent Times*, December, 1881 ; "Jim of Boulder Flat," *American Sphinx*, December, 1882.

DOCTOR CHALLYS.

I.

Many years ago there lived on Staten Island, in the the town of Stapleton, two sisters, Miriam and Charity Darrell by name. Charity, the younger, was plain of face; Miriam was fair, even beautiful. Charity

loved seclusion and the sweets of self-communion; she busied herself with household affairs, and when left unemployed by them, sought retirement in the pages of a book, or in a walk along the beach, from which she could see the great city across the bay. Miriam passed her idle time with her music or in receiving young gentlemen callers. Of these latter there were many, and of the many two most assiduous in their attentions, Ralph Kent and John Challys, were as opposite in thought and feeling as it is possible for two men to be. Ralph was captain of the —th regiment, N. Y. S. N. G.; the other was a physician, with the laurels of a successful collegiate course fresh upon his brow. The one was tall, handsome, active; the other, slight, also handsome, but retiring. Ralph was openly in love with Miriam; the gossips said Challys was secretly. Miriam always received both with marks of pleasure, but there was a difference in her marks; though where it began and where it ended was not as plain as anything could be. Yet Challys seemed not to appreciate his position, and with an indifference that alarmed his partisans, never attempted to surmount it. Indeed, whenever the two met on an evening call, he would turn to Charity and leave the others quite to themselves.

Doctor Challys, in a word, was too retiring—shall we say timid? for his own good. Even with Charity, whose disposition was somewhat akin to his, he never felt at ease. He had a habit, deplorable in the eyes of young ladies, of taking everything *au serieux*; and the light-hearted Miriam was never serious. With Charity, when he could rid himself of his alarming self-consciousness, and engage her in conversation, he got along very well. But it was rarely he succeeded in doing this, and not always when he did could he obtain audience with her; for Charity's quiet and thoughtful ways and studious habits, her gentleness and devotion, her womanliness and large sympathetic nature had wound themselves about the heart of Mr. Henry Guilford, a young curate, whose love was reciprocated, and whose constant attentions soon left poor Challys unable to fall back on her whenever the gaiety of Miriam overcame him.

In due time the engagement of Ralph Kent and Miriam Darrell was announced. When Doctor Challys heard of it he said nothing; the gossips had it that his prudence, of which in those days he had a great store, warned him to silence, lest he should say something that might afterwards be a source of regret. That he did not like the successful suitor was well known, but would not allow his dislike to take outward shape.

The day for the wedding approached, and great were the preparations therefor. The doctor still continued to call at the house as if no such event were in prospect, and conducted himself much as formerly. In time, however, his visits became wider apart, and finally ceasing altogether, he betook himself from the place. The gossips agreed that he could no longer be a witness to the happiness of the engaged couple and must withdraw until after the wedding. Before leaving though, he bade the sisters a tender good-bye, and shook hands sadly with each. Miriam he kissed.

II.

Since that time the world has grown older by some twenty years. Ralph Kent and Miriam Darrell were duly married, but are separated now, the young husband lying buried near a southern battle-field. Charity and her husband are likewise dead, all that is left to recall them being a lad of nineteen. Miriam Kent but for her nephew is alone in the world. Many things have changed since then. The friends of her youth, with but few exceptions, are scattered far apart, and little but memory is left of other days and other things. Doctor Challys it is true, remains, but of him she sees but little. He occupies an old mansion high on the hillside, and there lives the life of a recluse, save when he sallies forth to engage in a lawsuit, of which he always contrives to have one either in progress or prospect. He is now rich, but seems to live the poorer. He makes no friends, and seeks none. He has grown prematurely gray, and his face is haggard, and his form bent. "Sour" the neighbors call him, and leave him to himself. He no longer follows his profession, but spends his time, when not in consultation with his lawyers, in reading musty volumes of ancient laws, whence he makes copious extracts. He has developed a most litigious disposition, and seems to thrive upon it. He is a bitter opponent, and a very hard hitter; and will carry a suit to the highest tribunal before admitting failure. Such seems to be his present character, and no one familiar with it cares to encounter its large combativeness or its undying resentment.

Mrs. Kent had seen him but seldom in these years. It was supposed, when he returned home the year following her husband's death, that he would renew his former visits, and finally win her. But he had called upon her only once, and then simply to say that he wished to see her nephew on a matter of business. The boy, who was named George was absent at the time, but repaired to the doctor's house the following day. Mrs. Kent was on the tiptoe of expectation, being unable to decide to her satisfaction what the visit might portend. She had been greatly fluttered when the doctor was announced, and entered the parlor, after a preliminary and hurried arrangement of her head-dress, with feelings of mingled surprise and uncertainty. Was he about to speak of the past; to avow a liking which every one knew he once entertained, and every one believed him still to cherish? Her doubts and surmises were quickly dispelled, however, when he rose coldly, on her entrance, and stated the object of his call in a few matter-of-fact phrases. Then he left her with a calm "good day." How cruel his memory was! how lasting his displeasure.

On the few other occasions that he saw her, he was hurrying along toward his home, and only bowed a cold recognition, save once. She had just parted from Mr. Austin, her rector, and he met her suddenly, and said in a tone of deep animosity:

"I hate that man! He is a groveling hypocrite, and you ought to have discovered it by this."

He turned as abruptly away, leaving her alone with her astonishment. Mr. Austin's offence was well-known. He had been a visitor

at her father's house in the olden time, and was thought to be a suitor for her hand, whereas it was Charity's he sought, not hers. The good rector had remained true to his early love, and for it Mrs. Kent respected him, nay, even regarded him as a brother; for she had always loved that gentle sister of hers. And Mr. Austin must have loved her deeply to think of her all these years, and to keep her grave beautiful with flowers throughout the summer months. She had never expressed thanks for those kindly tokens of his constancy, being a sensitive little body withal, and ever wishing to avoid a subject which must leave him sad reflections. But she knew that he had placed them there, for had she not met him outside the cemetery gates with a basket in either hand, and immediately afterward found the little grave blooming with the most exquisite flowers?

But what did the doctor want with her nephew? He had never spoken to the lad or recognized his presence in any way. It was inexplicable.

III.

George's schooling was of the most desultory kind, and at nineteen he knew little beyond the management of a sailboat. But in that he was most skilled, and made many a trip with captain Dan Shallow to the fishing banks, earning at times a comfortable sum of money; which, to tell the truth, he and his aunt stood in some slight need of. His aunt, however, would gladly have endured its absence rather than have him venture on those perilous quests; having a horror of the sea, and a fear of New York, whither he always proceeded after one of their "catches," to dispose of the same. She had ever regarded that great city, which could be seen from her window, with the liveliest distrust, being always mindful of its pitfalls, which she had heard were many, for the young and unwary.

George returned within an hour from his visit to the doctor. He burst into the room exclaiming:

"You will never know what old Jim Crow wanted me for!" He was not choice in his expressions, this young man.

His aunt reproved him with a sentence that sounded like a word in her haste to learn the result of his visit.

"Well, I oughtn't to speak of him that way, Aunt Miriam, but I forgot. He is such a cantan—such a queer old fellow, you know.

"Yes, but what did he want you for, George?"

"Oh, you'd never think if you thought from now 'til to-morrow," returned that young gentleman, with the delightful verbosity of youth when posessed of eagerly-sought-for information, and of the knack of weaving about it all sorts of extraneous matter in happy ignorance of the large disproportion of the mass to the unit. "It's the funniest place you ever saw; a regular old one-horse house, without bells, and no carpets, and no chairs in the parlor, an' a ladder for stairs, an' fire in the hall in an old broken stove with a—

"For pity's sake stop, George, and talk sense."

"Oh, yes, that's just like you, Aunt Miriam, you wont give a feller a show, an' wont let me speak without getting mad. I wanted

to tell you, but you wouldn't let me; you're always telling me to be still. Jim Husted kin talk when he goes home, but you wont ever let me say a word but what you're always a-tellin' me to—" and so on and so on until incoherence set in.

After a dint of questioning and cross-questioning and entreaties, she managed to learn that the doctor had offered to pay his expenses through Princeton. The information was as startling as it was unexpected; nay, it was more. It bewildered her, and sent a thousand wild fancies glancing through her mind, any one of which she would have laughed at an hour or so before. It supplied her with thoughts for the night, and for days afterward. And if she had her dreams, in that dream-conducive mood which the glow of an open fire so kindly fosters, why not? She was not old, she was not withered, she had not forgotten; and he, if not handsome, was once so, and if not young, was not aged. The past is fairer than the present; the happy voices, the ringing laughter, the spoken words seemed sweeter than present ones. And when they draw near, when they draw nearer by some act of generous feeling bursting from the full heart back of the brusque exterior—oh, the joy of it! oh, the bliss of it! And so, sitting before the glowing fire, with the past and future radiant with light, and the present in the dark background, she dreamed her dream again—the old, old dream, the dream of all ages and all climes, the dream that makes of life a poem, and the world a paradise—For Mrs. Kent's heart, singular as it may seem, was not lying under that southern battle-field; nor had it ever lain there.

IV.

Whatever were his faults, Doctor Challys never broke a promise. George, after a deal of preparatory tuition, which despite his good intentions he found irksome enough, entered the famous college at Princeton. It was a happy day for his aunt when he was safely placed there, and she was left to take up the threads of her life again, and weave them into new shapes and patterns. The house was very lonely at first without the lad's bright presence, but by degrees the loneliness wore off, and she soon settled down to her solitary life and dreams. Every spare moment was now filled with thoughts of the doctor, and he became more precious to her than he ever had been. She watched for the day of his coming—for come she felt he would—with the eagerness of a captive buoyed with a hope of speedy release. But a year passed after George's entrance upon his collegiate course, and he did not come. In all that time she had no significance of him, save what rumor brought; but the faith within her was strong; strong with the strength of years. Had he not testified plainly to his feelings, if testimony were wanting, in his solicitude for the boy's welfare? No, there was no room, for doubt, and it was only his ever-present timidity that now restrained him, she now fondly believed.

One night when she least expected him he made his appearance. It had been a beautiful day, and the soft rays of the sun had given way to a night of exquisite splendor. The argent moon, high in the heavens, poured forth a pale, tender light, which the countless stars helped

accentuate. There was a mellow richness in the air, which soft, cooling southern breezes unremittingly fanned. A farrago of sweet thoughts occupied her, as she dreamed at the window, and left her in a mood to give the man she loved such an hour as woman never yet gave lover. She heard his well-known footstep on the gravel path. without surprise and rose to greet him as if she had been expecting him, as indeed she had been, as she had been for years. His face wore a tired look, as he quietly sank into a chair, after touching her hand, and bent his eyes upon the floor ; while she watched him with a palpitating heart. His clothes were seedy, and his hair grayer than when she had seen him last ; his form was bended, and his movements slower ; he was getting to be a very old man in appearance, but she saw not that. She simply saw in him the lover of her youth, toward whom her heart had never chilled.

It was a few moments before he spoke. Then he said slowly, with a slight quavering in his tones :

"Mrs. Kent do you ever sing now?"

She answered him gently, and—

"Do you ever—have you forgotten "The Flower of Dumblaine ?" he asked.

Had she forgotten that sweet old song that she and Charity used to sing in the olden days with all the grace and *abandon* of fresh young voices? No, she had not forgotten.

She got the music out and opened the piano. She struck a few preparatory chords, and then sang, with unconscious power and pathos the old song she loved so well. When she had finished there was a tear in her eye, which she hastily brushed away. She turned about with a smile. He sat with his head bowed upon his breast, and said not a word. He seemed spelled by the memories the song evoked, and had no voice for utterance. She crossed the room and took a seat beside him, and laid her hand on his chair. He seemed to shake off his reverie and try to speak. But although his head was no longer bent, he said nothing for a time. When he did speak it was not of the song. He staid but a short time, and left without uttering scarcely a dozen sentences. He was a queer man, that Doctor Challys, and a queerer lover. Had he eyes that could read, they would have read that night a story more eloquent than words could paint ; but seemingly they were not capable of reading.

He did not call again for a long time—so long a time that the end of George's studies had almost arrived. It was in the late autumn that he came. The days had grown shorter and uncertain. The stars and the moon made their appearance as regularly as during the bygone summer, but there was that about them, and the sheen they cast on the waters of the bay, that told of approaching winter. Her thoughts had been occupied with him the whole day, and were occupied with him yet. They would not still those thoughts, and she did not wish them to. She summoned them to her on awakening, and made them her companions during her busy and idle hours. They were all that she had of the dead past, and she never once relaxed her hold upon them.

And they were sweet and kind to that lone woman, who lived not in the present, and lightened the little vexatious cares of her everyday life. Her face still bore the trace of youth, and her eye had not dimmed with increase of years; the romance of her girlhood days was dead, but in its stead was a richer, a mellower, a more enduring affection which clung with loving persistency to the memories of that early time. She loved John Challys now with a more sacred love than she had ever known. And why should she not? Why should they not now wed, and journey down the path of life in the other's company, soothing the sorrows and sharing the joys that each experienced? There was no reason against it; none whatever. And she felt in her woman's heart that he was true to those days, and that it was only a diffidence that now restrained him. Twenty times a-day she consulted her glass, and twenty times a-day it assured her that she was not yet faded, that her face had not yet lost its pretty curves, her dark brown hair turned to silver, or the grace of expression, or the spell of her eye lost its witchery.

He stood warming his hands by the fire when he entered and removed his coat. His face was pinched and blue, and his voice seemed cracked and worn out. His hands were bony and felt like moist clay; his hair was thinner and grayer than when she had seen him last. She did not notice all that though, but busied herself in arranging a chair for him and in stirring the coals. After a while he seated himself and begged her to do the same. There was a little table by his side, on which were strewn a number of photographs, and on that he leaned his arm. When he had sat thus awhile, he said:

"Do you think I am grown to be a hard man, Mrs. Kent?"

Did *she* think that? that he had grown to be a hard man—the thought! Her laugh was her reply.

"Well, well, my life has not been what I planned, but I cannot help that; none of us can help that, Mrs. Kent. And do you know, I have got to like it in a way, this life of mine—except at times, except at times."

He paused and brushed his face with his hand. He looked at the pile of photographs on the table, and touched them listlessly. He continued:

"It seems odd to you—doesn't it?—that I have made myself such a stranger here?" He did not wait for reply. "But it has not been through any diminution of regard, but, but because the course of things was not what I thought it would be. That is all."

She said:

"You ought not to be a stranger, Doctor Challys, in this house. And you know—and you know it is a pleasure to have you call."

She said no more. She had outgrown the days of lisped commonplaces. She was now a woman, with a woman's knowledge of the things to be said, and the things to be unsaid.

He did not apparently hear. His eyes were wandering about the room, and his mind was fixed on other things. His hand moved inertly over the table and came in contact with the photographs. He

turned and took one up, glanced carelessly at it, and laid it down. Mrs. Kent left her seat and took a place by the table. He raised one or two of the others, looked at them, and replaced them again. She was turning some of them over, not noting which he was looking at. A long drawn "Ah!" however, caught her attention, and she glanced over his shoulder. The picture he held in his hand was one of herself and Charity when she was nineteen. He retained it long without noticing her, and laid it down, slowly, reluctantly. When he turned to her there was a tear in his eye.

"She was eighteen then, and I a year older. It is a long time ago."

Saying which she seated herself and pretended to arrange the fire. She was greatly agitated and she did not wish him to know it. Although the culmination of her dearest wishes seemed at hand, she almost wished it otherwise. She was undergoing a series of little tremulous fears, which made her nervous, but withal how happy! When she looked at him again his head was leaning against his uplifted hand and his eyes were bent upon the floor. He started when he felt her gaze, and said, briskly:

"We shall soon have George back again, sha'n't we? And we must be stirring ourselves about some opening for him. We must make a great man of him."

He seemed to have utterly changed, or was it only acting? He rambled on in an easy strain for some moments, and then rose to leave. He had not approached the subject of all subjects, and she knew not whether to feel glad or sorry. She had not thought that when it was broached she would be so unnerved; she had underrated her feelings, that was all.

When he had his coat on, he took her hand, and said:

"This has been a happy evening to me, Mrs. Kent. I have—"

And then came another of his pauses, while he buttoned his coat. He took his hat and stick and turned to the door. She opened it and went before him along the hall. He followed her silently. At the door he turned his careworn face toward her, and said, with the old gentleness of tone:

"Good night!"

Then before she had time to reply, he took her hand again in his and repeated, softly:

"Good night — *Miriam!*"

V.

George's college days had ended before she again saw the doctor. Tidings that he was ill had reached her at intervals, but she had never felt it proper to do more in reply to them than to inquire after his health. When she did see him it was unexpectedly. As was her wont, she was making her monthly pilgrimage, on a Sunday afternoon, to Charity's grave, and when near there encountered Mr. Austin, basket in hand. It was late in the day, and vesper shadows, kindly ostents of coming dusk, were slowly tracing their errant way, here and there, along the roadway. The west was already lighting up with the

last glow of the fading sun, and mazy cirrus clouds, fleecy and beautiful, moved in crescent numbers across the sky; the hush of the Sabbath was upon the world, filling the cool, green valleys, the dusty roads, and the wooded, arduous hills of the immediate prospect. A look of pleasure lighted her face when she noticed the basket he carried; and while thoughts entered her mind of the ineffable friendship due this man, her heart filled with friendship toward him. He seemed nervous and perplexed when greeting her, and turned his face in the direction whence he had come. She followed his glance and was somewhat startled to discern the halting, uncertain form of Doctor Challys laboriously ascending a distant rise in the road. When he had disappeared, she turned to her companion with a question in her eyes.

"It is Doctor Challys," said he; then seeing he had mistaken her inquiry, "I had just parted from him."

She noticed a shade of vexation, nearly akin to anger, gathering in his eye, and with a variousness not altogether hers, imperceptibly drew back a step and gazed uncertainly, half-reproachfully at him. Mr. Austin, though a man of quick insight, never read her secret until then. Her memories had become so wrapt about her as to leave her but little breadth of horizon, as to leave her almost purblind to things beyond their emotions' bourne; and in this moment she forgot the kindly feelings she cherished for this man in the quickened flood of larger sentiments that filled her. He saw, mirrored in her glance, the emotions astir within; and he turned to her with a kindly look of rare dynamic quality that left them, at once, again in sweet concord.

"Excuse any slight irritation I may have shown, dear Mrs. Kent; it was unpardonable, and I already deeply regret it."

She hesitated for a moment before replying; the sound of his voice broke the spell of his look and left her with deeper feelings again; a word of reproach rose to her lips ready for outward form; her face darkened slightly; she trembled, paused—Ah! the basket in his hand! A glance at his pale, kindly face — a thought of his gentleness — a memory of Charity; and — tears.

She moved a step away, averted her face, and stood quite still. A rush of light had already come to him; he understood, and did not stir. She looked at him again, after a moment or two, and offered him her hand, saying:—

"Do you forgive me, my dear friend."

That was their parting, and the man, as he walked his way, felt, after the first shock of surprise, that he had learned a lesson in constancy such as he had never yet dreamed of; for Mr. Austin, albeit he struggled manfully, could never wholly efface the doctor's later identity, nor subdue the feeling of dislike that the other's maleficent tongue and open hostility had left him with.

. . . . . .

Doctor Challys was really ill; so his physician told Mrs. Kent one day on passing. The intelligence shocked her very much. She had been looking for him to resume his last few friendly visits, and

thought that each day would bring him. But now he was ill, shut up in that dim, desolate house, with no one, perhaps, but some rough, coarse nurse to care for him. The thought was an agony to her. Might she not visit him, and help him to pass the long, dreary days with some degree of comfort? Would it be improper? Had she — had she not the right? If only for a while—it would do him so much good; surely it would not be wrong. She — she would see George about it.

But she did not see George about it. One day that young man returned home before his usual hour, and said, to her surprise, that he had met the doctor. She was afraid to speak, to question him, lest he should suspect her.

"I met him—"

He paused confusedly and looked at her. He tried to speak again, but the effort only ended in a stammer. She did not notice.

"He is well again?" she asked, almost eagerly.

"No, not well. Far from it, I fear; and I chided him as much as I dared about venturing abroad. I fear——"

"You fear? What do you fear? Not, not that he is very—ill?" She spoke hurriedly, almost feverishly.

"I do, Aunt Miriam; indeed I do. I think I saw the shadow of death upon his face."

It was well that he turned then, or he too would have known the secret that Mr. Austin knew.

But though he did not learn it then, he did on the morrow, when he again returned home suddenly, though much earlier than on the previous day.

"My dear Aunt Miriam," he said, sitting down beside her, "I never until yesterday knew how greatly I had wronged Dr. Challys."

He paused, and she threw a hasty, startled glance upon him. He took her hand and said gently:

"You were one of his earliest friends, and you will be deeply grieved—"

"He is not dead!" she cried, starting in nervous apprehension. "Oh, he is not dead; say that, only say that!"

He withdrew his eyes from hers, and slowly, sadly bowed his head. He arose and crossed to the window, where he stood for awhile gazing beyond. He had not looked at her, or noticed the cry of despair welling from her voice. He had his own feelings to contend with and they left him for the nonce incapable of observing aught about him.

After the lapse of a few minutes he seated himself again. He did not notice the extreme pallor of her face, or the convulsive movement of her bosom, but said:

"Never until yesterday did I know what a grand, constant heart his was! All my life I had been taught by every one but you, dear aunt, to laugh at and deride him; and all my life I did laugh at and deride him. Oh, had I but known the exquisite qualities of that man's heart, his faithfulness, his deep, yearning love, I must have respected him, had I not been so nearly related to the object of his affection."

His aunt raised her pale face in mute surprise at the unwonted depth and tenderness of the young man's tones.

"My dear Aunt Miriam, when I met him yesterday, when he left his dying bed to minister for the last time to the memory of a dead loved one, he was strewing flowers over—over my mother's grave. I expressed—"

"Strewing flowers over your mother's grave—"

"Yes; and I learned then that it was his loving hand that had always kept it so beautiful; that it was—"

"Oh, my God!" his aunt cried, interrupting him; "it was my poor sister all the time, and I—I did not know it!"

MISSOURY.

CHAPTER I.

Long, sable shadows, were creeping over the shore and creek, deepening in hue as each moment slipped by. Up on Snake hill a faint, nebulous light lingered in the open space as if loth to depart. Back to the west everything was already dark, the long stretch of dense woods being a valuable auxiliary in ushering in the night. Away in the east, the ocean—looking gray and indistinct in the waning light—surged and rolled playfully, wave after wave breaking high up on the beach and retreating in wild confusion. Below, white-winged sailing craft floated lazily to and fro on the purling Shrewsbury waiting for the breeze that did not come. It was the supreme moment of the day, the intermediary, the resurrection. Suddenly the sky settled into a lurid glare and slowly, almost imperceptibly, changed to blue. The day was done.

"Hem!" exclaimed Mr. Hiram Conover, more, apparently, to himself than his companion, "when once the dark gets detarmined, we lose the light quick, even though the rays of daylight have a greater influence on the vibratorey functions of it."

And Mr. Conover paused with the confident air of a man who extends an invitation to a philosophical discussion with the prior knowledge that it will not be accepted. He was a boatman,—the owner of the piece of country architecture, with its ugly front and sides and rear, that stood near the river shore,—a gray-haired, weather-beaten man of some sixty odd years, who, with his broad-brimmed hat, placid, clean-shaven face did not look unlike the Lone Fisherman in the burlesque called Evangeline. His nose was a pug and his mouth large, displaying, when its owner smiled,—which was only on rare occasions and was then duly heralded about the country, together with a history of the unwonted thing that caused it; for Mr. Conover, whether deservingly or not, boasted a reputation for great erudition and was not supposed to be amused by everyday occurrences,—a set of teeth blackened by the too frequent use of tobacco. This individual by close application to labor and the commendable practice of economy from being the tenant of a most miserable cabin in Parkertown (which place adjoined his present abode), became the owner of

the aforesaid piece of country architecture. He had formerly gained his livelihood by catching and selling fish, but now bestowed his attention chiefly on his house, which, in summer, threw open its doors to the boarders from the city; and when business was slack occupied himself in ferrying wayfarers across the river to the seashore. Mr. Conover was of a dual nature. He preserved a chilling exterior to the residents of the neighboring country, and only thawed into good humor when in the presence of his guests. But this repulsive demeanor and obsequiousness, which alternated as his companions changed, was not native in the man. It was like Topsy, and "growed." Now it was his chief characteristic, if I except a habit, or rather a mild form of insanity, that he had for so shaping anything he had to say that it finally led to the recital of his successes—never failures—while employed in a rope factory in his early manhood. The history of his doings there had never been completed, and probably never would be. But, on the whole, he was a really good, well-disposed man at heart.

His companion on the present occasion, during the walk from the steamboat landing, by remaining silent and paying no attention to his talk, had given him all the opportunity he required for recounting a favorite reminiscence. This was a new boarder, but one who was to remain after the summer guests had flitted away. Nathan Griswold his name was. He was the new school-teacher of the Township, and was already known by report owing to that unexplainable, oftentimes onerous, habit that certain middle-aged ladies have of spreading every scrap of information they can gather. His standing as a scholar, therefore, was discussed long before his arrival, information that he was a most learned man indeed having preceded him several days. A disposition on the part of the boys whose curiosity was awakened by the reports that were being circulated to see the new teacher was quite natural, and he was greeted on his arrival by a promiscuous crowd of barefooted, hatless urchins who stared incessantly at him and manifested their disapproval of pedagogues, and this one particularly, by sundry looks and hostile shaking of fists, some of which did not escape his attention. But apparently undismayed by this exhibition of truculence, Griswold continued by the side of Conover, merely volunteering a nod to the boys, paying little heed to his surroundings, which were not particularly distinct in the gloaming,—and less to his companion's platitudes, being obviously absorbed in thought. He was a young man of medium size and build, with a pale face and rather dark hair, a nose of the type peculiar to Americans, and a high forehead. It was not a face calculated to make a deep impression on the observer at first; but on a more searching examination, betrayed an openness of countenance and a firmness of character that were impressive. He was a student and of necessity a man of quiet habits. The position of school-teacher had been procured for him by the Rector, an old college companion of his father. The Griswolds had not of late years fared well in worldly concerns, and the failure in business of the head of the family, the father of Nathan, hastened his death. His decease was the precursor of his wife's and brother's, and his son was left

without kin. The young man was not adapted for business; but he worshiped books and nature. It was, therefore with much satisfaction that he accepted a vacancy in the school of Navesink Township. This was, perhaps, the occupation just then the most congenial to him; and he indulged in pleasant anticipations of quiet hours with Dr. Froan, the Rector, whose taste and his, he was pleased to acknowledge, were kindred.

The walk from the Landing was not long, being a little less than a mile, and they had reached their destination when Mr. Conover gave expression to his opinion on the power of darkness. Griswold felt lonely and dispirited, and experienced a pang of regret, not unmingled with a twinge of sadness, at the Rector's absence in Philadelphia. He partook of supper in silence, and then betook himself to his room where he tested to their utmost the consoling properties of a cigar. His window was open, and he listened to the murmurs and roars of the waves and the far-off moan of the sea-buoy. But though this occupation lulled him into a calm, it did not remove the sadness. Indeed, it rather added to it.

CHAPTER II.

No fresher, sweeter, lovelier spot has existed than that of Swisshelm of an autumn morning. Missoury Fowler thought it could not be more perfect. She sat out on the border of the lawn in the cool umbrage of an ancient oak, her eyes oscillating on the charming view in front. Swisshelm was built on the brow of a hill that overlooked the river and bay and ocean. Below, on the sandy shore, with its freshening oases here and there of hardy pines, stood Conover's house, from the chimney of which a long, vermicular column of smoke ascended. The Fowlers had been for generations identified with the neighborhood, the great-grandfather of the present owner having purchased a large tract of the surrounding country from the Indians in the days when the region was little more than a wilderness. Missoury shared her father's pride in the homestead, and passed the greater part of her time there. She was almost a girl as yet, having only just entered on her nineteenth birthday,—fair and fragile. Her eyes were large, of a dark blue shade, her nose aquiline, and her mouth small and gracefully curved. It was a sweet winning face in repose, and a tender, loving, even eloquent, one when animated. The Fowlers were an exclusive family, very particular in the choice of their acquaintances; but their exclusiveness did not degenerate into disdain, as is too commonly the rule. They always had a kind word for every one, but never encouraged familiarity. As a natural result, therefore, they were respected and remained exempt from the tongues of the gossips, with the possible exception of Missoury. But she suffered little more than being termed proud. To her intimates the assertion often appeared inexplicable. The Rector accounted for it more accurately, perhaps, than anyone else. He likened her to Miss Austen's Georgiana Darcy, and declared that her putative pride had been established in the same manner as that young lady's. And in truth the good

doctor was right. Missoury's nature was shy and retiring and very seldom revealed its hidden loveliness to the observer, and never to the casual observer. She liked art so long as it did not degenerate into effeminacy, which is too frequently the case in this sentimental, anomalous age. She was a girl of most exquisite tastes, a skillful musician, a capital painter, and a charming vocalist. Her singing was, perhaps, the greatest of her accomplishments, and she made the choir of St. Luke's famed within a circuit of fifty miles. The farmers and neighboring gentry forgot her imagined pride when listening to her sweet, sensitive voice of a Sunday. Perhaps the remark of that astute observer and rustic philosopher, Mr. Conover, contained more real praise than anything else that was said of it. "I have observed," he stated oratorically, one Sunday afternoon down in Parkertown; "I have observed, and I say it with no braggodoshe for my observences, that no one never goes to sleep in church when she sings;" and Mr. Conover smiled urbanely on his audience, and rolled the word "braggodoshe" about on his tongue with evident relish, much as a schoolgirl—or a boy, for that matter—moves her chewing gum from one side of the mouth to the other. Let me add here, parenthetically, that Mr. Conover had a certain weakness for using words whose meaning was unknown to him,—in fact the less clear they were to his mind, the warmer was his appreciation of them.

On this particular morning Missoury had settled herself down for a quiet read, but her purpose was soon assailed and defeated by the arrival of Dr. Froan and Griswold. The latter, on the introduction of the Rector, had found ready entry into Swisshelm. He, like the Fowlers, made few acquaintances, his only visiting ones being themselves and the doctor. He liked Mr. Fowler, who was a well read man and a fluent conversationalist. Missoury had enlisted his attention at first, but her seeming disinclination to talk on any subject of deep interest soon lost her all worth as an acquaintance in his eyes. She had to be studied before one of his temperament could appreciate her. Her manifest disposition to preserve silence in the presence of strangers was but the logical result of a nature naturally modest. No one understood either of them better than the doctor; and he was not in the least surprised that, when she became more accustomed to Griswold's society and therefore less reticent, the young man paid no more heed to her remarks than courtesy required. It was one of his characteristics that his judgment was unerring, and this view of himself he always maintained with complacency. This morning as he and the doctor walked up the path leading to the house, with its quaint gables and traces of antiquity that had not been wholly erased by the too modern tastes of Mr. Fowler's father, it was the hope that they would encounter its master that pleased him. When they were informed that he was absent, and were directed to Miss Fowler's retreat he felt chagrined. They crossed the lawn and stood before the girl, who was a favorite with the doctor. She laid her book on the settee and turned to entertain them. The doctor and she entered into a conversation, which, though it eventually became quite animated, did

not engage Griswold's attention. He sat down and gazed about him, apparently unconscious of the presence of his companions. An odd word or two, such as "Kant" and "thought" and "evolution," caught his ear, and he turned to them. Observing that they appeared equally oblivious of his presence, he mechanically picked up the book the girl had been reading and opened it. Its title caused him to glance somewhat curiously at them. It was Alexander Von Humboldt's Cosmos, and in German. Then he listened with great attention to their talk. It both surprised and nettled him. Surprised, by the knowledge which the girl displayed, and nettled, at his own blindness in judging her. The familiar apothegm, "still waters run deep," rang in his head until it angered him. He ventured a sentence or so in the lulls of their debate, and caught a full glance of the girl's clear, shining eyes lighted up with the radiance that discussion usually promotes. Presently he took an active part in the conversation and maintained a conspicuous part in it.

The forenoon stole rapidly away,— too rapidly he thought,— and he and the doctor departed. Griswold was quite silent, and to rally him his friend began a eulogy of their late companion. She was a great reader, he said, and familiar with most of the German philosophers.

"Indeed, to ascertain what she has read," he concluded, "one must ask her what she has not read."

This led Griswold into a train of speculation that did not end with the day,— nor, indeed, did it ever end.

CHAPTER III.

The summer waned and autumn came, with all its manifold attractions. The evenings now were surcharged with that enjoyable chilliness which gives to indoors an air of cheerfulness and pleasure that is difficult to resist. On the present occasion the drawing-room of Swisshelm wore even more than its usual inviting appearance. A bright fire of cannel coal blazed in the grate, and added very perceptibly to the all-pervading air of comfort. Mrs. Fowler, a quiet, old lady, sat by one of the windows overlooking the bay, with her crochet work. Dr. Froan and Mr. Fowler were deeply absorbed in a game of chess that called forth all the strategic powers of each. In an alcove, at the far end of the room, Missoury sat at a piano singing, in a low tone, pretty Scotch ballads, and Griswold stood by her side, feeling himself very agreeably employed in listening to her performance. He seemed to enjoy the music very much, and encouraged her again and again to continue. Gradually she struck a more certain note and her sweet tender voice flooded the room with its melody. Seemingly unconsciously, she reached a very high key, and pausing abruptly, turned an apologetic glance at the other inmates of the room.

"I was afraid I disturbed them," she said.

"No, they seem very busily engaged," said Griswold.

"Do you like these Scotch songs?"

"Yes, very much. They are quite realistic, and reproduce the

scenes they commemorate most vividly. I am very fond of music, though I know very little about it. Do you think that inconsistent?"

"Not at all. I have only a woman's knowledge of science, which you know is but slight, yet I like it very much."

There was a silence. Another man could have uttered some pretty commonplace — he said nothing, and she resumed her playing.

From the immobility of Griswold's countenance one would think he was absorbed in some abstract mental problem; but he was simply listening to her voice, drinking in every note. He imagined himself away among the highlands of Scotland reveling in the beauties of nature. She sang a quaint old song, full of tenderness and pathos, that caused even the doctor and Mr. Fowler to look up from their game. A maiden was surrounded by a number of dissenters, those fiercely religious zealots of old, who had condemned her to death. Destitute of all concern for her own personal safety, she prayed her captors, with tears in her eyes, to free an aged woman and her husband, whom they held bound together. Unsuccessful in her endeavors, she taunted the men until they became enraged and called them cowards. The singer threw all her power into the music, which seemed to take form and life, and her hearers were swayed by various emotions. But when she reached this point she stopped.

"Oh, finish that Miss Fowler, please," exclaimed the doctor.

"Do not ask me,— the rest is very disagreeable."

"Disagreeable? Did they kill the girl?" asked Griswold.

"No, she was spared, but the old people were sacrificed."

"That was cruel, yet, perhaps, it was better — if death alone could appease them — than to take the young life. *They* were not far from their end, probably," continued Griswold.

"I don't look at it in that light," Missoury replied; "the girl should not have accepted life under such circumstances."

"She was very heroic," Griswold added, reflectively; "Yes, she was certainly very heroic. It was so noble to disregard her own danger and yet feel so acutely the peril that threatened the others."

"Ah, I did not think of that," returned the girl, simply.

It was a touch of the same exquisite sensibility that pervaded the Scotch lassie, and made a deep impression on Griswold — so deep, indeed, that he remained silent for a long spell, while she turned again to her music. He thought he had never passed a pleasanter time, and would fain have the evening longer. His mind wandered off, frequently, into various fields, but always returned to his present surroundings. He gazed at Missoury in an interrogative way, and though his scrutiny did not appear to displease him, his countenance wore a puzzled expression. He was annoyed when the singing ceased and conversation became general.

"We have been quite entertained by your music, Miss Missoury," said the doctor, in his most charming way. "I do not know what your father would have done but for it, I am such a slow player."

"Those Scotch airs are very pretty," added Mr. Fowler; "they are my favorites."

"The song of the maiden among the dissenters was delightful — do you know the author's name, Miss Missoury?"

"No; I believe he was some old writer, but my antiquarian researches have not been deep enough to reveal him."

"I have been thinking," continued the doctor, "that, were you placed in the girl's position, you would have defended the old people with as much earnestness as she displayed."

"I do not know, doctor. I should like to think that I would; but she, as Mr. Griswold says, was a heroine, and indeed only a heroine could act as she did."

"Then you could," began the young man, impetuously; "You would"—and he stopped as abruptly as he commenced. He was both surprised and sorry afterwards for the speech.

CHAPTER IV.

Griswold signalized the assumption of his duties by instituting various needed reforms in the manner of conducting the school, all of which received the warm approval of Doctor Froan. These, however, did not wholly appease his zeal, and he meditated long and often further changes. Finally he intimated a desire to introduce the study of Latin; but in this he met with sharp and determined opposition in the person of a Mr. Homer Morgan, one of the Township Trustees.

"When *I* went to school," declared that individual to Mr. Conover, who was one of his colleagues, with a wave of his hand; "when *I* went to school, spellin', an' gogaphy, an' 'rithmetic, an' writin' was all we learnt, an' I don't see as eny one now with all their French, an' Latin, an' Greek knows much more about two an' two than us."

Mr. Conover merely gave expression to a delicate smile at this,— a smile that might very easily be mistaken for a sneer. Being a man of only a putative education himself, he entertained the usual disdain of his class for the lack of a finished one in another. "Mr. Griswold," he said to a few admirers one day, "is a person after my own ijeas. He is none of your small potato kind like that ere Morgan, an', bein' a man of eddycati'n myself, I must sartinly agree with him when I know he is workin' for the public good."

This afternoon Griswold sat in his school-room after the scholars had departed for their respective houses, meditating upon the opposition of Mr. Morgan. While he was thus engaged the door opened and Missoury entered accompanied by a gentleman. Griswold arose and glanced curiously at the stranger. The latter put out his hand and said familiarly:—

"Why, Nathan, am I so changed?"

"Your voice certainly has a familiar ring, but I can't place you."

"Did you ever in your New England home hear of a certain Jarvis, who by—"

Griswold grasped his hand warmly. They were old schoolmates, and had been chums away back in the past. The conversation, after the lapse of a few minutes, during which it consisted of fragmentary generalities,— mostly conventional, a few only being reminiscent,— turned on Europe.

"Florence," said Jarvis, "is inexpressibly enchanting to me, with its art galleries and studios, its traces of extinct grandeur mingling delightfully with modern ideas, its old palaces and decaying villas. For an art dabbler, like myself, that is the place above all others to live in. I never enjoyed life better than during the last half winters, which I passed there."

"Then you have not resided there permanently while abroad?" asked Griswold.

"No; I usually do France and Germany in the spring and halt for the summer and fall in Switzerland."

"Ah, Switzerland is most beautiful. I like it very much, it is such a charming place — though, indeed, for that matter, all places have a certain charm only varying in degree, I suppose, as one's tastes differ," said Missoury, with a touch of optimism.

"If you had not qualified that last sentence, I should beg to interpose an objection," added Jarvis. "I have found some places excessively dull and stupid. But then I may not have been in an appreciative mood at the time."

"Yes, that's it," said Griswold; "one's inner self — one's soul — must respond to nature else it cannot be appreciated; and one's soul is not always responsive."

"I prize Switzerland above all European countries because there is so little that is artificial there. Everything seems primitive and natural, even to the inns and chalets," continued Jarvis.

"Ah, that is the great thing. One does not like even a beautiful house until it has become old. It is these destructive tendencies of town people—of capitalists and that sort of persons — that make cities so offensive to me. They all seem to have that most repugnant smell of fresh paint and varnish," put in Griswold.

"For my part, I have a certain respect, not unmingled with awe, for great cities," said Missoury; "and that feeling increases or diminishes in proportion as they vary in size. I have often thought that the country and the ocean are more emblematical of God's handiwork than aught else, and that the city is man's greatest monument. It is there, at least, that the latter exhibits power. When I gaze on the great mass of houses stretching in all directions for miles, on its stores, its mills and its varied industries, its churches and great buildings, and finally on the excellent degree of order that is preserved among elements so conflicting, I say to myself that next to God in greatness, indisputably stands man!"

"Above the angels?" asked Jarvis.

"Aye, above the angels,—what are they but spiritual atoms!"

"Then if we accept that view," said Griswold, thoughtfully, "man sinks to a lower level when he dies!"

"Ah, perhaps, lower to your mind. He loses his power, it is true, but that is often, I imagine, more instrumental in producing sadness than joy. Don't you believe that greatness and unlimited freedom of action in the end become dreary?"

"Yes, I am pessimist enough to fancy that, but"—

"You would not mind the ennui — that's what you want to say," said Jarvis.

"There are limitations and limitations," resumed Missoury; "but none intrude on the angelic life; and when we weigh his against the fluctuations of fortune and the vicissitudes of time, I rather think man *ascends* when he dies."

"Then though man be next to God in power, his life is not preferable to the angels?" asked Jarvis.

"Man is greater than the angels, not so good. But I am not theological, I am worldly," replied Missoury.

After that a silence ensued, and Jarvis suggested that they return to Swisshelm. The three left the schoolhouse together and walked along the roadside, where space permitted, abreast.

"Is Mr. Morgan still hostile to the introduction of Latin," asked the girl, glancing at Griswold.

"Yes, and every day seems to make him more pronounced in his antagonism. He is a very obstinate man, wholly unsusceptible to reasoning. If he persists in his present attitude much longer, I fear it will defeat the adoption of my plan."

"That is very disagreeable."

"Very, indeed. I have talked and argued with him again and again, but, seemingly, without producing the slightest effect. He harbors and defends his position with all the obstinacy that senility creates."

"Do not be angry with him for that. I think that were his stubbornness directed against some less worthy object we might admire it."

"Oh, I am not angry—only a trifle annoyed."

"Well, that, of course, is quite natural,— we all experience the same feeling in similar cases; for everyone has petitions declined. Even God, you know, refuses to grant some prayers."

Griswold left the cousins at the Swisshelm gate and walked slowly homewards. This girl had occupied all his thoughts almost constantly of late. He seemed to be drawn by some unknown power to her side. Yet he stood in a sort of fear of her. She attracted him, he said, but there were times when her manner, her beauty, seemed to repel him. It appeared to him that he was audacious, that he should not expect the companionship of such a girl. She was brilliant, beautiful and bright—he possessed no one of these attributes. "But then," he would reason, "she is also gentle and refined, and she does not, apparently, dislike my society." Yet this did not soothe him—in fact it induced him to go over the whole ground again. * * * It was strange that in none of these communings did he ask himself what foundation,—what cause,—there was for them.

CHAPTER V.

Griswold had long ago concluded that our friend Conover was a bore. Hiram never permitted an opportunity to slip by without recalling his factory experience. To this the young man had listened passively enough at first, but, after he had heard several repetitions of

the story, he tired of it. People of Mr. Conover's disposition never take hints, not even the broadest, and he recounted his experiences again and again with the utmost complacency. Griswold, after he had become better acquainted with his host, shunned him all he could. On the present occasion, Conover hailed him as soon as he made his appearance out doors. He looked about hastily as though seeking an avenue of escape, but none was near, and he tried to become resigned. The old man began almost immediately to talk of the school Trustees, and Griswold seated himself, half impatiently, half wearily.

"We had a meeting in Parkertown last night," said Mr. Conover, slowly removing his pipe from its wonted position in his mouth and adjusting his spectacles.

"Ah, you did?" returned Griswold, with a slight air of interest.

"Yes, an' we carried our point. Morgan he argied and argied, but we were too many for him."

"And has he consented?"

"Yes. I made a speech what cornered him, an' all the boys wouldn't listen to him. It was just like the speech I made in the old factory when the"—

"Yes, yes, but tell me about the meeting."

"Well, I got up, an, sez I, 'bein' a man of eddycati'n myself, I feel more about this here plan than ef I was not a man of eddycati'n, an' bein' so fixed in this position, I purposed to talk to them as a man of so settled opinion which it is a knowledge of their wants makes it more plainer to me than if it was someone else. Well, I argied there an' talked to them in the plainest langwidge what I could; an' Morgan, seszee, 'I gives in, but if this here thing turns out bad, I want you to remember that I sez I gives in.'" And Mr. Conover relighted his pipe and stared at Griswold in the manner of one who has performed some great feat. The young man thanked him kindly and turned to leave.

"There's Miss Fowler out fur a breather," said Conover, indicating that young lady,—with a nod of his head toward the beach,—who, accompanied by Jarvis, was slowly returning from her morning's equestrian exercise.

"Isn't she pretty, though?" said Conover. "I've never seen any one beautifuller an' that's a sayin' not a little. An' she's just as good as she looks—just as good every bit. Oh, she's been very kind to me when I was sick."

"When was that?" inquired Griswold, with interest.

"Some three years ago, before I built this here house. She used to come an' see me, an' bring jelly an' fruit an' sich things. O, how gentle she used to be! She was a great deal better to me than the doctor, with her soft ways and sweet face. I used to think it was an angel who come to visit me when she' come in the room an' smile on me, an' ask me if I wasn't just a *little* better—bless her dear heart! It used to seem to me that my old room looked beautiful when she was there, an' I know the sun could shine brighter. An' then when I got a little better she would go about a fixin' things an' a singin'.

What singin'! Have you ever heard her of a Sunday? Well, that's good, but it's nothin' to what it was then. Oh, she's a mockin' bird an' a lark—she's a, she's a—a hummer, you bet!" And Mr. Conover paused, quite exhausted.

Griswold arose and walked down to the beach. He had not gone far when he met Jarvis. The latter seemed in jovial spirits and endeavored to put his friend in a like condition. But he soon abandoned this purpose and talked about Missoury.

"She and I are old playmates," he said, "and I have returned to America expressly to"—

"Does she love you?" interrupted Griswold, with great inconsequence. A moment later he regretted his rudeness.

The other reddened and appeared slightly annoyed. He looked out on the river meditatively, for a short spell, debating what he should say. His brow assumed a lowering look and he thought of making a sharp rejoinder; but his easy nature got the better of him and he finally returned, good humoredly:

"She has has never confessed as much or given me any encouragement, but she is unlike most girls and I know her thoroughly. You remember what Shakspere says?"

"Shakspere said a great many things"— began Griswold, coldly.

"True. I will quote it for you:

'They love least, that show their love.'"

Griswold had heard it before, but it never until now seemed so full of meaning.

CHAPTER VI.

"Father has taken some of the village boys to a circus," said Missoury.

It was a few days after the conversation between Jarvis and Griswold, and the latter was seated upon the lawn at Swisshelm with our heroine. The conversation had been conducted in a listless fashion, and frequent pauses resulted. Griswold seemed ill at ease, and the girl's attention was fixed on the scenes in the bay.

"That will be a treat for the boys," returned the young man, for want of something better to say.

"Yes."

"All boys—and many people who have passed beyond boys—seem to like a circus. But I never derived amusement from one, apart from the menagerie. I cannot see any pleasure in watching an acrobat courting all sorts of danger and show how near he can approach death without dying."

"Yes, you are right. There is no sense in it. It is but little better than bull fights and gladiatorial combats. But I suppose civilization must be reduced to an art before man will altogether lose a taste for vicious sports."

"Even then I don't believe he could wholly relinquish these insensate pastimes, and furthermore, I don't think such a time is coming. People boast now of the civilization of the nineteenth century, yet wars, intrigue and villiany are as rife and rampant as of old."

"You take a very dark view of man."

Griswold did not answer. He was looking at her queerly. She turned her eyes on the bay again.

"What good is life anyway?" he said, after a few minutes of silence.

"Ah, it is more than good — it is beautiful, it is almost perfect."

"Yes, yes, I suppose it seems so to you, and I should not use the collective term. But to me it—it has no future!"

"Oh, that is sad!"

"I realize it fully. Yet there are times — there are moments — when it seems different."

"Why, you are very young—you cannot have seen much sorrow."

"A man may have great sorrows—great pain—aye, blasted hopes —while yet in youth."

"Oh, you have been disappointed in obtaining some position."

"No; I could overcome that. But this is a feeling that only time can obliterate, and I fear that even that will be ineffectual."

He spoke sadly, yet there was a passionate ring in his voice that startled her.

She knew not what to say, and remained silent.

"Is there no hope for me!" he asked her, eagerly.

"I do not know what you are suffering from," she replied, coldly.

He turned away as if in a stupor.

"With one—oh, I cannot say it, you exhibit so little interest," he began again, and she noticed the same half-pleading, eager sound in his voice. She arose from her seat, and he followed her example.

"Have I offended you? I am sorry I spoke of my troubles."

"No, no. But I do not understand you—you speak so vaguely." She did not know whether this was the proper answer to make,—she was bewildered,—she understood, and yet she did not.

"Well, we will not talk of them again," she heard him say, and when she turned he was gone.

He met Jarvis on the roadside. The latter seemed strangely agitated.

"Is there anything the matter with you?" Griswold asked him.

"No—yes—there is." He paused for a while, and then said:

"I shall return to Europe shortly."

Griswold changed color. His companion did not notice it — he was breaking the shrubbery at his side with a stick he carried.

"Yes, it is all decided—it was settled last evening. I leave in a week or two."

"Why so soon?" asked Griswold, hurriedly.

"Oh, I will tell you some other time; but,—yes, you know all about it. * * * I thought Shakspere's words applied to her, but they don't," he said, with a simplicity that was touching.

The words *were* applicable to her,—but he did not understand her.

CHAPTER VII.

Jarvis sailed for Europe at the end of a week. Griswold was very

sorry to lose him. The past sennight his friend had been a great comfort to him, and he feared the time when he should be deprived of his society. He did not feel well — his mind was in a woefully unrestful state. He recalled frequently — too frequently, it seemed to him — his last interview with Missoury. What led him to speak as he had? His words were not, he thought, premeditated — that made them the more anomalous. This reflection involved a series of debates between two diametrically opposed forces — his practical side and his imaginative side. The latter contended that there had been no metempsychosis in his case — that there was no perceptible change in him since he had come to Navesink — that the words he addressed to Miss Fowler were spontaneous, and obviously quickened by a slight indisposition or a change in the weather — that they aimed at nothing in particular — that, in short, they were prompted by vague, fleeting, illusory glimpses of conditions grander and more sublime than man had yet experienced, and which, he felt, he could never attain. This did very well for a spell. Summer, and more especially summer mornings when everything is bright, and glowing, and responsive to a man's ardor for things beautiful and chimerical, engenders feelings, thoughts, even hopes, of something greater than existing things, and is apt to blind his eyes to past events giving them a false coloring of its own. But then his practical side asserted its right to reason. He remembered, with a feeling akin to hopelessness, that his spirit had *not* on the occasion of the interview sympathized with such aspirations; on the contrary, he had been downcast and gloomy and disposed to treat life as fallacious. He was, at the time, in a materialistic mood, not a youthful one full of bright, transitory fancies, he recalled with a start that overthrew all the theories his imaginative nature had so laboriously built. No; the words were spontaneous, but they were born of a sudden, inherent feeling that had taken root in a soil seemingly not indigenous to their growth and bloomed in secrecy. "Why not admit it at once then," he muttered doggedly. It was love, and love the blindest and most hopeless that ever animated man. How could he who was only a sort of visionary, a student of great ideas without ever having promulgated one himself, dare hope that she might reciprocate his passion. She was gentle and good and loving, but she could be all that and yet reject his suit. She was above him, a being too lofty for any poor mortal like him to cherish hopes that she might entertain a corresponding feeling for him. Ah, he was only like many and many a one before him. Love is indeed blind, uncertain, irresolute. It makes extremists of us all; when hopeful we think ourselves heroes; when in despair we feel that we are little more than worms.

He paced to and fro on the river bank despondently. But soon tiring of this he pushed a boat off from the beach, jumped in, placed the oars in position, and rowed with savage rapidity down the stream. He knew not what course he was taking, he cared not. He only felt that he must do something to drown the mingled feelings that were battling within him.

The boat was propelled with great velocity to the long, narrow

sandbar that separated the ocean from the river and bay, and rushed with a harsh, grating sound up on the shore — so far up, indeed, that it was almost wholly stranded. The shock threw Griswold back off his seat. He arose and stepped out on the beach. The day was growing old, and a sharp, keen wind was already singing its requiem. A mass of smoke-colored clouds dotted the eastern horizon, and a heavy sea washed the beach above the high-water mark. Everything along the coast looked deserted and dreary, and wore that sad air which always makes young people — and those of a more mature age that still retain soft spots in their hearts — pensive, opening up a train of thoughts more romantic than prosaic. But it did not so affect Griswold. At first his eyes sought nothing save a few nondescript pines that swayed hither and thither with the wind. He had crossed the bar and thrown himself on the sand where the sound of the waves breaking fiercely on the beach seemed to give him a certain rest and quiet.

Two other friends of ours visited the sea shore that afternoon, Dr. Froan and Missoury. They noticed the form stretched on the sand in the distance and approached it on the former's suggestion that it might be Griswold.

"Is our boys' instructor meditating another reform?" asked the Doctor, gayly, when they had reached the young man.

He started hastily to his feet. He had not heard their footsteps, and seemed confused.

"I — I was looking at the waves," he said, in an apologetic tone.

"A nice pastime, truly — I admire your taste," returned the Doctor.

"What a study there is in them!" said Griswold slowly, his eyes fixed afar off on the dark waters. "What wildness and ferocity! Yet what peacefulness and rest!"

"Too paradoxical by far for me," the Doctor laughed — "too Byronical, too Poeian, too Werter-like."

"Term it enervating — morbid — if you will," replied Griswold, quickly. Then, more slowly and reflectively, "One's body may be tossed about by those demons for days and weeks and months, but they impart rest to the soul by releasing it from its tenement."

"Ah," vouchsafed the Doctor, cautiously.

"I can now imagine," said the young man, turning to him, "how so many suicides are made by it. It is so alluring, so tempting, so overpowering to one whose mind is not at rest."

"Such thoughts are great sermons," said Missoury, softly, looking at him, "for examples are the most successful teachers. One never sees bad in his own actions until it is brought to his notice in the doings of others."

"That is a philosophical fact," added the Doctor, solemnly, and the three moved away in the direction of the river in silence.

The conversation caused the good Rector no little uneasiness. There was a trace of wildness, not to say earnestness in the young man's voice that alarmed him.

CHAPTER VIII.

December was at hand, but came without its usual accompaniment of snow. The wind moaned about the gables and roofs of the houses almost ceaselessly, giving to the fireside reader that comfortable feeling of security which a warm corner in bleak weather invariably produces. The waves dashed upon the beach in a savage, pitiless fashion, and the sea buoy sobbed and moaned throughout the whole of the long, dreary nights. The trees at Swisshelm and Snake Hill had grown sere and gaunt, and the ground was covered with yellow and brown leaves that seemed to enjoy themselves immensely in oft-repeated scamperings about the trunks of the oaks and pines, now singly, now in twos and threes, and now in a great, blinding mass. There was music in those leaves—a low, plaintive song when the wind was subdued; when it roared in all its untrained majesty, they burst into loud melodious cadences as they whirled around and through the deserted aisles, dashing fiercely against the naked trees and then circling tenderly about them as though in remorse for attacking the things that had brought them to life and fed and nourished them throughout the hot, burning summer.

Griswold as he sauntered moodily along on the brow of Snake Hill paid little heed to the workings of nature. The wild, conflicting emotions waging war within him hid the capers of the leaves from his eyes, his thoughts — varied and opposite as thoughts ever were — were whirling around and around in his mind, somewhat as things dance about a vortex. They all had one end in view though, but approached it by many and devious turnings. This constant tension was beginning to tell on him. His face had grown pale and haggard and his form bended. "What would life be without her?" he questioned over and over again. But he could see no hope. Had she not already rejected the very slight advances he had made? Yes, he remembered that; and should he tell her openly of his love, might she not refuse to be even his friend? That was not unlikely. (How could anyone blind enough to admit that, reason rationally?) She refused Jarvis, why not him? She—"O curse this incessant thinking, thinking!" he burst out aloud, suddenly. His voice frightened him and he looked around. It sounded hollow and weird. He threw himself on the still damp ground in dogged despair and gazed, without seeing, in the direction of Swisshelm. He ceased to think. A sort of laziness, of blindness, enveloped him. He laid like one bereft of all power, and stared vacantly before him. A door opened in the distant house and Missoury appeared. He rose to his feet and took a few steps forward; then he turned about and hastily descended to the beach. Here he paused and looked around. No one seemed stirring. He stepped in a *bateau*, and, pushing it off from the beach permitted it to drift along with the tide. He had thrown himself in the stern and laid there peering over the back into the water. Did his soul get any response from its silent depths? No one can tell — perhaps even he could not. He changed his position, but still continued to gaze on the eddies that circled about the stern of the boat. He grew restless and shifted from

one side to the other. Something in the water induced him to stand up and lean over the stern. The *bateau* suddenly came in contact with a stake and was swerved to one side. Whether it was the jar or not that caused it, I cannot say, but Griswold was precipitated into the water. He rose to the surface, *made no struggle*, and sank again. A fisherman returning from his matutinal angling saw the occurrence and hastened to his assistance. He grasped the drowning man and drew him into the boat. Griswold sank down like one dead, and his rescuer rowed with a will to the shore. He ran his boat up on the beach, and felt the young man's pulse, while he looked at him irresolutely. Then, dropping his hand hastily, he hurried off toward Swisshelm.

Half way up the spiral stairway leading to the lawn above, he met Missoury hastening down. She was hatless and her hair hung loosely about her shoulders. Her face was blanched and she was trembling so that the man thought she must fall.

"It's nothin', mam," he said, taking off his hat; "the gentleman will be all right directly."

She grasped the branch of a tree that protruded over the railing and panted. It could not, surely, be solicitude alone for the safety of an acquaintance that gave rise to the varied emotions of fear and poignant sorrow that alternately agitated her?

"Was it—is he not drowned?"

"No, mam, but he came near to it."

Before he had concluded she brushed past him, and, hastening down to the beach, approached the boat. *It was empty.* She leaned against it and shook like an aspen. The man rejoined her and looked about him in a frightened, dumb way.

"Where is he, mam?" he asked her.

"Where? I don't know. Was he able to walk?"

"No, but he might have crawled, and"—he looked over the stern of the boat with a scared face.

The girl watched him tremblingly. His action was very significant. A low moan arrested his attention and he turned to see that she had fainted.

"Oh, no, mam, no, mam, I didn't mean *that*," he cried in a hurried, ghostly voice.

CHAPTER IX.

Five years made little change in Missoury. Her character was firmly moulded when first we met her, and time, with its softening influence only made it sweeter, did not alter it. She had passed the greater portion of these years abroad, wandering about Europe in company with her step-brother (Mr. Fowler was her mother's second husband), who was studying at Heidleberg at the time this history dates from. Now they had returned home and were traveling in Kansas. Her health was quite poor. She suffered frequently from a most distressing melancholia, which she was unable permanently to fight off, though she resisted it with all her strength. It was mainly the cause of a sudden aversion she had taken to Swisshelm. The place revived

associations linked with a mellow sadness that seriously endangered her health. She had never forgotten the morning on which Griswold disappeared. It was an awful, terrible reminiscence that haunted her idle hours. The young man had never been heard from after he so suddenly and mysteriously vanished. Various and many were the conjectures that floated about respecting him. But the majority agreed that he had rolled into the water and been carried out with the tide. A number maintained, with considerable warmth, that he had fallen out of the boat and been caught by some meditative, hungry shark bent on an exploratory expedition; while others asserted, in an undertone, that he had deliberately thrown himself into the river. A few—notably among whom was Mr. Homer Morgan, who had never forgiven Griswold for introducing Latin into the Township school,—declared openly that he was insane, and had, in a wild moment, become a suicide. But the excitement had soon subsided and the young man after a while was forgotten, in new interests and emotions, by all save Dr. Froan and the family at Swisshelm. The Doctor mourned his disappearance with exceeding sorrow, but never attempted to account for it. His love and respect for the young man would not permit him to undertake the task. He it was who first noticed the change in Missoury, and with that exquisite delicacy which he possessed in such a refined degree, he forebore mentioning his name in her presence. He watched the girl in silence, and his kind heart overflowed with pity for her. He alone understood the various emotions that chased each other over her countenance, and he it was who planned and advised the European trip.

Missoury's brother, Mr. Hargrave, was an excellent companion in this journey, and he ministered to her comforts and wants with rare tact and discrimination. He took her West on their return to America, hoping that the study of the new civilization beyond the Mississippi would prove diverting. She accepted all his kind care and attention with a gentle smile, and exerted herself to show an appreciation of it. At present they were sojourning in a city of some five years' growth near the central part of Kansas. It seemed to possess a certain charm for her, and they lingered there for weeks. She knew no one other than her brother; his was the only society she wished for. But he made many acquaintances among the residents, as one of his open, confiding nature must; yet, respecting her silent objection to strange faces, he seldom introduced them. One evening as they were walking about the suburbs, he told her of a new friend he had made.

"He is a minister, but we have never attended his church. He is a very nice, quiet young man, though somewhat reserved, perhaps. I would like him to call on us."

"If you wish it, Harold, certainly."

"Nay, my dear, not if I wish it, but if you do."

"I should like to receive any friend of yours,—you know that."

"Then I shall ask him. I like him immensely, he is so retired and dignified. I sometimes fancy he must have met with a deep loss or shock during his life—he seems to think—or I should say brood—so much."

"Perhaps that is merely a characteristic," suggested Missoury. "There are some natures, you know, that discover enjoyment in nothing else—some that cling with desperate tenacity to solitude and contemplation. But one can easily distinguish those by their countenances. Now what does your friend's suggest?"

"Mr. Millbank's face is very expressive, yet I sometimes imagine that it only reveals what its owner desires to be known and nothing more. I have seen it very, very silent, and then it looked sad and careworn. There are premature wrinkles in his forehead."

"Induced by study, perhaps."

"I think not wholly. His face often looks quite haggard. I am all but certain that he has known some deep trouble."

They walked on in silence after that. Hargrave was pleased with the interest she had shown, slight though it was. He hoped to bring back the color to her cheeks and animation to her conversation. Hope does not *always* disappoint, and it is ever a wonderful soothsayer.

CHAPTER X.

"I will bring Mr. Millbank with me to tea," said Hargrave to his sister one morning shortly after the conversation detailed in the last chapter.

They parted at the gate of the cottage where they resided,—she for a walk by the river, and he for a short journey into the country.

She sauntered slowly along the river bank, which here and there was delightfully shaded by great oaks and maples, enjoying the fresh, morning air. She was thinking of nothing, or, at least, making an effort in that direction, and, on the whole, succeeding. Reaching a bend in the river, she seated herself on an inviting stone, partly covered with moss, and surveyed her surroundings. While she was engaged in this occupation a man strolled slowly down to the edge of the river, and, throwing himself on the grass, gazed intently on the water. He did not alter his position once while she watched him. He had not seen her, and she arose and continued her walk. When she returned in the course of an hour, the man was in the same place. He heard her footsteps, and looking about, their eyes met. Her heart throbbed violently, and she stood quite still, unable to move. He had arisen and was looking at her in a hesitating way. She partly controlled her emotion, and approaching him, extended her hand.

"Mr. Griswold!"

He looked careworn and pale, and a great flood of pity went out to him from her woman's heart.

"I thought—we believed—oh what does it all mean?" she asked.

He did not answer—he could not. His lips were trembling, and his face wore a haunted, frightened look.

"Why, why did you leave us so?" she faltered.

His face had been turned away, but he now looked straight at her and murmured, slowly,

"Because,—because I loved you!"

"And—did—but I should think that that would have induced you to—to—stay," she said, gently.

He made a motion to take her hand.

"Do you mean it?"

A tear glistened in her eyes, and caused a wild, delirious joy to seize him.

"Oh my darling!"

Her tears flowed freely, and she permitted him to lead her to a little knoll, where she rested. Both were silent for a long time—both swayed by a feeling of joy and happiness that could not find expression in words. They scanned each other's faces in a fashion that under any other circumstances, would have been supremely silly. Presently she laid her hand on his shoulder and said:

"Mr. Griswold—Nathan— what did it all mean?"

"Oh, don't ask me—it frightens me to think of it."

"You have suffered deeply?"

"Ages of torture would be almost nothing in comparison to it. My conscience—my life—has been a horror to me ever since. But I have repented dearly—my existence these past five years has been one continued prayer for forgiveness from my God."

He paused and she said nothing.

"Oh, what a wild, wicked feeling mastered me that morning when I fell into the water! A demon seemed to whisper in my ear, 'Make no effort and you will find rest in death. It will not be suicidal. It is an accident; benefit by it, and suffer no more.'"

He stopped, and she respected his silence. She laid her hand on his arm, and he felt forgiveness in the touch.

* * * * * * * * * *

Six months flew rapidly by after that morning,—months that brought peace and happiness and rest to two people. It was January, and a family party was gathered in Mr. Fowler's residence in the quaint old city of Schenectady. All our old friends were there,—Dr. Froan, Mr. and Mrs. Fowler, Hargrave and the couple that was shortly to be united. They were all gay, each one feeling that it was a time for sorrow and its kindred associates to be relegated to the past.

"I knew a man," began the doctor, with a mischievous smile, but desisted at a warning shake of Missoury's hand.

"I was about to tell you a very intellectual story; but I am afraid you would not appreciate it, so it shall be saved."

The evening passed charmingly away. Griswold drew his betrothed to one side, as he and the doctor arose to depart, and whispered a few words to her which must have been very pleasing, for a beautiful smile of beaming happiness overspread her face. She remained silent for a moment and then said something, to which he replied: "It was my mother's name—she was Lucy Millbank in her maiden days. My thoughts have been so occupied in another way of late, I forgot to tell you," and his smile drew a blush to her cheek.

"You were too!" he added, and the scarlet hue deepened.

On the morrow morning they were wedded.

MINTA R. STEVENS.

Miss Minta R. Stevens, better known as "Rubina," contributed a poem to the amateur press as early as 1878, but she could hardly be considered to have been fully a member of the institution until the year 1880, in which year, and the following two, she did most of her work. Her productions were almost exclusively in verse. She attained much prominence as a writer, and although her poems were severely criticised by some, they were really of some worth. She was quite versatile in her moods, and also variable in her power. She wrote much that was unworthy of preservation, but at times her writings abounded in striking metaphors, and occasionally they were marked by deep thought. The charge most prominently urged against her was obscurity, a charge, perhaps, not wholly without foundation. It arose, however, not from paucity of ideas, but from an absolute inability to give expression to the thought. This is shown in her short poem entitled "A Fragment," published in the *Brilliant* for March, 1884. While but a fragment, it is one of her strongest efforts. The thought is deep, though not essentially original, and it is expressed in a powerful and musical manner, yet in such a way that its meaning does not lie upon the surface; indeed the grammatical construction is incorrect, and logically considered, the lines can scarcely be analyzed. They may be said to convey, rather than express, the idea. But it was not so with the greater portion of her verse; in fact, her obscurity was more often imagined than existent. We have before spoken of the variety of her work. Much of it was pervaded by a sort of speculative philosophy, but on the other hand she wrote some very passionate verse. There was little of the dramatic in her compositions, though in many of them there was considerable feeling. The rhythm and mechanical construction of her later poems presented a good appearance, though it often was not accurate and would hardly bear close scrutiny, while her syntax was frequently at fault. Her principal works were the following: "Love's First Kiss," *Index*, December, 1879; "Evening in the Desert," *Golden Hours*, February, 1880; "Theon," *Ark*, July, 1880; "Autumn," *Budget*, November, 1881; "Thy Will be Done," *Our City Boys*, November, 1881; "Junia," *Nonpareil*, August, 1882; "1882's Greeting," *Bay State Press*, November, 1882; "Nona," *Brilliant*, December, 1883; "My Bonnie Mae," *Ibid;* "Her Answer," *Brilliant*, February, 1884; "Conquered," *Union Lance*, July, 1884; "May First," *Index*, June, 1884.

A FRAGMENT.

Whatever marks a moment in the round
On which the growth of our life depend,—
Whatever stirs or sways us with a sound,
A thought, a look, a hope, a dream, a mound —
Its influence never ends.

Our souls are starred and marred with worldless things
That help to shape some other destinies,
As they, in turn shape ours. Though still there clings
Through every change, the primal offerings
Of Nature shaping these.

NONA.

Can I forget when spring-time overbillowed
Its lawny seas of bloom in field and grove ;
Can I forget when your dear head lay pillowed
Upon this broad and sheltering breast, sweet love ?
Can I forget our lithe arms interwoven—
Soul meeting soul in wimpled waves of bliss ;
Can I forget when love in twain was cloven—
The dumb, white agony and burning kiss ?
Ah no ; 'twere better if we could forget,
For fond remembrance brings but vain regret.

Farewell, 'tis past ; the magic spell is broken—
Divergent hence our lonely wanderings ;
But take this last, this last and fondest token,
The song my heart in yearning sadness sings :
Be strong, dear heart, fate is not always cruel.
Should life seem long to wear a stole of woe—
'Tis life alone can suffer. Death's renewal
Shall crown us with the sunset's golden glow.
But ah, 'twere better if we could forget,
Where fond remembrance brings but vain regret.

MY BONNIE MAE.

O where is my bairnie, my wee bit bairnie,
My pretty bairnie, my bonnie Mae ?
I seek on the heath an' I dinna find her,
I asket the leaves an' they dinna mind her
An' they will na' answer me when I say,
O where is my bairnie, my wee bit bairnie,
My pretty bairnie, my bonnie Mae ?

I'm wantin' sa sairly my wee bit bairnie,
My pretty bairnie, my bonnie Mae.
The nights are grewsome an' lang an' sobbing,
An' my heart will break wi' its cark an' throbbing,
If ye will na' answer me when I say,
O where is my bairnie, my wee bit bairnie,
My pretty bairnie, my bonnie Mae ?

The kilt and kirtle o' my dainty bairnie—
My pretty bairnie, my bonnie Mae,—
The wee bit shoon wi' its lachet broken—
Leapet my heart like my bairnie ha' spoken.
Her wee dimplet feet can na' mair astray.
O where is my bairnie, my wee bit bairnie,
My pretty bairnie, my bonnie Mae?

My heart is sair for my wee bit bairnie,
My pretty bairnie, my bonnie Mae.
Snaws o' the winter be chill and weeping,
An' all o' the summer's glory's sleeping.
An' the bleak winds mock at me when I pray,
Bring back my sweet bairnie, my wee bit bairnie,
My pretty bairnie, my bonnie Mae.

HER ANSWER.

"What first breathed song into thy soul,
O daughter of the heavenly nine?"

You ask what first breathed song into my soul?
Methinks it was a breath of the Divine,
Where dainty roses blushed, distilling sweets
Of amber honey and of crystal wine.

Or else, perhaps, a glimmer of that love
Whose sweet, creative kisses woke to strife
The elements of being. Or a hope
That thrills to music thro' my sombre life.

Maybe some tender angel, passing, bent
In pity o'er a soul so void of gifts,
And whispered something pure and still and sweet
As mellowed sunshine where a cloud-fringe lifts.

Perhaps some tender hope I dare not name
Crept, shadowy as a dream, into my heart;
Perhaps a prayer of perfect mother-love
Bestowed it for remembrance when apart.

I cannot tell. I only know the fount
Purls pure and limpid as a springing brook.
I only know that something in my soul
Finds God's Divinity where'er I look.

I only know the vital spark of love
Burns—dimly maybe—in each human breast.
And boundless possibilities of good
I find enfolded in the worst and best.

JAMES JAY O'CONNELL.

Mr. James J. O'Connell entered amateur journalism in 1877, publishing the *Fire-Fly*, from Brooklyn, N. Y. He afterwards changed its name to the *Phœnix*, and continued its publication until the fall of 1880. In April, 1882, he became associate editor upon the *Paragon*, writing the larger part of the editorials of that paper. He was awarded the title of historian laureate in 1882. Mr. O'Connell, although having been elected without his knowledge to several state and local associations, constantly refrained from becoming a candidate for any political office. He deemed politics and the politicians as deserving only contempt, and scorned the idea of a political office being a token of honor. A movement was started among his friends with a view of electing him to the presidency of the national association, but he put a stop to all proceedings of this kind by peremptorily refusing to allow the use of his name. No one has ever been held in such high repute as an author by the leading critics of amateur journalism as Mr. O'Connell. Many have unhesitatingly pronounced his the greatest name in amateur literature. On the other hand, however, his admirers have been comparatively few, and perhaps no one else has been so unpopular among the rank and file. The truth, as is usual under such circumstances, was to be found between the two views, but in this case was nearest to the ground taken by the minority. Mr. O'Connell has certainly been excelled as a poet and a sketch writer, as a critic he had some marked defects, and he was not as deep a thinker as some other essayists. But as a master of prose style he probably had no equal. His sentences were clear and concise, but not abrupt and incomplete. His phrases were well-turned, and there was remarkably graceful expression. He was a purist in his language, and his words were chosen not alone for their elegance, but for their power of expressing his precise meaning. Added to this there was a strength and vigor of statement, and a skilled command of the powers of sarcasm and irony. He was at his best when writing editorials and criticisms. Here, as far as the form of expression was concerned, he had no equal. As a critic he was penetrative and discerning, and brought to his work great familiarity with the literature of the world. His chief faults were a lack at times of the proper judicial temperament, and a tendency to exaggerate and magnify the errors of a composition to the exclusion of its merits. His weapons of warfare were sarcasm and and ridicule, and he handled them with great effect, even

though sometimes they were misdirected. His essays proper were few in number, "Pleasures of Solitude," *Detroit Amateur* October, 1882; "Christmas Afterthoughts," *Sun*, January, 1882; "Precocious Genius," *Young America*, June, 1882; and "The Bore," *Paragon*, being those worthy of note. His best writing was done in his editorials, and in communications to the amateur press upon current topics. As a sketch writer he did not excel. His characters were not well developed, and there was a sameness about them. The construction of his stories was not artistic or strikingly original, and they, with scarcely an exception, dealt with but one subject, a painful one. His sketches were: "The Apostate of Love," *Young America*, August, 1882; "A Vagabond," *Young America*, December, 1882; "A Fugitive from Sorrow," *Sentinel*, March, 1883; "Siste Viator," *Golden Moments*, February, 1882; "Jack," *Paragon*, January, 1882; "Ethel," *Ark*; "Daddy's Dust," *Enterprise*. As a poet his defects were more in manner than in matter, though the latter had the fault of being very largely composed of one idea, and that that true love is of "such stuff as dreams are made of." This conception being false it necessarily followed that that which was built upon this foundation could not be poetry in its highest form. The prevailing sentiment of his poems is well shown in the following stanza from his "How Gay are the Spirits," published in *Youths' Enterprise*, June, 1882.

> But love is a passion at best evanescent,
> A feeling of pleasure that's born but to die;
> So deceiving in youth, and when life is senescent,
> It flies from our grasp and but leaves us a sigh.

Aside from this failing, his thoughts were poetical, not highly figurative, but possessing considerable force of imagination. The following afford some idea of his power in this regard:—

> Long years had vanished ere their love took flight
> From its close prison—like unto the morn
> That grows in splender from the dying night;
> A friendship perished, but a love was born.—*Dereliction.*

> Farewell! and think of me, when thou
> Art happy as thou used to be
> Ere carking care upon thy brow
> Had set its hand. Thou wert to me
> One lifted from the vulgar crowd—
> A lily fair that floats above
> The stagnant waters of its shroud—
> But it were sin that we should love;
> Farewell, and think of me! —*Rondeau.*

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In expressing his thoughts, however, he lacked the art of properly constructing his verses. There was a lack of rhythm, a forced movement, and an unevenness, even in his best poems. One of his most popular poems was "The Hermit's Dream," published in *Paragon*, November, 1882, but it was very ordinary both in conception and execution. It was lengthy and contained a somewhat melodramatic story, but had nothing of true poetry in it. His only other lengthy poem was "Mammon," published in *Our City Boys.* This was little better than the other. His "The Cynic to His Books," in *Our Sanctum*, 1883, was one of his best poems. His poem "Lines," *Messenger* No. 1, contains some of the finest lines he ever wrote, but "The Wages of Sin," *Paragon*, March, 1883, is perhaps, all things considered, his greatest poem. The conception is remarkably good, but the execution is hardly on an equality. Besides the poems above he wrote the following: "The Poet," *Paragon*, June, 1882; "A Shell," *Paragon*, December, 1881; "The Robin," *Paragon*, December, 1882; "Aftermath," *Sentinel*, February, 1886; "After Many Years," *Mentor*, December, 1882; "Imprisoned," *Youth's Enterprise*, December, 1882; "The First Snow," *Pedestal*, December, 1882; "My Lady Playing," *Amateur Sun*, January, 1883; "Anacreontic," *Critique*, February, 1883; "Lucetta," *American Sphinx*, Dec., 1882; "Quatrains," *American Sphinx*, September, 1885; "Truth," *Ibid;* "The Outcast," *Waverly*, November, 1885; "Lines," *Pearl*, December, 1882. In January, 1883, he published a volume of his collected writings under the title of "Stanzas and Sketches." It was one of the finest amateur books ever published, both in appearance and contents.

PADDY'S WOOING.

My Nora, with the midnight eyes,
  And wealth of raven tresses,
She little knows I idolize
  The very ground she presses.

My heart goes pit-a-pat the while
  I hearken to her prattle;
Knew I the mystery of her smile,
  I had won half the battle.

But I am timid, she is coy;
  Ah, me! I fear she knows it!
And if my presence brings her joy,
  I'm afraid she never shows it.

On Patrick's Day I'll ask her hand,
(Come, good old saint, watch over);
For that's the day, you understand,
When Paddy lives in clover.

VANITIES IN VERSE.

HER LETTERS.

The notes she wrote were full of blisses,
That come not oft to mortal's lot;
And when she said she sent me kisses,
Her modest pen let fall a blot.

ALL RIGHT.

My rival bought the violets
That grace her throat so fair;
And yet I suffer no regrets —
'Twas I who pinned them there.

LIFE WORTH LIVING.

I'm sure there's little I would give for
The man who from his cares would fly; for
When you have nothing left to live for,
You still have something less to die for.

MISS TRILLER.

I asked her to sing,
But she did not respond.
Of asking, poor thing,
She appeared to be fond.

MR. AND MRS. EVERYBODY.

Though not happy precisely,
I'll venture to say;
They agree very nicely
When she has her way.

THE POET.

Ask him to sing of sunny skies,
Of nymphs, of wine, of laughing eyes;
Ask him to paint fair eastern scenes —
But do not ask him what he means!

AFTER MANY YEARS.

JACK:—
Do you think, my boy,
Now years have passed away,
That she, in all her joy,
Ever recalls the day

When her young heart turned cold
And spurned old friends for new,
When she sold her love for gold,
And sold her body, too?

And yet, as this world goes,
  She had not acted vile:
And, save herself, none knows
  Of the pain behind her smile.

I met her here to-night,
  And there was naught to show
That we, as we stood in the light,
  Had been lovers long ago.

'Tis many a year since then!
  My friends? Oh, where are they?
The boys have grown to men,
  And the men have passed away.

Yet, had I never ranged,
  I now might feel as you:
But all I knew is changed,
  And all I see is new.

She had all she longed for here;
  I looked into her face,
But she did not seem so fair
  For all her jewels and lace.

With youth's departing day
  Beauty had fled her face,
And time had taken away
  What art could never replace.

I heard her voice in the throng —
  It filled my heart with woe —
Sing the long-forgotten song
  She sang me long ago.

It all came back to me then,
  Unobscured by the dust of the past,
And she seemed the same as when
  I looked and saw her last.

The years had rolled away,
  The wrinkles left my brow,
My hair no more was gray,
  As I heard her maiden vow.

A gush of tenderness
  Athwart my heart did dart,
As in one wild caress
  I strained her to my heart.

And then the vision fled,
  Leaving a cureless pain,
For my early love was dead,
  And I was old again.

THE GIRL IN RESERVE.

TO A FLIRT.

When I said that I loved you so dearly,
I meant not my love was sincere;
It is true that I liked you quite fairly,
Because you were one of the fair;
But had Cora not acted so meanly,
In a way that I did not deserve,
And wounded me sorely and keenly,
You would still have been kept in reserve!

So you see, now, my dear little vixen,
When you scornfully bid me farewell,
That the truth, which is stranger than fiction,
I now have the courage to tell;
It was not for your charms that I loved you,
But merely my purpose to serve;
So, what care I if destiny shoved you
To fill up the place in reserve!

I'll admit it is wrong to be roving,
To be wooing and still be untrue;
But, as I could not live without loving—
Pray tell me, what else can I do?
As long as the passions pursue me
I fear that I never can swerve,
And as love seems but sent to undo me,
I must still keep a girl in reserve!

Now I think that you scarcely can blame me,
('Tis the only true thing I have said),
But if you're inclined to defame me,
Then just put yourself in my stead!
You were fickle, while I was but jesting,
You scorned not my spirit to curve;
You were false—I was merely investing
In the girl whom I kept in reserve!

Yet, perhaps you'll be piqued at the sequel,
And your pleasure be varied to pain;
You may find it not easy to speak well
Of mankind in general again;
But as you're so awfully pious,
(Such a trifle should never unnerve),
You can scarcely with candor deny us
The balm of the girl in reserve!

TO MY MISTRESS.

Oh, lady fair, till thine eyes shone
Upon me, oft I've said:
Of all the girls whom I have known

There's none whom I would wed;
For some were haughty, proud and cold —
Made so by priestly lore;
The others — if the truth be told —
Had beauty, and no more.

But then, far more than fame or pelf,
Art now become to be;
For one who's true unto herself
Must e'er be true to me.
Light is the heart that but awhile
Ago was clogged with cares;
For there is sunshine in thy smile,
And a rainbow in thy tears.

Such love — which I ne'er dared to boast —
Hath made mine eyes to see
That those for whom I've done the most
Have done the least for me!
Nor think that I, now free from care,
Mock feelings would rehearse;
If thou wilt listen, thou mayst hear
My heart-beats in my verse.

LINES.

Written after hearing a Lecture by Matthew Arnold, March 1, 1884.

I heard the voice I longed to hear
Repeat the words I knew so well;
But what I felt that moment there
My heart, but not my tongue, can tell.

It were as if a star, which I
Had chosen as my friend and guide,
Had left its orbit in the sky
And shone in splendor at my side.

For I, albeit in humbler strain,
By narrower limits compassed round,
Essayed to cast off Custom's chain
And raise the lowly from the ground.

But let that pass. It is not those
Who flatter that foretell the true:
Thought is immortal; he who sows
The germ, becomes immortal too.

The world will change from year to year,
And with the world mankind will change;
And what may now so strange appear
In ages hence may not seem strange.

THE CYNIC TO HIS BOOKS.

As one who, young in years yet old in grief,
Hath lost all hope, from seeing all his aims
And cherished yearnings perish in the flames
Of circumstance — for which there's no relief;
As one who sought a friend to find a foe,
And learned to love to learn that love was frail,
Hath still some years, ere death's relentless flail
Will mark him for its own and lay him low;
'Twas thus, dear books, with heavy heart and sad,
I turned to ye for consolation's balm —
Like shipwrecked mariner, grateful for the calm
That nursed his life when 'reft of all he had —
For though ye cannot ease me of the past,
Ye still will be my friends, and faithful to the last.

THE WAGES OF SIN.

I dreamt I wandered in the autumn-tide
Through unfamiliar woodland, dark and grim;
And, as I moved along my devious way,
The night-bird warbled on the naked limb;
Then came I to a cavern; at the mouth
A figure, draped in sable mantle, stood;
Grief's dew was on her eyelids, and she seemed
Sad as a young bride in her widowhood.

And whilst I gazed in pity and in fear,
In either hand a needle I beheld;
Deftly a garment her pale fingers wove,
Seeming by some strange destiny impelled;
"Tell me," I asked, "the burden of thy task?"
"This is thy shroud," she answered, "at each sin
One stitch I take, and at each noble deed
Over again my labor I begin."

MAHLON H. SHELP.

Mr. Mahlon H. Shelp, entered amateur journalism in 1877, publishing the *Appleton Amateur*. In 1878 he founded the *Will-o'-the-Wisp*, which was continued until 1883, when, in company with Mr. Ralph Metcalf, he issued the *Brilliant*, one of the handsomest, largest, and most valuable of amateur periodicals. Mr. Shelp was a graceful, incisive, logical and copious editorial writer, and a brilliant, though sometimes mistaken, critic. As a poet he ranked among the highest. Many of his poems were almost perfect in their classical purity of style. And the sentiment and imagery

were on a plane with the outward form. His metaphors were remarkably striking, and his poetical descriptions vivid in their intensity. Take for example, the first stanza of his "Dreamer by the Hearth," *Brilliant*, February, 1884.—

Outside, the winds blow weird and shrill,
The earth lies dark, and dead, and cold;
The frost is wrapping vale and hill
In mantle frozen fold on fold.
The gaunt and shivering branches lift
Their phantom-hands, and moan and sigh
As if to pray but for a rift
Of starlight in a starless sky.

Or this from "The New Year," *Brilliant*, December, '83:

The morning breaks across the world
In royal splendor, and the peaks
O'er which night's sable flags are furled,
Are rosy as a maiden's cheeks.

His best poetical work was in the form of sonnets, many of which were nearly, if not quite, flawless in their construction, and filled with a wonderful grandeur of thought and expression. The effect, indeed, of most of his poems is best indicated by the word grandeur, though some of them undoubtedly went beyond this and encroached upon the regions of the sublime. But there was ever more of the majesty of grandeur than of the magnificence of splendor. His lines stood out clear-cut and chaste, like sculptured marble. Aside from those indicated above he wrote the following poems: "October" *Will-o'-the-Wisp*, Autumn, 1883; "At Parting," *Ibid*, "The New Year," *Brilliant*, December, 1883; "The Dreamer by the Hearth," *Brilliant*, February, 1884; "A Fragment," *Zephyr*, October, 1884; "In Egypt," *Brilliant*, January, 1885; "The Blush," *Brilliant*, March, 1886; "The Dying Tartar," *Junior Press*, September, 1883; "Sounds from a Piano," *Brilliant*, Spring, 1887; "Peradventure," *New Century*, March, 1884; "Elysium," *Brilliant*, December, 1886; "Supplication," *Stars and Stripes*, May, 1884; "On the River," *Violet*, June, 1886; "The Village Cemetery," *Stars and Stripes* September, 1883; "Lesbos," *Violet*, August, 1887; "Actæon," *Bijou*, October, 1888; "By the Convent Wall," *Stylus*, October, 1888; "The Undertone," *Red Letter Days*, October, 1890.

THE UNDERTONE.

Strange melody and olden filled the night:
All things made music to the attuned ear,—
Still vales, dumb woods, and soundless stream and meer,

With darksome cliffs in rigid sleep locked tight.
From far and silent astral fields of light
There came the sentinel-song of sphere to sphere,—
Planet to answering planet calling clear,
And star unto star cadencing aright.

But with the chant of Nature half asleep
And chime of constellations now was blent
The chord of some mysterious instrument.
I caught, through Time's inconstant litany,
In vague and half-hushed thunders, thrilling deep,
The changeless breves of vast Eternity.

ACTÆON.

A trophied hunter came through Dian's wood:
Hushed were his horn and hounds; with stealthy pace
He sought within each dim, secluded space
Fair Dian chaste, disrobed. In wanton mood
He neared the enchanted stream. Lo! in its flood
Lay his own antlered image, face to face
With dumb, transformed self; and from that place
He fled, by his own raging hounds pursued.

So comes the Scoffer, he whom Truth doth bless
With generous dower of learning and of thought.
By cunning arts he strives to set at naught
And shame truth with her simple nakedness.
As monstrous Self within her glass he sees,
How, driven by his torturing doubts, he flees!

ELYSIUM.

Upon the marge of Time's unresting sea
The rolling years, like waves, break one by one
With vain recoil, then ever are undone.
There on the strand they sing, the Sirens three—
No More, and Golden Now, and dark To Be.—
Sing of a day Time's sands shall ne'er outrun,
Sing of a land where never sinks the sun,
And blooms for aye Life's flower Persephone.

Lured o'er the tide of day and night, the Soul
Steers on with strokes of passion or of grief,
Eager or slow to gain the mystic goal,
Disdaining current swift and sunken reef,
Yet never voice comes from that realm afar,
More still than sleep, more strange than dreamlands are.

IN EGYPT.

Dark frowns King Pharaoh's tomb; the sphinxs gaze
Majestic, dumb, upon the storied stream
That mirrored Moses' infant face. A gleam

Of reddening dawn steals through the thicket's maze
And glints on rythmic ripples at their plays
Among the rushes, where pale lilies dream.
Dawn waxes into day, and now a beam
Falls, lingers, on another infant face.

And—hush! he stirs; the slumber-ties that bound him
To smiling dreams through all the lonely night
Unclasp; while golden sunbeams hovering round him
Engird his brow in pure celestial light.
'Tis Jesus, Prince of Egpyt's olden slaves,
Who refuge finds 'mid Egypt's furrowed graves.

LESBOS.

When Sappho gave to Beauty golden tongue
Greece heard and marveled, and the Stoic of eld
In unleal rapture by that strain was held;
The hoar-crowned Magian praised the song she sung,
And niggard Fame a laurel tribute flung.
Ye find, to-day, where once her numbers swelled
Art's music, naught but silence undispelled,
A withered garland, and a lyre unstrung.

Song lies a-dreaming in the whispering reed,
Though beauty lure with all her potent spell;
The sea-maid's voice is hushed in cavern cell,
Though waves once glad with music sob and plead.
Here is but mystery and Lethean sleep,
A shattered tomb, o'er which the Muses weep.

SOUNDS FROM A PIANO.

"The Seasons."

AUTUMN.

Sad, loving, low
The notes in Lydian measures ebb and flow.
Hath Zephyr brushed with drooping wings
Æolus' wailing, sobbing strings,
Or Philomel attuned her lay of woe,
Sad, loving, low?

WINTER.

Hoarse, rumbling, deep,
From surly chords the diapasons sweep;
As when mad Boreas storms and raves
And calls his wild winds from their caves
Beyond the far-off Arctic's glacial steep,
Hoarse, rumbling, deep!

SPRING.

Glad, ringing, clear
The fluctuant strain reëchoes far and near.
So did the answering hills prolong
And fling afar th' Orphean song
That woke again to life the slumbering Year,—
Glad, ringing, clear!

SUMMER

Sweet, loving, low
The tones in dreamy numbers ebb and flow.
Soft-breathing flutes in woodland dell
And elfin song in concert swell,
Then faint dissolve, as zephyrs come and go,—
Sweet, loving, low.

As a sketch-writer Mr. Shelp was an artist, and the word is here used not only in its general sense, but in its more restricted modern meaning of a creator of pictures. The power noted in his poems, of producing vivid scenic impressions, was here present, but amplified and extended. The well-drawn outlines were all filled in, every part of the picture was carefully shaded, the lights and shadows skillfully managed, the details well brought out but not too prominent, and the harmony of tone and coloring produced with the taste of the true artist. But above all the central idea of the picture was never obscured. There was no elaboration of ornament that overshadowed the soul of the painting upon the canvas. Indeed, in his most successful sketches there was considerable of the *impressionist* school of art. The mind is directed toward the proper destination, but the details of the picture themselves, stop just short of reaching it, leaving the mind of the observer to complete the journey alone. This, when done in the very artistic manner that Mr. Shelp employed, really heightens the effect, without in any way destroying the completeness of the resultant image. Mr. Shelp's sketches were not numerous. "Over a Piano," *Brilliant*, February, 1884, was a short story, much in the manner of Mr. Fynes'' 'Conquering a Cynic." "Jack Elliott's Sweetheart," was published in the March, 1886, *Brilliant*. "The Old Organist," *Violet*, December, 1886, was a remarkably fine bit of word painting, eloquent and grand, like much of his poetry, but more tender and pathetic. But, 'The Sheik," *Brilliant*, December, 1887, was his crowning achievement. It is, perhaps, the most artistic story ever written by an amateur—harmonious, balanced, rich in coloring and expression. There is here an ease and grace

of movement, a delicacy of touch, an intenseness of idea, a vividness of portraiture, a skillful massing of detail and color, and a strength of dramatic interest—all combining to make a sketch of unusual excellence.

THE SHEIK.

On this warm, still afternoon three ladies are sitting upon an ivy-wreathed balcony of Hôtel Bonnivard listening to a fourth, who, seated just inside the broad open window, is playing Chopin to them on a grand piano. They have been so sitting for a quarter of an hour or more, and during the whole of that time not one of them has spoken a word; — which, it will be conceded, is a circumstance sufficiently remarkable to deserve mention.

But, after all, very few people of even ordinary culture would care to converse within hearing of such music as is made by the performer with whom the present narrative is concerned. She is both exceptional and brilliant. Her long, shapely fingers have a power of eliciting sound from the instrument which is not to be defined, and a power scarcely less rare of striking notes so softly, yet so clearly, that even in the most rapid passages there is no effect of slur.

In appearance too she is somewhat exceptional. That she should choose to wear her brown hair short and curling in little rings over her head is perhaps hardly to be called a peculiarity, since many ladies have lately adopted a fashion which is not in all cases so becoming as it is in this; but her large, wide-open gray eyes, her clear pale complexion, and a certain pathetic look about her lips make her unlike other girls of her age. She is thin — almost too thin for beauty as beauty is ordinarily defined; and indeed her features, though of a classical cast, are somewhat irregular; yet she has an attractiveness that can only be called the attractiveness of beauty, whether it goes with fullness and regular features or not. Perhaps it is in her eyes. These, as they look into yours, are clear, calm, and steadfast; and as you look back into their limpid yet unfathomable depths, it is age-long experience which you seem to see there — a soul-light of centuries enshrined in a form of twenty years. That is how she came to be called the "Cumæan Sibyl;" and this odd pseudonym, contracted to "Meah," has clung to her ever since. Her real name is Ruth; but only strangers and elderly persons now call her so.

As for her three auditors, the oldest is little Mrs. Gilman, a semi-invalid, full of sympathy and questions. She has been confined to her room for several days, and the girls have come up to bring her the news. The dark-haired girl at the right is Grace Quinby. She somehow reminds you of a moss-rose; her eyes are often half veiled by the long drooping lashes. They are beautiful, velvet-brown, introspective eyes—the kind that look too much into the inwardness of their owner's self and into things which are not. The girl on the other side is Cornelia Blanchard. She is the younger sister of the girl who is playing Chopin, but is as unlike the latter as a sister can be. Her hair is long

and yellow, her face piquant and rosy, and her eyes seem to have caught and imprisoned a bit of stormy blue sky. Miss Cornelia is sometimes demure, sometimes merry, and at other times she is capricious and sarcastic.

The four ladies are Americans.

Presently the girl at the piano finishes her music with a brilliant flourish and steps through the window on to the balcony amid the applause of the other three. Young Mrs. Gilman at once starts her companions upon the full tide of chit-chat. She hasn't been down stairs in three days; they must tell her all the news and if any interesting people have arrived.

"Not one," answers the young lady of the blue eyes. "The arrivals for the last three days have all been octogenarians and servants."

"And no young or youngish gentlemen to dance attendance upon you girls?"

"You may well say not a young or youngish gentlemen, for there hasn't been one under sixty."

"How melancholy!" laughs Mrs. Gilman at this.

"It is, indeed, Mrs. Gilman," responds the usually quiet Grace, "for we are reduced to the extremity of sharing little Neddy Patterson's favors between us."

"Yes," adds Cornelia quickly; "in the morning he walks with Meah, in the afternoon with Grace, and in the evening, if his mother lets him sit up after dark, he escorts me out on the piazza and descants on his new red bicycle."

They laugh at this — Meah with the greatest enjoyment of all. Cornelia is about to go on with her little recital when there is a sound of heavy wheels beyond the garden hedge, and in a moment the well-filled omnibus whirls up to the gate. From the balcony where they sit the ladies command a fine view of the lawn and the walk leading to the street, and can count and criticise to the smallest detail every arrival.

"More octogenarians and more servants!" exclaims Cornelia as perhaps a dozen people emerge from the vehicle and enter the gate. "One, two, three, four, five, six"— a pause —"why, there are three of them!" she cries suddenly.

"Three octogenarians and servants?" laughs Meah; "but you counted as many as six."

"Meah, where are your eyes? I'm not talking of octogenarians and servants. Do look for yourself."

Meah looks. Three men, who are certainly young or youngish looking, are stepping forward in a manner at once so brisk and so independent of everybody else that they prove themselves to be neither octogenarians nor servants. They are rapidly approaching the house. Just as they are a yard or two from the piazza steps, Cornelia starts up and exclaims suddenly: "The Sheik!"

As she says this, Cornelia leans rather farther over the balcony than she is aware, and her tone is louder than she intends it to be.

Instantly the young man who is a little in advance of his companions glances up at the balcony. His bright black eyes meet squarely the curious blue ones peering over the balcony rail. A singular change comes over his bronzed face; but he takes off his hat to the girl with a satirically amused smile, and his companions do the same.

"Impudence!" cries Miss Cornelia, a blaze of angry red flashing across her face. She turns away, and the three young men hastily ascend the steps and go into the house.

"Cornelia!" says Meah in a stern undertone.

"I said 'impudence,' and I meant it," is the reckless rejoinder.

"It serves you right, I am sure," remonstrates the elder sister valiantly. "Your careless tongue is always getting you into trouble."

Cornelia's red face turns a shade or two redder. "Of course he knew that what I said wasn't intended to reach his ears. He hadn't any business to hear, and, having heard, it was rude for him to take any notice that he did."

Meah can say no more. She knows that the black-eyed stranger has committed a double sin against the proprieties by betraying that he had heard and then trying to make a joke of it. She knows that no woman can take a joke of that kind.

"I wonder, though, what made him look so queer at first," Cornelia begins musing, her capricious wrath having abated somewhat.

There is no answer to this. Meah, if she can surmise a possible cause, keeps her conjectures to herself. Mrs. Gilman and Grace are too much mystified by what they have observed to venture an opinion. A few seconds elapse, during which nobody speaks.

"Why do you call him 'the Sheik?'" asks Grace, presently.

"Oh, I really don't know, myself; but it seems to me we've seen him somewhere before, haven't we, Meah?"

"Possibly," replies the elder sister; "but it is not probable that we have."

There is something of evasion in her tone, and the others are not unconscious of it. A curious sense of bewilderment comes to Meah. Cornelia is in a state of discomfiture, and the others are perplexed and embarrassed. No one attempts to resume the glib gabble of but ten minutes before. After a brief space of awkward silence the occupants of the balcony, as by a common impulse, file through the open window and separate in various directions.

A few hours later Meah, Cornelia and Grace go in to supper together. Cornelia has smoothed her ruffled feathers, and the girls are quite composed, the little contretemps of the afternoon pushed into the background. They are chatting gaily as they cross the dim, cool dining-hall and settle down into their accustomed places like a flock of white pigeons. Then, for the first time, they meet, directly opposite, three pairs of masculine eyes, each pair sparkling with uncontrollable amusement. The lively flow of small talk ceases abruptly, and a simultaneous flash of resentment comes into the girls' faces. In an instant the equable Meah regains her normal self-poise and turns her

attention to the other guests with an air of calm indifference that makes the situation anything but amusing. Grace sits motionless, her eyes cast down. But Cornelia can hardly contain the furious little thoughts that go whirling through her brain.

Fortunately, at this juncture, Mrs. Blanchard and Mrs. Patterson accompanied by Master Ned arrive and take their places with the girls. Their coming lightens the atmosphere somewhat. With the boy's garrulous gabble and the elder ladies' comfortable responses, the girls get through the meal decently and in order. As for the three young men, they deport themselves, after that triple glance of recognition, with severe discretion, giving no further sign of either curiosity or amusement; indeed, their attitude toward their opposite neighbors is one of polite indifference — an air that is said to distinguish the cultured traveler the world over.

But the cultured traveler has a second characteristic no less unmistakable and certainly more pleasing than the first; it is the sympathetic unconstraint with which he approaches his fellow-tourists. After the conventional three days of glacial reticence the ice begins to thaw between the vis-à-vis at the Blanchards' table. The young ladies make frequent excursions to the neighboring villages, and it sometimes happens that Mesdames Blanchard and Patterson are left to dine without them. The real element of hostility being thus removed, a sort of acquaintance grows gradually out of casual remarks passing across the table. As a consequence, one day, almost before they are aware of it, the girls are bowing and blushing acknowledgments to their hitherto obnoxious neighbors. Meah takes the matter calmly, and soon finds that the "Sheik" and his companions are gentlemen at the least. Quiet Grace even thinks them interesting. Cornelia, though with a lingering sense of pique, makes the best of the situation, and, indeed, declares the young gentlemen to be "quite gracious — especially the one with the blonde German beard."

The wearer of the "blonde German beard" is Franz Meyer, C.E., Berlin, and he sits at the Sheik's right hand. He who sits at the left, and who resembles General Wolseley, is an English artist named George Whimsley. The Sheik, though he is undoubtedly the leader of the trio, is somewhat reticent concerning himself. His carte-de-visite bears a tiny black crest and the patrician legend, "*v. Thalberg.*" The three men are prepossessing — in fact, the Sheik is singularly handsome after an oriental fashion.

There is less of the dolce-far-niente dullness about the week that follows the introduction; and what with croquet, and boating, and excursions to the mountains, the young people get pretty well acquainted. If you except Meah and the Sheik, there is, too, a great deal of what may be called flirtation.

One morning Meah, who has a habit of rising with the lark, goes down to a favorite nook — her "chapel" she calls it,— where the veranda terminates abruptly around an angle of the house. The place is screened from view by a growth of trellised vines. Below and beyond stretches the shadowy world, silent as under a spell. The air is potent

yet wondrously mild, and envelops you like a delicious bath. A vapory veil, opalescent and elusive, is cast over the landscape, and, glimmering through this tremulous gossamer, the light of the rising sun lends a peculiar moonlight effect to the waves as they sway with dreamy pulsations. Farther on are the soft green shades of the chestnut groves; and higher up, through the denser mists, the granite masses of the Dent du Midi appear like a group of transfixed Titans.

The girl sinks into a sprawling rustic chair and thinks — and thinks.

When the spirit has suffered much, how like a weary child it turns to the heart of Nature, and she with the sweet countenance of a mother bestows an influence which

> "Gentlier on the spirit lies
> Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes."

And under this chastening influence, how the phantoms of thought glide in an endless train before the inner vision — serene images that emerge from the cosmos of reality and vanish amid the mystic clouds of fancy.

What suffering can have come to this sad-faced girl in the twenty years of her uneventful life? She has the seriousness of a woman and the simplicity of a child. She has never had an hour's experience in the school whose first lesson is bitterness and whose last is distrust of every human being, even distrust of self. And yet, seeing her now, you can fancy that those deep eyes have beheld the sorrows and wept the tears of countless lives.

By and by a step upon the veranda disturbs her reverie. Some one is leisurely approaching her retreat, and she feels, rather than sees, that the comer is the Sheik. It is the Sheik. As he steps around the corner into view she rises and turns toward him with a look of interrogation. He stops abruptly, mutters a good-morning and an apology, and is about to retrace his steps when her voice detains him.

"Stay, Count Thalberg, there is room for us both."

"I should be sorry to intrude, even with your permission," he returns in a tone that is half-questioning, half-apologetic. "I imagine that you, like myself, are fond of being alone with Nature."

"That depends," she answers with an arch smile. "There is nothing quite so disagreeable as to hear others praise Nature when one would rather enjoy her in silence."

"Oh, as to that, Miss Blanchard, I promise to spare my effusions," he says, coming to her side.

She stands with both hands resting upon the rail, her thoughts absorbed in the scenery. He, taking advantage of her abstraction, surveys her with a gaze that is scarcely less rapt than hers. His critical eye takes in every detail of the girl's figure; the classical yet spirited profile,— the delicate curves of her chin and throat,— the soft swelling lines of her bosom,— the slight yet symmetrical contour of her shoulders and waist, and lastly the tasteful draping which completes the grace of the whole figure.

The sensitive girl grows uneasy under this prolonged scrutiny

and suddenly looks up at him. He is surprised and put to momentary confusion. As quickly regaining his composure, he detects the shadow of annoyance in her face, and, as if divining her thoughts, says:—

"Pardon me, Miss Blanchard,— I forgot myself for the moment. You see," he adds with a smile, "we artists are often so deeply absorbed in our art as to forget our good manners."

"Do you know, sir, that you are not very courteous?" she returns with a touch of asperity.

"Ah, that is like you Americans," and he smiles, half-deprecating. "You cannot understand how it is possible to separate the subject from the object of esthetic study."

"I confess that I hardly understand you," she says coldly, looking at the landscape again.

"Well then, to speak plainly, I was admiring not you but the graces which I am free to say you are so fortunate as to possess."

Such words, uttered in any other spirit, would have been nothing less than an offense, which she would resent by going out of the speaker's presence; but the tone in which they are spoken here is at once so deferential and grave that she turns to the young man with a mingled sense of curiosity and pique. Her answer, however, is somewhat curt.

"I am not aware of being so favored."

"Precisely, Miss Blanchard. Art has little to do with beauty that betrays self-consciousness. Nature is the more charming for seeming so unconscious. Given a touch of self-consciousness, the Mater Dolorosa would become a caricature of hypocrisy, and the Venus of Milo, instead of showing the goddess, would impress one rather as a shameless woman. You see," he continues, as she remains silent, "our models can only assist us in giving outward form to an inner ideal; the soul expression of that ideal we must catch wherever we find it."

"Does the soul express itself unconsciously?"

"Always, if the expression is to be accepted as truthful."

"And you were just now admiring and endeavoring to catch a 'soul-expression,' as you call it?"

"Well — yes."

"But," she pursues resolutely, "is not my soul a part of myself?"

"To be sure," he replies, wondering what her next question will be.

"How then can you say that you were admiring not me but the 'graces' which you say I am 'so fortunate as to possess?' And do you call that 'separating the subject from the object of esthetic study?"

This double question puts all his impromptu sophistry to route. He realizes that no prevarication of "esthetic study" can condone bad manners. For a minute he is silent, perhaps evolving some new plan to get out of the difficulty. The only sensible plan suggests itself.

"Since you are determined to force me to an apology," he says, laughing, "I offer one now in all sincerity, seeing that it is due you."

Her now serio-comic face breaks into a smile. "Very well; still I grant that you are right in a way. Art is a thing apart from the

individual and is worthy of study, always —But there's the bell. Shall we go to table together?"

He nods good-humoredly at this and takes her in to breakfast.

After breakfast they return to the veranda, where they keep up a placid conversation. By and by Meah learns that the Sheik is a painter and that he lives in Rome.

"You a painter, and you live in Rome?" she asks with unreserved enthusiasm. "You are to be envied."

"On the contrary, Miss Blanchard,— Rome is the saddest of cities, and I am the unhappiest of men."

Meah regards him with a skeptical smile. "Oh, but it seems to me you find melancholy a luxury. Your life must be too full of sunshine, and so you can afford to magnify the shadows."

"Pardon me for contradicting you again," and he turns his gloomy eyes upon her. "There is nothing to brighten my life except my art. But even that is not enough. My longing and my ambition alike remain ungratified. Whatever I may accomplish, it does not content me."

"Is it not so with every being — I mean with every being that strives after some ideal?" she asks in a tone of mild remonstrance.

"It was Balzac, was it not, who said: 'Only God can know the suffering of the soul everlastingly striving, yet doomed to everlasting despair?' "

His voice has an intonation of sadness, and his dejection seems so real that the girl is touched. His face invites confidence in his sincerity, and there are weary shadows about his eyes. Is he troubled with constitutional melancholia, or does he suffer from the malady which Alfred de Musset describes in his *Enfant du Siècle?*

They walk the length of the veranda some half-a-dozen times in silence. The morning mists have drifted farther into the mountains. The surface of the lake, still faintly ruffled, is a field of shimmering silver and blue. The opposite steeps are bright with nuances of green, and over these the calm snow-fields of the Savoyan Alps stretch away into the sky.

"Is it not a pity that any man should be indifferent to all this beauty?" he asks, looking away to the lake and the mountains.

"You are an artist! Surely you cannot be indifferent. Forgive me — but, really, are you not wantonly playing with melancholy? Are you not rather a satiated and spoiled child of fortune? You are young, and free to do what you like. You are rich —"

"And handsome withal," he interpolates with a bitter smile. "You see, I am not ignorant of my advantages. Still I am not fortunate, for in all the world there is not a being whom I love more than myself."

"Which means that there is no one who loves you," and she laughs a little, inward shrinking from her own daring. "Seriously, though, your complaint seems to be common to the blasé people of your world — selfish people, who are not capable of affection on their

own part and insensible to it on the part of others.—Have you forgotten your mother?"

"I have good reason to remember my mother. It was she who destroyed my faith in woman-kind. She was a proud but frivolous woman, and she broke my father's heart. My father was a nobleman 'sans peur et sans reproche,'—every inch a gentleman, as you Americans say. He was the only being I loved, he—and one other."

After a minute of silence he asks: "Do you know the wild rose?"

"Indeed, I know it well. Sweet-brier grows along our hedges, and our coppices are sometimes pink with its blossoms."

"I had a wild rose once. Her tendrils grew around my heart; but I—she was torn from me, and she withered away. However"—as if rousing himself from a reverie—"I must not obtrude upon you with my troubles."

They are standing at the foot of the main staircase. Meah, about to ascend, turns to him:

"If you find relief in confiding your troubles to me I should be glad to give you my sympathy.. But wouldn't it be wiser to wait until we are better acquainted? I should not like to have our growing friendship broken by a hasty act of confidence—and I think that while you are impulsive you are also inclined to distrust."

That afternoon they go out for a stroll by the lake—Meah and the Sheik. Always a winning and graceful girl, Meah sometimes surprises you by blossoming out into positive beauty. She is robed in pearl-white, a big sun-hat dangles by its ribbons from her arm, and her flossy brown ringlets flutter in the wind. Perhaps it is only the exercise and the fresh lake-breeze, but there is a glow upon her cheeks, a light and radiance about her that attracts the artist's admiring glances.

As for the Sheik, he is attired in the picturesque and nondescript apparel which tells you that the wearer is an artist. On his head is a little tasseled scarlet cap, a sort of fez. He knows that this cap is very becoming to his rich dark face; having a painter's fine sense of color-effect he cannot help knowing it. But there is no hint of vanity about him.

Presently they see Cornelia and Grace, respectively accompanied by the Berlin engineer and the English artist, coming down the water-path all four abreast. Cornelia is the first to espy the pair on the shore, and forthwith she quickens her steps, tugging her companions after her.

"Oh, Monsieur Thalberg" (though the Sheik is an Austrian nobleman, Cornelia always calls him "Monsieur"), "we are going for a row to Chillon—and in your boat, by the way. Will you and Meah come?"

"What do you say?" the young man asks, turning to the girl at his side.

"Yes, if you like," she answers.

At this he tells her that his little skiff cannot safely carry the whole party, and asks if she would prefer going in another boat or walking to the castle by way of the cemetery.

"I leave the preference to you. Whichever you choose I will choose," she says. Her mood of obedience, blended with her unconscious dignity and beauty, affects him oddly yet pleasantly.

"We will walk to the château and meet you at the draw-bridge," the Sheik says, touching his fez and waving an "au revoir" to the others.

Meah and her escort resume their leisurely walk in the direction of the castle of Chillon. After a while a turn in the winding path brings them to the little cemetery of Montreux. They enter the arched gateway and walk slowly up and down the avenue of cypresses, studying, as they go, the inscriptions on the marble crosses.

There is but one cemetery like this; it impresses you as no other spot in the wide world can. Strangers only are at rest beneath these crosses. From the north, the east, and the far west they came to seek alleviation of the ills of life; they found it in this dreamless sleep. The cypress-trees cast a restful twilight over their beds, the waves murmur in a languorous monochord. White roses and evergreens trail over the coverlets, cling to the white crosses, and twine about memorials that tell of a life's brief blossoming.

"So young, all of them!" Meah says with a half-sigh of regret.

"They died young, but why grieve for that?" he responds in a veiled tone. "Is it not better to pass away in the springtide of youth than to linger till the ideals of life are broken — till nothing remains but a bleeding or withered heart and at last the palsy of resignation?"

Her eyes leap up to his with a startled look, he speaks so strangely; and somehow he feels that not her eyes but those of another are meeting his own.

"One ought to live — one ought to have the courage of suffering and living for the sake of others who suffer," she says, finally.

They emerge from the shade of the cemetery and pursue their way. Not another word passes between them until they have rounded the last curve of the path.

"How white the château looks!" Meah exclaims as the castle walls, draped with dark clustering ivy, glide into view through a rift in the shrubbery.

"Yes," assents the Sheik. A deep and permanent crimson would seem more appropriate, however."

"I agree with you as to the appropriateness of the thing," says Meah, who has read of the cruelties of Amadeus and Humbert and other dukes of the ancient line. "But why do you suggest a *permanent* crimson? Does the château ever appear to be crimson?"

"It was blood-red the first time I saw it — the effect of sunset, of course; but it was easy to imagine that the stones were cemented with blood."

The castle is surrounded by water, being approached from the land by means of a draw-bridge and from the lake by a flight of stone steps. Not a soul is visible about the place; but far out on the glittering water is a tiny boat — that and a gay-awned Genevese steamer being all the craft in sight. Meah adjusts the lenses of the lorgnette

which she carries suspended at her girdle and scans the lake. Yes, there is the Sheik's skiff, its lateen-sail spread to the wind. The oars are shipped, and the little shell is drifting toward a cove of the opposite shore, where the gray ruins of Hôtel Byron are. Grace Quinby and Mr. Whimsley are sitting together in the stern. Cornelia is seated in the bow, her hand and part of her dress dipping in the water. Herr Meyer lies lazily stretched out in the middle, his blonde head resting upon the seat in front of Cornelia; and once or twice that young lady lifts her hand from the water and sprinkles the drops into his face.

"They have changed their minds about coming here, it seems," Meah says, letting the glass fall to her side. "Shall we turn back?"

"No, unless you really wish it. We can explore the château without them, I suppose."

They cross the draw-bridge and walk under the portcullis of the donjon-arch. It gives you a sense of suffocation to pass so quickly from the sunlight and the fresh atmosphere of the lake into the dusk and damp of this prison-house. Meah clings nervously to her companion's arm as they enter these gloomy precints. A bluff Savoyard stands at the top of a descending stairway, rattling a bunch of ponderous keys — the identical ones which his medieval predecessor may have carried when Bonnivard and his brothers were led in chains along this very corridor. The Sheik speaks a few words in French to the Savoyard, who replies with a grim nod and bids his visitors follow him down the stairway.

First they visit a chapel, so dark that surely no leaf of missal could have been read here at midday without artificial light. From the chapel the guide conducts them down a passage, narrow, winding, and lined with iron-barred doors. On the way they pause at the brink of a black well-like hole called an "oubliette." Through this opening the dismembered bodies of the wretches who had been tortured to death were thrown, while yet warm and quivering, into the mysterious waters beneath. They turn away with a shudder and follow their guide to the end of the passage. One of the ponderous keys grates in a rusty lock, a door swings back heavily on crunching hinges, and they enter the dungeon where Bonnivard moaned out the years of his captivity. They grope past the great stone pillars to which the three brothers were chained, they walk the circular groove worn into the damp paved floor by Bonnivard's tortured tread, they touch the links under which the pulses of that martyr of Liberty so long throbbed.

After that they stumble through other passages and visit other dungeons more dark and dreadful if possible than the first. Wherever they go they are haunted by shadows that seem to slink from out every corner — thin, shuddering shadows, like phantoms of famished men. There is perpetual silence here — not the silence of the tomb, but a painful, waiting stillness, like the hush that follows a shriek.

From the dungeons they ascend to the apartments of the Dukes and Duchesses of Savoy. In this great hall, with its pious black-letter legends, its yawning fire-place, and its wide bow-window facing the lake, the robber-dukes and their retainers held drunken revelries; and

in those rambling chambers her serene highness and her ladies thrummed their mandolins and sang their gay songs — rather loudly at times, perhaps, for the torture-room is just across the court-yard. You can hardly believe that laughter and song ever rang through these apartments; the place is like a cloister; it is a labyrinth of ghostly passages and low-ceiled rooms, from out which you might imagine cowled monks or spectral nuns creeping to midnight prayer or penitential office.

Meah is glad when they come out into the sunlight of the court-yard, although it is only that the guide may take them into another wing of the castle, fearful with still further associations of horror. They view the torture-room, where the rack and other fiendish devices sent men out of life. They are shown into a chamber, at the end of which is another "oubliette," larger than the first, with an iron rail running half around it. They stand close to this rail and look down. From the unrailed side a flight of steps leads down, ending abruptly in darkness. Prisoners who were more than ordinarily offensive to the tyrannical dukes were conducted blindfold to this spot and bidden to step down. The doomed victim obeyed, thinking, perhaps, that the way led back to his dungeon, from which the fortunes of time or war might eventually free him.

"See," says the guide, "there are only seven steps. Beyond them is nothing but eighty feet of blackness, then over a thousand feet of water. And, mademoiselle"— with a quaver of pity in his tone — "they walked and fell, and none ever was seen any more."

The Sheik is standing at the head of this stairway. Perhaps he is impelled by mere curiosity, but suddenly he steps into the opening and deliberately walks down until only the red fez is visible to those standing above. He can go no farther, for he is standing on the last, the fatal, step.

"Edouard! Edouard!" The girl's voice is vibrant with horror. She is on her knees at the mouth of the "oubliette," one hand clutching the iron rail-post, the other fastened upon the artist's shoulder, as if she would lift him out of danger. The young man ascends with alacrity.

"You need not be afraid for me," he says cheerily. "I am as sure-footed as the best mountaineer in Savoy." Then, seeing the terror in Meah's face, he grows serious in an instant. "I have frightened you, Meah! Forgive me. I was too curious; it was foolish of me —"

"Let us get out of this awful place," she interrupts in a nervous, frightened way, grasping his arm and moving toward the door. "I never want to come here again."

"You are from Hôtel des Alpes — or Bonnivard?" the Savoyard inquires as they cross the now darkened court-yard.

"Bonnivard," the Sheik replies.

"It is late, and the way is far. Perhaps it would be better for mademoiselle to return in my boat. There will be no more people coming here to-day."

It is agreed that they will take the boat. In a few minutes they are descending the steep water-stairs, at the foot of which a small boat is moored. As they take their seats and are rowed out mid-stream the glowing rim of the sun is just visible above the serrated line of the Juras. The glories of the day have culminated in a gorgeous sunset. Roseate clouds hover about the peaks, and one fiery, restless ichthyosaurus has cast his length across the chasm between the Dent du Midi and the Dent du Morcles. The receding walls and towers of Chillon are dyed as with blood. And down in the still, dark-blue, mysterious depths the red lights glow and tremble and die out.

It is more than dusk when the boat glides up to the water-steps at Hôtel Bonnivard. Having dismissed the boatman with a fee, the Sheik offers his arm to Meah, and the pair walk slowly toward the hotel. They speak not a word, though they have come to understand each other well. It may be only the spell of the softly falling darkness, but people are apt to let slip the fetters of society at such an hour, in a dusky path shut in by colonnades of plane-trees. Whatever it may be, these two turn aside, as by a mutual impulse, and enter an arbor of wild vines standing apart from the path. This arbor has a window from which they can watch the sunset on the mountains.

The lake and the opposite shore have merged into an irregular belt of black, and this is dotted with the lights of villas and cottages. The dark bulk of the Dent du Midi rises from the hills around its base like a Memnon amid a group of lesser colossi; and shimmering about its head is an aureole of silver, gold and bronze. The aureole begins to glimmer and flash; the scintillations burst into flame; but the fiery splendor is softened gradually to deep and still deeper shades of crimson, like the embers of a smouldering fire. The crimson hues change to purple, the purple deepens to violet, and the violet darkens into the blue-black of night. The aureole was the glow of sunset on Mount Blanc, more than fifty miles away.

All this time the Sheik is leaning in a careless attitude upon the ledge of the window, his head forming a silhouette against the lighter background of the sky. Meah is standing a few paces from him, her white figure showing in soft relief against the solid blackness within the arbor. In her absorption of mind she is oblivious to the eyes resting steadily upon her. The sun-hat has slipped from her hand and is lying upon the turf at her feet. Her hands are lightly interlocked. There is an unconscious dignity and grace, an atmosphere of gentleness and purity about her, and somehow she makes him think of Psyche.

As the last hues are lost in night the girl involuntarily steps nearer the window, and her loosely twined fingers accidentally touch his hand. She looks at him in sudden surprise, and something — perhaps the feminine clairvoyance — tells her that he has been watching her.

"How sublime and beautiful it was!" she begins. "But you have not even glanced at it — and you an artist, too!"

"It was sublime and beautiful, but it is an old story to me."

"Then why do you remain here day after day," she asks guilelessly, "when there are so many new lands to be seen?"

"There are few lands, new or old, that I have never seen, and they can hardly be interesting to me. It is all the same where I am — as well here as anywhere. But no"— as though a lost thought had recurred to him —"I should rather be here than anywhere else— since *you* are here."

"Since *I* am here —?" she echoes and looks at him, startled. There is not sufficient light for him to read her face, but under the genuine surprise in her tone there is a chord that seems to respond to the passionate thrill in his own voice.

Instantly her half-folded hands are clasped within his so tightly that she cannot break away from him.

"Tell me, Meah," he says in a low and eager voice, "what is a man to do when he finds that there is a woman in the world — and in *his* world, too,— who could be to him all, and more than all, that another once was? What should he do in such a case? Should he not forget the pain of the old love and rejoice in the sweetness of new?"

Resisting no longer, she stands before him, silent, her eyes cast down.

"Meah," he continues, "it is for you, and you alone, to say whether this or any other place shall be home for me, for I love you."

A minute more of silence, then she asks: "There was another, once."

"There was another, once," he answers.

"Her name was Elene. She was beautiful — very different from me, except her eyes; they were like mine."

It may be that the girl is striving to repress some inward emotion, but her voice has the soft, even inflection of one who speaks in a trance.

"Yes, her name was Elene. She was beautiful, but not half so beautiful as you are, Meah; and her eyes were like yours, and her voice. I did not know that you had ever seen her."

"I have never seen her, unless — unless perhaps, it was in a dream; but I know."

She knows! but how much? Does she know of the guilt he has carried in his heart all these years? By what gift of prescience has she divined the secret known only to himself and one other — that other one being dead? He has never been troubled with superstition, but now for an instant he thinks of the omniscient Sibyl who, as ancient chronicles tell, was destined to outlive the ages in perpetual youth.

"Meah, I have told you that I love you. Answer me."

"You once said that she was torn from you," the girl goes on all unheeding. "What happened to her after that?"

"I do not know of a surety, but they told me that she wandered off into the desert and was lost. No one ever saw her again.— And now, Meah —"

"She must have suffered much on your account. Were you not somehow to blame?"

The question, so suddenly asked, startles him.

"I was not to blame. We were parted, and though I sought her everywhere I never found her. But I have found you, Meah, and mean to keep you."

He emphasizes the ardor of his words by clasping the girl in his arms.

After a brief space of silence she says: "I believe you and trust in you," and he hears her words with an accusing sense of having heard their like before. The girl continues: "Her memory shall be a bond between us, and I will love you the more for her sake." Her arms, slipping out from the wide sleeves, twine about his neck, her pliant form bends closer to him, and her lips are shyly pressed to his.

* * * * * * *

The next night everybody is kept indoors by a storm. In Mrs. Blanchard's cozy parlor a grate-fire has been built, for the wind is touched with mountain snow.

Under the shaded lamp of the table Cornelia and Grace are playing a talkative game of whist. In the half-light of the fire Mrs. Blanchard is chatting with little Mrs. Gilman, the invalid. Every few minutes a trio of masculine figures promenade past outside the open veranda door, through which you can hear the rushing of the wind among the trees and the muffled roar of the lake.

After a while the Sheik and his two comrades enter by the veranda door. Herr Meyer and Mr. Whimsley, yielding to the entreaties of the whist-players, seat themselves at the table and take part in the game. The Sheik, however, crosses over to the fire and ensconces himself in the chair which Mrs. Gilman vacated on retiring.

The quartette around the table are engrossed in their game. Mrs. Blanchard and von Thalberg are talking in confidential tones, the absorbing topic, of course, being Meah. He has asked the lady's consent to their union, and she is prepared to give it upon two conditions: that Meah will not be taken to live in a rigorous climate and that she will be kept away from all social excitement.

"I must tell you," the lady says, "that Meah has a highly sensitive organization, and she is not in robust health like her sister. In her childhood she was like Cornelia; but five years ago she had a strange sickness, and to this day nobody knows what the trouble was. One of the doctors pronounced it a form of heart-disease. Our family physician declared it a kind of trance, and hinted something about its being a case of transmigration of souls. Odd, isn't it, that an old practitioner should have that notion? But certainly Meah was like another being after that. Even her eyes have changed. You know how different she is to her sister; and this difference is growing with every year, though I never saw two sisters so fond of each other as my girls are. However, Meah has been a great deal stronger since we came here. The symptoms of heart trouble have not returned."

"I shall be glad to make my home anywhere with Meah. Having lived so much everywhere, I could find it easy to settle down in any place she might choose. As to my means, they are ample, I think."

This last remark directs the conversation to practical topics, for Mrs. Blanchard is a thoroughly practical woman. And when, a little later, Meah comes into the room and stands fondly leaning over the back of her mother's chair, she is not a little astonished to find what a rational, sensible young man the Sheik can be. He is talking with her mother about the most practical things — about stocks, both common and preferred, and about real-estate and mines. From his conversation Meah gathers, too, that he owns a villa near Rome, and that his studio is being enlarged by the addition of a wing. He relates many other facts about himself — facts not of the past but of the present — which give a tangible background to his personality.

Meah only drops an occasional word into the conversation. For that matter, she is not given to talking a great deal at any time. Even if she were, her fiancé leaves her no opportunity, for he does nearly all the talking. Every trace of gloom is gone from his face. His eyes light up as he speaks, and Meah is inwardly delighted at the genuine buoyancy of his manner. The whist-players abandon the cards and draw their chairs to the fire.

From the subject of studios the conversation drifts to art. The ladies have seen everything that is worth seeing in Munich, Florence, Rome and Paris, and have right to set up as connoisseurs in art matters. The conversation becomes general and grows animated as the Sheik infects his hearers with his own enthusiasm.

Once, after a lull in the conversation, Cornelia asks: "You paint landscapes, Monsieur Thalberg?"

"I do, sometimes. Why do you ask?"

"I have seen one of your pictures."

"Indeed? What, and where?"

"An African landscape, and in Florence?"

It seems to Meah that a faint shadow comes back to the Sheik's face.

"True," he assents; "there is an African landscape of mine in Florence. But my name is not on the picture, and moreover you do not even know my family name."

"Oh, indeed I do. I saw it on the register the day you arrived," — naïvely.

"Well, granted that you did; at any rate, my name was not on the picture nor in the catalogue."

"No," Cornelia pursues, her face coloring a little at her own temerity; "your name was not on the picture, but *you* were *in* it."

"Cornelia!" Mrs. Blanchard says in a tone of warning.

Cornelia flushes deeper at the rebuke but goes on willfully: "Why yes, mamma, don't you remember—'*Elene*'? It was in the gallery of the Colonnas — an African landscape at sunset; a deep gorge, and in

it an Arab dwelling. Beyond it is the sunlit, shining desert, in the foreground an Arab on horseback — a sheik, I believe."

"Well enough," Herr Meyer exclaims, laughing. "This young man here a sheik! So that is where you got the name? It fits him to perfection, I must say."

"You are right," interposes Grace. "What a memory you have got, Connie! I, too, see the likeness now."

The Sheik's thoughts evidently have wandered far away, for he gives no heed to these remarks.

"But there is another figure in the picture — a dark, wondrously beautiful young woman, who stands before the sheik and looks up to him," Cornelia goes on in a lowered voice, her face growing serious. "And by the way, her eyes are just like Meah's" — teasingly. "The sheik and the girl are bidding each other farewell. He looks resolute and stern. Her face is exquisite — so lovely, but so full of pain and pleading! It made me think of 'Mignon.' Is that a portrait, too?"

No answer from the Sheik, though all eyes are intently fixed upon his face.

Cornelia shyly reiterates her question: "Is it also a portrait?"

The young man's face glooms over, and his eyes are like those of a stag at bay.

"It is a portrait," he answers moodily.

For a while there is an uncomfortable silence. Cornelia is struck with a guilty sense of having committed an indiscretion. The young engineer is ill at ease, and the others look fixedly into the fire. Meah's face is white even in the fireglow. As no good genius comes to dissipate the awkward spell, Mrs. Blanchard suggests that it is growing late. So with one accord and great relief the little group breaks up for the night.

Before retiring Meah steps out on the veranda. Though the storm has spent its fury, there is something malevolent in the air. It is one of those nights when heaven, like some inscrutable yet sentient power, seems to menace the earth from afar. Over the plain of space gaunt, shaggy storm-clouds are chasing one another like famishing wolves, dropping flecks of froth as they speed across the brown moon.

Meah goes to the end of the veranda, where her "chapel" is. She is not surprised to find Edouard von Thalberg there. His arms are about her, and she strokes the hair from his forehead with a tender, unselfish pity for him.

"It was Elene?" whispers the girl.

"It was Elene, my Wild-Rose."

"I have seen the picture; it is wonderful. You would become a famous painter, Edouard, if you had the ambition."

"You will give me ambition, Meah."

"It is very strange, but Elene's face has seemed to haunt me ever since that day in Florence; and — would you believe it? — I have cried a little, sometimes, for her misery? I often feel as if I had known her sometime, somewhere, — I cannot remember. How lovely she must have been!"

"Never so lovely as you are, Meah."

"Is the portrait true to life?"

"It is true to the life as nearly as my poor brush can make it."

"Poor girl! But your face — it is cruel, in this picture, Edouard!"

He makes no reply.

"Is it also true to life?" she asks.

Still no answer.

"Why did you paint that cruel look into your face and the suffering into hers?" There is a peremptory ring in the girl's low voice.

Again there is a pause, while the wind stirs the trees and the waves murmur fitfully. To Meah the sounds seem fraught with half-uttered prophecies of evil. In that interval the hand that has been toying with his locks trembles a little, then becomes rigid, as if frozen there.

"You *were* to blame, then?— you rejected her —?"

"God knows," he cries in sudden distress, "I tried to do what was right — to keep faith with her. My mother — it was all because of her cursed pride. She — Elene — would have clung to me, but I put her from me. I have tried, too, to put her memory from me, but it is ever coming back, in broken fragments, and every fragment seems a curse."

Again does she hear the whispered, murmured prophecy of wind and wave; and here is the beginning of its fulfillment.

"But, Meah, as you once said, is not the soul a part of one's self? Indeed, is it not one's being all in all? Why should not the soul of her I loved and wronged come back to me after these years of penance? You are like her, Meah; you have her eyes, her voice, her very spirit."

His tone vibrates with strongest feeling. Folded in his arms so tightly drawn about her, she looks up into eyes whose ardor seems to encompass her with divine flame. She feels the air grow dangerous around her. The sky, the mountains, and the glimmering lake are as a cloud to her reeling vision. But the woman's soul masters her mood of yielding to that perilous magnetism of a strong will and a stronger passion. She withdraws herself from him.

"I have pitied her, and now I must pity myself. The guilt is not your mother's — it is yours alone. I will not judge you, for — I love you; but I cannot forget that you are accountable to God for the three lives you have wrecked. No"— as he makes a gesture to detain her —"we must never meet again; never in the world." With these strange, almost irrational, words she is gone.

"It is Fate," he ponders, looking out to the lake, the mountains, the ominous sky, and the scarred moon, as if he would appeal through them to their Creator —"Fate, most cruel to him who thinks to be her master." . . . .

Meah, after her flight from the veranda, climbs the stairs and goes to her room, slowly, with automatic steps, as one walks in his sleep. To Cornelia, whose rosy face is nestled among the pillows, she

looks like a wraith as, attired for the night, she sinks into a chair and sits for a long time motionless.

At length Cornelia slips out of bed and puts her arms about her sister.

"How tired you look, my poor dear! Lay yourself down and get some sleep."

"I don't feel much like sleeping, though I confess to being tired. I should like you to talk to me a while, Connie, if you don't mind."

Cornelia doesn't mind; indeed, for the last half-hour she has been wishing for somebody to talk to. Her face is uncommonly rosy and her eyes are very wide awake.

"There is something I want to tell you, Meah,—something very serious."

"Indeed?" responds the elder girl, brushing the tumbled yellow hair back from the face of the younger. "It is not often my little sister is in a mood for serious talk. What is it?"

Cornelia's eyes are hidden under their lashes, and her face changes from pink to rose and from rose to scarlet as she answers: "I am going to marry Mr. Meyer."

"Is that all, dear?" Meah asks, smiling at the girl's confusion. "I knew you would, long ago."

"No, that isn't all. I want to say if you and the Sheik shouldn't"—the girl in her arms starts as though she were struck—"I mean, if you and Monsieur Thalberg shouldn't go to live in Rome, you must come to Berlin. Indeed, I don't know what I should do without you, sister.—Why Meah!"—looking up at last—"how white you are! You are sick; I shall call mamma."

"No; there is nothing the matter with me—nothing to disturb mamma for. I am only tired. I think we had best go to bed now."

The next morning the Sheik, looking like a man who had spent a sleepless night, moves in and about the hotel like an unquiet spirit. Meah has not made her appearance, nor indeed have the other members of the Blanchard party done so. He is told that Meah was prostrated with sudden illness during the night, and that she is now lying abed in her room. Later, Mrs. Blanchard meets him in the upper corridor. Her face wears traces of anxiety and loss of sleep.

"My poor boy!" she begins, seeing his hollow eyes, "you are looking as ill, almost, as Meah herself. I was about to send for you and tell you not to be too much alarmed. It was a return of the old heart trouble, and it frightened us at first; but she is very much better now. Perhaps she will be well enough to see you later in the day."

"Let it be as early as possible, Mrs. Blanchard," adding impatiently, "Why can I not see her now?"

"Oh, no. She is asleep now. Meanwhile you ought to go out with your boat and brighten up a little. I declare, you look like a shadow."

"I don't know but you are right, Mrs. Blanchard. Yes; I will row out to the Isle de la Paix and finish the picture I promised Meah."

Ten minutes later the Sheik's white-painted skiff darts out from the low-browed miniature châlet where the boats are kept, and after another ten minutes it has dwindled to a mere speck on the shining expanse of water.

It is well past the middle of the afternoon that Meah Blanchard leaves her chamber and goes slowly to the music-room. Cornelia has retired to Grace's apartment to sleep. Mrs. Blanchard, overcome by drowsiness and the heat, is napping on the sofa, all unmindful of the piano-chords floating in from the music-room.

Meah's slim, lithe fingers are toying with the keys. The notes of *Nearer, My God, to Thee* are before her, but the piece she is playing is not in the score. Through the vines at the window the sunlight comes in, falling upon the carpet and gilding the hem of her white dress. Framed in the green tracery is the sunlit landscape; the sapphire lake; the hills in their infinite variety of green; the dark slopes streaked with threads of glistening water. Beyond are the silver peaks of the Alps, and stretching over all is the azurene curtain upon which the picture is painted. On the blue plain of water there is a white speck, visibly growing larger.

Presently the girl breaks into one of the oddest compositions you have ever listened to — evidently a prelude to a song. There is little melody in it, and no sequence, except the recurrence of certain phrases which rise at intervals from the chaos of sounds that sweeps them out of hearing and hurries them back, as straws are drawn beneath the surface and cast up again by an eddy. But the crashing chords grow softer until they blend into perfect melody; and then, above the legato accompaniment you hear the girl's soft voice as she sings, "Nearer, my God, to Thee." The piece ends with a few final chords from the instrument.

Meah's hands are still on the keys but making no music now. Her grave eyes are looking out to the lake — seeing nothing but the white speck growing larger on the blue plain.

The exertion must be proving too much for her strength. Slowly and wearily her head droops forward until her face is buried in the arm she has thrown across the music-rest. She either has fallen asleep or is indulging in day-dreams.

The Sheik's skiff glides under the eaves of the boat-house, and in a few seconds the Sheik reappears at the doorway and goes up to the house. Mrs. Blanchard meets him on the stairs.

"Meah is better, and you may see her now. She is in the music-room, practising. But you are not much improved from your exercise."

"No? It must be the heat. Are you sure she is well enough to practise?"

"Oh, yes. She asked to see you."

The prevision which has haunted him all day departs, and he feels made over new as he goes up the stairs. She has asked to see him! He will plead with her in all the strength of his passion, and

she shall not withstand him; for does she not love him even as he loves her?

Before the half-open door of the music-room he pauses and looks in. Yes, she is there, her head reposing on her arm upon the piano — thinking of him, perhaps. Through the pendent vines at the window the yellow sunlight falls in; it mottles the carpet with dancing gold-lights, it flits across her dress, filling her recumbent form with palpable motion.

He is standing close to her now; her delicate white dress, from which a subtle fragrance escapes, touches him. How deeply asleep she must be not to feel his presence; and how still the room is — so still that he can hear the beating of his own heart. He cannot see her eyes; they are hidden in the ample folds of her sleeve. Her wonderful brown hair, grown longer during these summer months, yet not long enough to brook confinement, lies in silken waves against the bars of *Nearer, my God, to Thee.* He lays his hand softly on the flossy folds; she does not stir. He takes the hand hanging listless at her side; she does not withdraw it — and how cool it is, even in the sultry heat! He puts his arm around her, gently; she makes no resistance.

Then their eyes meet — his, glowing with love's fire; hers, unspeculative, inscrutable, fixed in a stare of indifference that is more ironical than any flash of scorn could be.

"Meah! — O God! How cruel is Fate!"

His arms relax; the girl's head sinks back to its bowed position, her attitude saying to him as no words could say: "What is Fate's cruelty to me now — or kindness?"

His brain is beclouded. He hears not the exclamations of wonder and fright around him; he sees not the white, distraught faces gathered about the girl before the piano. Some power not his own drives him into the open air and down the water-path to where his boat is; and the same power is in his arms when, swift as the petrel, the boat darts over the water, receding until it disappears around the rocky corner of Chillon.

* * * * * * *

Night falls like a shutting door across the sky. A wind springs up and wails like a soul in distress. The Storm-King rages among the mountains, hurling his reënforcements against their inexorable ramparts, from which they are swept back like a routed army into the valleys. Sheets of rain beat against the windows like a giant's hand. The flash and the roar of heaven's artillery cleaves the angry gloom and shakes the earth as to its very foundations. With every flash the writhen shapes of the Dent du Midi spring out of the dark as demons might leap from the infernal depths; the castle of Chillon stands in livid relief against the gloom of the gorge behind it; the hollow ruins of Hôtel Byron stare out from the surrounding grove like a death's-head mouldering among weeds.

Yet the morning dawns silvery and calm. A delicious dewy softness pervades the atmosphere. The birds warble as if they were gone

mad for joy. Lake Leman is like a sea of liquid sapphire. The smiling shore-reaches, the slopes, and the majestic cliffs are serene as if never a tempest had swept over them. Beyond are the mountains, supernal in their purity. How beautiful it is, yet of how little account in the sum of man's destiny!

The Sheik — where is he? He is gone, no one can tell why or whither. They search for him everywhere—at Vevay, at Evian, and about the little Isle de la Paix. They find only his boat overturned, near where the waves lap the weedy lawn of Hotel Byron; and there the lake is over a thousand feet deep, sending not up again that which comes within its grasp.

Towards dusk Franz Meyer reaches Chillon and interviews the custodian of the castle. Yes, the young man was here yesterday at sundown, is what the engineer gathers from the bluff Savoyard. He wished to see the "great oubliette"—the one with the rail around it—for perhaps the twentieth time this summer. He, the Savoyard, did conduct him to the spot and leave him there alone, as he had done often before. "He was standing by the rail looking down, as you, monsieur, are doing now. I left him thus, and when I returned—behold, he was gone. And, monsieur"—instinctively, with that same quaver of pity in his tone—"there are but seven steps: beyond them is nothing but eighty feet of blackness and over a thousand feet of water."

The young man peers into that unsearchable depth, then turns away with a sense of horror. He goes back to his grief-stricken friends at Hôtel Bonnivard, but he keeps his own counsel.

As you go up the front path of the Hôtel Bonnivard, on this afternoon, you feel that a change has come over the place in the last few days. To be sure, the lawn is newly clipped and the circular flower-beds glow brightly as ever. The birds chirp softly, as they always do in August: aside from this, and the faint murmur of the lake, it seems as if the hush of summer were concentrated here. The scene is no longer animated by gay groups strolling hither and yon or gathered about the boat-house. The tennis and croquet lawns are deserted; the hammocks hang empty and slack in the shade, and the lounging chairs on veranda and balcony are unoccupied.

Entering the house, you find the same spell pervading the interior. In the long carpeted hall softly-stepping ladies in sombre dress rustle past you, and the children, instead of bounding along, walk on tiptoe, as if fearing to disturb the repose of some sleeper. The house is pervaded by the nameless majesty of Death.

You reach the end of the hall and step into the reception parlor, where the people are assembled. In the middle of the room is a catafalque bearing a black-draped casket; and asleep within the casket is Ruth Blanchard, her face sealed with heaven's own look of peace. Palms and oleanders bend over the sleeping face; flowers in profusion envelope the casket, and wreaths of rich-green laurel lie ranged upon the steps of the catafalque.

Kneeling beside the bier, with one arm thrown around the dead sister, is Cornelia, motionless and dumb in the prostration of grief. The bystanders make a gentle effort to lead her away, but she clings distractedly to the casket.

"What shall be done with her?" is the whispered query of those standing about. She will not leave her sister's side. The tender entreaties of her mother and the gentle words of the aged clergyman are without avail. Extremity of sorrow has taken hold upon the girl, and to reason with her is like reasoning with the clouded mind. She is as one stricken blind and deaf and dumb; and but for a tremor that at intervals stirs the little black-robed figure, she seems lifeless as the form stretched at her side.

The man of God is reading the funeral service in tremulous tones. All heads are bowed. The service is concluded, and from an adjoining room come the veiled voices of a choir singing, "Nearer, my God, to Thee." That was the dead girl's favorite hymn, and it brings back a tide of memories to the living one. How often, in the old home, have they sang it together at twilight, never dreaming of the sorrow that alone can make its full meaning clear! With this sweetest of "old songs" stealing over it the soul of the kneeling mourner awakes from its lethargy to active grief.

"Meah!—O God! my sister!" she cries again and again, interrupted by a tempest of sobs and tears, under which she bows her golden head, crouching beside the bier in an abandon of woe. And the choir sings softly:—

"Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Altars I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

"Aye," the pastor begins, "she is now *with* God, and through her are we brought nearer to him; for He has said: 'Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore with loving kindness have I drawn thee.'"

These words seem to give the kneeling one strength. She checks her sobs and bestows a parting caress upon the marble face and the wavy brown hair. Then she is led out to her carriage.

And she whose face is now hidden forever is borne out to the little cemetery of Montreux and laid to rest with those who, like herself, passed away in the springtide of life. White roses and evergreens will grow above her dreamless head; the nightingale and the thrush will sing over her, and the waves murmur their immemorial lullaby.

But the Sheik—is he wandering like the Jew over the face of the earth; or is he in that wide-horizoned land—the land he never before has seen—awaiting the coming of her whose soul is kin to his own?

THOMAS G. WATKINS.

Mr. T. G. Watkins contributed quite freely to the amateur press, under the name of "Mercurius." His poems were not strictly accurate in technique, but most of them had a consonance of rhyme and melody, and an ease of movement, that appealed to the ear, and made the casual reader overlook their faults. But the thoughts expressed were in the main commonplace, and had little of originality or depth to recommend them. His two most ambitious poems were: "Ode to Shakespeare," *Independent Times*, December, 1881, and "Ode to Greece," *Independent Times*, May, 1882, both of which were entered for the laureateship. But even in his "Ode to Greece," which is much the better of the two, there is but little of elevated thought. And here, striving after greater things, Mr. Watkins even lost the pleasing flow and jingling music of his other efforts, and this without gaining any corresponding merits. Among his other poems may be mentioned: "Hyacinthe," *Detroit Amateur*, April, 1882; "To a Water Rose," *Venture*, June, 1882; "Christmas," *Hornet*, December, 1881, "October," *National Amateur*, March, 1885; "After Years," *Independent Times*, December, 1881.

His sketches were usually not very original in plot, and the characters not well developed, his strong points being his homely dry humor, and his power of describing in detail rural scenes and surroundings. He wrote "A Night Adventure" *Hornet*, December, 1881; "How I Won Her," *Young America*, December, 1882; "A Common Story," *American Sphinx*, September, 1884; "The Suicide," *Independent Times*, December, 1881. His most marked characteristic as an essayist was his enthusiasm. He wrote, too, with a certain amount of eloquence, but his thoughts were not especially new or striking.

OCTOBER.

The virgin bloom of youthful spring
  And summer's wayward passions
And heated hours, have taken wing
  To seek them new possessions.

Now throned, rejoicing, on the hills,
  Sits beauty-crowned October;
A drowsy joy her pulses thrills,
  Not melancholy, sober.

A softened haze wraps hill and dale
  Half seen in mellowed distance;
The landscape lives, behind this veil,
  A dreamy, charmed existence.

From all the hills the maples wave
  Their gold and scarlet banners,
With tints outvying those which lave
  The evening's cloud-built manors.

All life is stilled. Arched overhead
  Are brighter skies than summer;
And softer airs than those which fled,
  She brings, this latest comer.

While in the field the golden-rod,
  The aster by the river,
Lift up their dew-dipped heads and nod,
  In ev'ry breeze's shiver.

So hushed the air no sound is heard,
  Except the brown nuts falling
Upon the leaves, or when some bird
  The woodland wakes with calling.

The squirrels leap from tree to tree,
  So like a shadow flitting
Their presence more we feel than see,
  Who are beneath them sitting.

The very sun has ceased to glow,
  And shines with mellowed splendor
At noon upon the hills that slow
  His last faint rays surrender.

And slow from out the skies of night
  The moon and stars come stealing,
To flood the earth with silver light,
  New beauty soft revealing.

We mourn not that the gentle spring
  Departed, nor the summer,
Whose splendor set us wondering,
  Until this royal comer

With waving scepter robed the land
  In brightest red and yellow,
And sent a gold and purple band
  Her ruder tints to mellow.

The rarest month of all the year—
  Say not that it is dying,
The breezes soft that murmur clear
  Are not its dirges sighing.

They whisper low to gladdened ears,
  Of youth and love's caressings,
Whose bliss shall make our manhood's years
  A harvest home of blessings.

O rarest month with splendor crowned,
How can they call thee sober?
May soon the circling year bring round
Another glad October!

ODE TO GREECE.

O glorious land of poet and of sage,
Of ardent youth and patriotic age—
Birthplace of Genius and the chosen home
Where once the Muses dwelled nor cared to roam:—
The land where first the mighty painter's skill
Taught men to wonder, and their hearts to thrill;
And seized the varied tints of earth and skies
To mingle with his pencil's radiant dyes;—
Where reverend Homer and the burning Sappho sung
Immortal verse while yet the world was young;—
Where Beauty's soul the ardent sculptor taught,
That Beauty's self in lasting marble wrought;—
Where Gods descending, walked on earth with men,
Nor deemed the works of man beneath them then;
Where first arose the soul from earthly things,
And spread in flight the mind's majestic wings;—
To thee, O Greece, the tribute song I raise,
My Muse though humble, yet sincere my praise.
I sing the god-like children of that clime;
Their fame eternal, and their deeds sublime.
To me, O Muse, the pages bright unfold,
Wherein their deeds of fadeless glory told,
Still shine resplendent on the dazzled sight,
For nations yet unborn a guiding light.
That land divinely favored of the earth,
Where Science, Letters, Art, all owe their birth,
The cradle of dear Liberty's young hour,
Aid me to sing, on me bestow the power.
Beneath the kisses of a southern sky,
Her fertile vales, and cloud-capped mountains lie;
Her blooming shores the old Ægean laves;
And ceaseless woos them with a thousand waves;
While orange trees, and fragrant groves of spice
Make all the land a scenic paradise.
But brighter, far, than these her glorious maids
Whose black eyes shine beneath their olive braids:
And though her mountains lift above the earth
Their giant peaks whereon the gods had birth,
And beauty glow from palaces and shrines,
More lofty, brighter far, her fadeless glory shines.

For here of old those god-like men had birth,
Whose lasting fame attest their matchless worth;
While Wisdom left her radiant throne above,
To dwell within a philosophic grove.

Mild Socrates once walked beneath this sky;
And, teaching men to live, showed how to die;
In resignation drank the bitter cup
His country steeped; then gave his spirit up.
Thus, Cleopatra-like, within a bowl
Rash Athens cast her richest gem, his soul.
The Youth who left old Sparta's stern abodes,
To view the man so favored of the gods;
Reached Athens but to learn his cruel doom;
His journey ended at the sage's tomb,
Whose spirit then had soared beyond the earth.
'Tis true, O Virtue, men reward thy worth.
Yet all in vain this wanton sacrifice,
Thou, phœnix-like, from ashes doth arise;
As Israel's seer who, from his upward course,
Let fall his mantle with a double force,
So that the world that feared Elijah's name
Yet more were dazzled with Elisha's fame.
Thus bright the martyr's virtues were to shine
When rose his pupil, Plato the Divine.
Prophetic bees that gathered round his bed
His infant lips with sweetest honey spread:
Thus early wedded to philosophy,
All future ages praised the Attic Bee.

Here Freedom first her banner bright unfurled,
That shed a light through all the rising world;
And lit in patriot's breasts a flame sublime
That rages yet in every land and clime.
Her priests were warriors, whom she taught to wield
The arms of Truth, and rather fall than yield.
How well they lived let history's pages tell,
How bravely fought, and how unconquered fell.
Here first her altars built, whose fires divine
Through all succeeding ages were to shine;
For her Leonidas his Spartans led,
And heaped Thermopylæ with Persian dead;
For her the warriors of Mitiades—
As yet on Marathon the peasant sees—
At dusk revisit from the land of shades
Where fell the Persians 'neath their patriot blades.
Their hosts in triumph overspread the field,
And phantom hands their ghastly weapons wield.
Once more the ghostly bands their foemen fell,
And send their victims to the gates of hell.

But now, O Muse, this warring tumult cease;
To hear the thunder of Demosthenes
Be now our task. A crowd collected 'round,
Subdued and silent, hush the slightest sound;
And wait impatient for the god-like man
Whose voice, harmonious as the reeds of Pan,
His country sways, and pleads her injured cause,
Her people trampled, and subverted laws.
The rostrum mounted, he harangues the train,
And fires his hearers with his matchless strain,
His melting accents now arouse their tears;
And now he thunders in their startled ears;
Subdues their reason as he moves their hearts,
That secret own his all-resistless arts.
So stood in council Ithacus the Wise,
Thus plaudits drew, and thus admiring eyes;
And so that chief the listening warriors swayed,
That ardent heard him and with zeal obeyed.

Alas! that Genius, Courage, prove so little worth,
To keep unstained the hand that gave them birth;
For far inferior now the Grecian race,
A foreign yoke has made the people base.
No god-like poet now aspires to mount
Parnassus' heights; or drain the crystal fount
Where ancient Homer quaffed the sparkling wave
And wore the chaplet that the Muses gave;
(Their sister Sappho crowned the pleasing train.)
They wait a modern bard and wait in vain,
No modern Phidias with his matchless art
From out the marble makes a Thunderer start;
No modern sculptor, like Praxiteles,
Can carve his Venus with her power to please;
And sunk in sloth, and strangers long to fame,
They scarce deserve the noble Grecian name.
Each ruined temple, and each trampled shrine,
And broken column show the Greek's decline.
Not such was Athens in her palmy days,
When all the world was tribute to her praise;
Great Jove impressed his favor on her line,
And owned the Grecians were a race divine;
And sage Minerva, with her wise behests,
Controlled the restless dictates of their breasts.

Is there, O Muse, another day to come
When fates benign shall abrogate their doom;
Exalt again the noble Grecian race,
And lift her glories to their ancient place?
Her ancient sceptre other nations sway;
Unmatched the glories of her primal day:
'Tis Fate has spoke and mortals must obey.

CHARLES K. FARLEY.

Mr. Charles K. Farley was one of the very popular authors of the early years of organized amateur journalism. His productions were always signed "Karl C. Yelraf." Although best known as a writer of sketches and serials, Mr. Farley sometimes penned such lines as are contained in the following exquisite bit of fancy :

A SUMMER IDYL.

In the merry meadow,
A-making of the hay,
Chatting they together
All the Summer day.
A stout hay-pitcher, he,
With a manly face—
A light rake handles she
With a maiden's grace.

In the sunny meadow,
A-tossing of the clover;
Cheeks are kissed by breezes
More daring than the lover!
He the hay is pitching,
And she is raking after;
Softly sound the earnest words,
'Mid rippling threads of laughter.

In the breezy meadow,
A-making *love* and hay;
Listen not, you wedded birds,
To what the wooers say!
Slily chirping cricket,
And stately old grasshopper—
Say whate'er you may,
There being no eavesdropper.

In the scented meadow,
A-making of the hay,
Work the lovers merry,
Lovers they, and gay.
Cheeks are blushing red—
The cause we quickly guess—
At something he has said,
Soft falls the maiden's "Yes."

Mr. Farley entered amateur journalism almost at its organization, and began writing sketches and stories which soon became very popular. Up to 1877, in which year he retired from the ranks, he enjoyed the reputation of being much the

best sketch-writer in amateur journalism. Not so choice or elegant in his language, nor so deep and searching in his portrayal of human passion and character, nor so charming in his descriptions, as some who have come after him, there is no doubt that he towered above his fellow writers in much the same manner as Shakspere did among his contemporaries. In certain respects he has never been equalled. He was original in plot and incident, though bordering slightly sometimes on the so-called sensational, and there was a fascinating interest about all his work which held the close attention of the reader. In his shorter sketches, especially, there was a light and graceful movement, and a delicate touch of fancy which was very pleasing. "Winning a Kiss" was one of the best of his short stories. He had not the polish or the power of some later writers, but it is doubtful if any exceeded him in what is termed the faculty of telling a story. His sketches were read not for their fine pen-pictures, nor for their deep philosophy or moral, neither for their keen characterization and analysis of passion and motive, though there was something of all these, but what attracted and held the reader was the unfolding of the story and that alone. Much of his work in his serials was crude, evidencing haste and lack of revision. There was a profuseness that weakened the effect. His serial entitled "A Gay Deceiver" created a great sensation and was pronounced a masterpiece. Before the excitement had subsided, Mr. Joseph Clossey commissioned Mr. Farley to write a serial for *Our Free Lance*, the only stipulation being that it should excel "A Gay Deceiver." The serial "Two Fair Bedouins" was the result, both Mr. Clossey and Mr. Farley being satisfied with its superiority. It was the longest story ever published in an amateur paper. It is given below in a slightly condensed form.

TWO FAIR BEDOUINS.

CHAPTER I.

A SILENT BURGLARY.

It is midnight in the city of D——. The shop windows have for a long time gazed with vacant and unillumined stare upon the gas-lit streets. The crowds disgorged by the opera houses, theatres and the lesser beer gardens have disappeared in the oblivion of their myriad homes. There is no sound throughout the vast city, and with the exception of a now and then belated man of business or office clerk, and the clumping measured tread of the blue-coated policemen on their rounds, the streets are deserted and silent.

There is scarcely a light the whole length of Fort Street. The denizens of its palatial residences are sleeping. It is a bright beauti-

ful moonlight June night, and the trees along the walks cast black blotches of shadow upon the white street. The houses rear their haughty forms above us in dark, inscrutable grandeur. Suddenly a man steps down from the pavement, and walking with something like supernatural silence to a tree near by, leans his tall, graceful form against its dark side, tosses back his aristocratically cut head, rolls an unlit cigar from one corner of his mouth to the other, and gazes up at a window opposite where a dark form flits back and forth between the light within and the curtain. As time passes and the light still burns, the man grows more impatient, as is evidenced by his uneasy movements and the savage way he gnaws his cigar. Finally the shadow disappears, and presently the light goes out, leaving this window to glare vacantly at us in the moonlight. The man, leaving his place of concealment, bounds with catlike quiet upon the pavement, and walks hurriedly up the street, then across, then down again, until he stands directly in front of the house. Pausing a moment to listen, he springs swiftly and silently up the broad steps, and stands concealed in the shadow of a pillar. Taking from his pocket a bunch of keys and some slender pieces of steel, he bends over and works at the lock in long and patient silence until finally the door swings noiselessly open, and he cautiously enters. He soon finds himself in the room from which the light has shone so long. Drawing a small bull's-eye lantern from a pocket he lights it, and turns his attention to the occupant of the bed, who is an elderly man with fine features and gray hair and beard. It is a kind fatherly face, with an expression of sadness in it, and signs of deep trouble in its rigid lineaments. Does the sly villain bending over note any of these things? Yes, for he pauses a moment and gazes long and earnestly upon the sleeping man. He has seen this man many times before, but never when his features were softened in slumber, and a feeling he cannot understand takes possession of him. If his soul could have spoken and disclosed the great secret it at that moment discovered what a different story would be the one I relate.

Placing the lantern on a table, he wakened the sleeper by roughly shaking him. The man turned over and moaned, but when he opened his eyes the black, glittering, fascinating eyes of his enemy caught their glance and held them riveted to his. There was terrible strength and power in this man's eyes; full of subtle magnetism they exerted an influence over those who fell a victim to his mesmeristic touch that was wonderful in the extreme. This gray-haired man was as fully in the power and under the spell of those dark eyes, as is the bird whose tender eye has been caught and held by the glittering glance of a serpent. And how similar to a serpent was this man, Douglas Welsch. There was a snaky, serpentine flow and glide in his movements, and a certain graceful waviness to his slender form, that always reminded one of the reptile whose chief characteristic he possessed to such a wonderful degree.

He motioned the man to arise, which he did. Douglas crossed the room, and his victim followed him with his eyes—sleepy and dull —riveted upon those serpent-like eyes of his enemy. Douglas pointed

to a large iron safe in one corner of the room, and the man, now slave to his every wish and thought, went to the bed and drew from beneath the mattress a bunch of keys, selected one and unlocked the safe with it. All this he did as a machine might have done, with no real consciousness or interest, but as the subject of a power greater than it. Douglas hastily sorted the contents of the safe, and thrust a pocket-book into a side pocket, secured a gold watch and chain, and then waved the man away to his couch again. Douglas started to the door, when he paused, evidently in doubt whether he had secured all that was valuable in the safe. He hastened back and hurriedly glanced over the packages. There were receipts for money, bills of value to none but the man in the bed, cancelled notes, mortgages, etc. He started to go when his eye was attracted by a strange looking packet, which in his haste he had over-looked before. It was of oblong shape, thick, yellow with age, and written on the outside wrapper were the strange words: "*My confession, for my dear daughter Thena to read after my death.*" Douglas thrust this into his pocket, and left the house as silently as he had entered it.

CHAPTER II.

"MY BOY'S MY BOY TO ME."

Nine o'clock A. M., and the Blessingtons were breakfasting. Portly and gray-whiskered *pater familias* was devouring a savory steak, while the maternal Blessington was lolling with something like languid grace in a high-backed easy chair, sipping her chocolate and nibbling a fragrant slice of toast. The former ate with a hearty relish and seemed to enjoy his steak as men of fifty are apt to do. The latter seemed to be engrossed with troublesome thoughts, a knowledge of which she was anxious to inflict upon her husband, but for some reason best known to herself hesitated to. Several times she glanced at the portly Blessington with something of inquiry in her looks, but as her glances failed to elicit anything in the shape of an interrogative, she at last broke out with—"Hiram, I have something to say to you;" and the dainty crumb of toast poised on her fork was laid upon her plate again. Hiram Blessington wiped his mouth with his napkin in a leisurely way, and bent a patronizing eye upon his better half. There was martyrdom expressed in his glance, and one cannot for a moment doubt but what the meek and mild-flavored little woman sitting opposite has something to say to him oftener than is always agreeable.

"It's about Duke," began Mrs. Blessington, as if that fact were enough to answer the double purpose of apology for and introduction of her "say."

"I knew it was," replied the husband, stroking his silvery beard with one fat, well-kept hand.

"Duke," continued the little woman, playing with a diamond ring that encircled one white finger, "Duke is twenty-three years of age to-day, and isn't any nearer getting a wife than he was ten years ago."

"Duke should be congratulated," interrupted Mr. Blessington, with a smile of quiet humor.

"Please don't jest, Hiram," supplicated Mrs. Blessington, seriously. "I think it time Duke was getting married. Unless he gets married soon, he never will. Few men get married after they have passed the turning-stake of their twenties. Then they become so conceited and self-absorbed that nothing lower than an angel can satisfy them. Duke is fast becoming a woman hater. He laughs at them all and finds some flaw in their mental acquirements or personal appearance. If he would marry, it would be the best thing for him. He might then settle down and take hold of business. He would be anchored to something then."

"So he would," assented the husband, emphatically.

"As it is, I am afraid he is growing fast, and inclined to wildness. Now, what I was going to say is this: the Livingstones are going on a pleasure trip up the lakes, to be gone two or three months. They have chartered a steamer, gun-boat, yacht, or"—

"A mud-scow, wife, or perhaps a Cunarder."

"Well, it is doubtless one or the other of them, only a mud-scow sounds like a muddy boat."

"It may be, my dear, but it would possess the merit of novelty, and exceedingly rich people like the Livingstones are eccentric. They will do nothing the common herd of people do. What they do must be novel or nonentity. But go on," with a differential gesture of the hand.

"Well, we are among the select few who are invited to make the trip with them—you, Duke and I. Now Mrs. Livingstone has a rich niece who is to accompany them, a marriageable young lady of twenty; and I think it advisable to accept their invitation, and do all we can to make a match between Duke and that wealthy young lady."

"But Duke may not fall in love with her, or she with him. He may discover one of those flaws that clash with his aesthetic taste."

"Oh, I've thought of that; but he will be thrown so entirely in her society for such a long period of time, that it will be more favorable for us than it otherwise would."

"Still he may not like her. He certainly will not if he thinks it is a put up job on them. There is nothing under the sun a spirited young man resents quicker than to discover two or three motherly old ladies on his blind side trying to inveigle him into the matrimonial noose. He will resort to flight at the first offered opportunity. For my part, I say let him have his own way. He will find a mate some day without any one's help, and he certainly will not marry a girl if he thinks you are trying to compel him to. Wifey, dear, if I had done as my doting mamma had planned and devised, who do you think would be *you?* Not you, certainly. Bless your dear little heart, I married you because all of my aunts and uncles wanted me to marry some one else. And I never repented for an instant doing as my own heart dictated. Let Duke alone; when he comes across the right kind of a girl he'll be man enough to own up beaten, and take her for his wife just as I

did you. Rose," calling her affectionately by name, "are you sorry I rebelled against the wishes of my family?"

"Hiram — you" the low voiced trembled, and then stopped altogether.

"Then let Duke find a mate for himself. Finding a wife isn't a thing to be done in an instant; and it's a piece of business a young man needs no help about. A man that can not win a wife unaided is a poor excuse for a man, I think. Duke will come out all right. He has no very bad habits. Smoking is the worst; but all young men smoke now-a-days. He is lazy—and who under the broad canopy of heaven isn't chronically indisposed to work."

Just then a servant came in, and laid a letter by Mr. Blessington's plate.

"From Duke," he said, tearing it open and reading:

"DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,—I'm off for an all summer stay in the woods. I'm going as chum with Leigh Poindex, the young painter you have heard me tell so much about. I may be absent a month, perhaps two, perhaps three. Just we two are going to camp out up among the pine mountains, where we will not be troubled by women in any shape. O, how delightful! Mother, you must forgive me for running away in this shabby fashion, but I hadn't time to come home, and partings I have a particular aversion to. I borrowed one hundred dollars of Banker Amsden. Please remit him that amount at once. When I come home I'm going to get married before I sleep, just to make amends for this truanting. But it was such a tempting, irresistible thing that I could not tell Poindex 'nay.'

With much love and haste, Your affectionate son,

DUKE."

"O, how can I ever forgive him!" moaned Mrs. Blessington, after she had sufficiently recovered from the surprise. "It was cruel of him to run off in that way."

"But he says he will marry any one you wish when he comes back. So go to work and hunt up a juiceless, insipid old spinster for him to wed on his return, to pay the young reprobate for his rascality. Wife indeed! What could such a rattle-brained, fly-away, dare-devil do with a wife? I doubt if he has cut his wisdom teeth yet! And borrowed a hundred dollars and asks me to pay it—but I never will—*never!*" And Mr. Blessington, slightly wroth, went off to his office, smiled good-naturedly, and kept mumbling over to himself, "all right, all right," as he drew up a check of one hundred dollars in favor of B. V. Amsden, Banker at C——.

Mrs. Blessington went to her room and shed a handful of harmless yet sincere tears, it was such a disappointment to her, and she loved her headstrong, darling Duke so much.

And the truant Duke? Let us go to him.

CHAPTER III.

TWO FRIENDS.

We find Duke Blessington at the railroad station at C——. He is leaning against the station-house, his legs crossed, his arms folded

upon his breast, his jaunty summer hat drawn over his eyes to shield them from the noon-day sun, and a fragrant *Principi* in his mouth, waiting for the 12.30 up train, which he anticipates will bring Leigh Poindex. Duke is tall, broad-shouldered and powerfully built; and although he is of a heavy cast, there is, instead of that ungainly awkwardness which generally disfigures large men, a certain grace of carriage that is truly magnificent. In all his movements he is slow, and is continually poising his heavy length in attitudes of lazy rest. The thing that at once impressed a person seeing Duke for the first time, was his evident lack of muscular strength; and the next thing that impressed him was the swiftly dawning fact that there was the strength of a giant Hercules slumbering and lying dormant within him, only requiring a word to bring it into quivering and mighty life. He is not strikingly handsome, his features being too heavy; at first glance you term him good looking, and find him much better looking as you become more thoroughly acquainted with him. He has a quiet, gray eye, full of sober humor, a broad forehead, heavy eyebrows, soft brown hair and a drooping moustache. For further information regarding him a perusal of this story will be necessary, as the approaching train must bring my description to a sudden eclipse.

Duke walks down the platform and watches anxiously for his friend Leigh among the passengers who are crowding out of the coaches. The sober, anxious look is chased out of his face by a smile of recognition, as a small figure, enveloped in a capacious linen duster and surmounted by a broad-brimmed Panama, springs lightly down the coach steps, and walks swiftly with outstretched hands towards our young giant. This is Leigh Poindex, the young painter; and as we get our first glimpse at his face, we notice, as every one else does, that his smile is the most expressive and beautiful we ever saw. It illuminates his whole sensitive face, until it unconsciously reminds us of a sunrise. It is an eloquent, sunshiny smile; and we find that Leigh has won our love, while Duke has gained our friendship only, or, perhaps, our admiration. This smile of Leigh's is the one thing—the *only* thing we could truthfully say—remarkable about him; his blue eyes command attention at times, as being full of life and enthusiasm, but their beauty impresses one chiefly when his radiant smiles illuminate his face. Those who know Leigh best declare that his smile depends upon his eyes for its entrancing beauty; while others as stoutly argue that his eyes are very commonplace until his quiet face softens into a smile.

The two friends grasp hands heartily, warmly. No word escapes their lips, but they stand with joined hands, unconscious of place and surroundings, scanning each other from head to foot in search of the changes a year of separation may have wrought. How different from this would have been the meeting of two young ladies! Had these two been the wearers of crinoline, what a chattering show of frenzied friendship there would have been, as they threw themselves into each other's arms, crying, laughing and talking in all the ascending and descending scales of the feminine voice! But what a current of firm,

soulful, absorbing friendship flowed from one manly heart to the other through the medium of those silently clasped hands! The love of mother and child, or of husband and wife, is often described as being the greatest and purest love of the human heart; but these loves explain themselves by the very relations which give them a being; but who can fathom the depth, or by any hypotheses prove a comparison of the friendships that young men form for each other? Girls, among themselves, form friendships too, but generally these are of short and fitful duration. They do not content themselves with one friend, however. A young man seldom has but one *confidant* to whom he is all and all; from this one he withholds not the greatest secret of his life; to this one he shares the very secret of his inmost soul. A young man finds it impossible to confide in his father, and is necessarily walled away from the dearest being on earth to him, his mother. The one to whom he feels free to confide everything must be of a like sex; a woman lives in a world outside of his, and incomprehensible to him; to find one in exact unison with and sympathy for his life hopes and fears, he must choose a man. I believe there is no friendship so lasting, disinterested and admirable, as that formed by two young men.

Duke and Leigh first met at college, and were at once drawn together by the mighty magnetism of two souls in exact sympathy with each other. Their friendship can be accounted for on no other ground than that of opposites agreeing. The giant-like Duke at first took a fatherly interest in the silent, studious and inoffensive boy of the blue eye and blonde hair; then he began to wonder at, admire, and finally to regard with awe the finely-strung genius and marvelous book lore of his little friend. When they parted at the close of their collegiate course, it was as the greatest of friends. Since college, Duke had lead a dead sort of life, aimless and erratic; as for Leigh, he had been striving, as only desperately in earnest men can strive, to win laurels as a painter. He had studied Italian masters, and now was doing work that in our principal art galleries won him considerable praise.

"Duke, I'm so glad you are here to greet me," said Leigh, as they released each other's hands, in a voice that is frail, low and bell-like. "I was afraid I would be obliged to wait a day or two for you, and I'm dying for a *siesta* on the shores of Lake Lulu. But I'm delighted to see you looking so hearty; you're the personification of jolly good health!"

"Am I, Leigh?" Duke's words came deep from his broad chest like smothered roars. (What a vast piece of silent woods he could waken with his thunderous voice!) "Wish I could return the compliment," with a look of motherly disquietude at Leigh's wan face, "but candidly I can't. Don't you ever intend to let up on this eternal drudgery?"

"Sometime—yes" hesitatingly; and as a reproved child might have done, "but I cannot stop work now—that would be impossible, and would render almost useless my years of labor. You know, Duke, I have been working and studying a long while—"

"Like a slave!"

"Delightful slavery, then"—his face lit up with the sunrise of his smile—"for it is glorious to be in bondage to such a grand art as mine. Besides you, it is all I have to love in this world."

This sudden breaking away from the previous drift of his conversation, and allusion to his lot of loneliness—for Leigh was one of those born vagabonds, whose coming into the world was an act of deepest mystery—threw Duke into silence.

"O, dear Duke, forgive my marring our happiness by making such an unpleasant allusion. We are to give ourselves wholly and thoroughly to the pleasant task of enjoyment, and should not entertain a disagreeable thought at any hazard. And Lake Lulu is divine! We will get everything ready this afternoon, and hire a man to transport our 'portable property' for us, and I know where we can find two excellent saddle horses."

This kind of talk ignited Duke, and the impressionable fellow flamed up like tinder.

"A horse-back ride in the early morning! Wont that be gay!" and this thought was sufficient nourishment without the help of his *Principi*, and he cast the smoking remnant away.

"It will be very exhilarating, without a doubt," returned the less excitable Leigh. "But the ride during the heat of the day will be unpleasant enough, I assure you, Duke. But there is no joy without a tear, some poet says, and when we pitch our tents on the banks of Lake Lulu in the cool of to-morrow evening, all the preceding discomforts will seem like the myths of a past and long-gone life."

"Yes: don't you remember how Professor Reading used to drill us on 'Alexander's Feast?' One verse ended: 'Rich the treasure, sweet the pleasure, *sweet is pleasure after pain*;' and I often think of it. Pleasures that are the fruits of discomforts possess an exquisite flavor which others lack." Then after a pause, and breaking out rapturously, "But that was a grand letter you wrote me. I have heard the murmur of Lake Lulu's waves, and the cool sighing of the breezes among the pines ever since I read it."

CHAPTER IV.

"LIGHTLY TURNS TO THOUGHTS OF LOVE."

The air of that early summer morning was fresh, reviving and clear; and as they rode down a quiet country road, our friends were conscious of a fragrance of growing grasses in the atmosphere, mingled with a smell of earth that was delightfully new to them. From all the country round the chanticleers were waking the day to life. As they galloped past farm-houses, the cattle were raising their heavy forms from their steaming couches, and stretching themselves into wakefulness. The sun had not yet risen, but the sky in the East was flaunted with banners of crimson and gold, and the day-god would soon be smiling upon them.

"You see those peaks outlined against the Eastern sky?" asked Leigh, reining in his horse, and pointing with one hand; "well, those are Pine Mountains; and at the base of the tallest one nestles Lake Lulu."

Then merrily they galloped on, laughing, chatting, and racing horses, until their animal spirits had somewhat subsided, and their horses began to steam; then they settled down into a steady trot and quiet, confidential chat. Upon that beautiful morning, when their young blood leaped and coursed with all the vigor of exultant life in their veins, and the future lay bright and promising before them, what subjects would be more apt to engross the conversation of these two unmarried men than Love and Women? And that the reader may better get an insight into the character and experiences of these two young men (the story of whose loves it is the object of these chronicles to relate) the conversation shall be here reproduced, only such parts being omitted as the author thinks foreign to his story.

"I say, Leigh," began Duke, a puff of cigar-smoke breaking like a cloud of spray thro' his moustache, "you paint portraits, at times, do you not?".

"Certainly; that brings me my bread and butter. It is this that supports me while studying for something higher," explained Leigh.

"Of women mostly?" with a quizzical smile.

"Yes," quietly, and ignoring the smile.

"I suppose it is heart-trying work, this painting the portraits of 'lovely women.' An artist is in duty bound to fall madly in love with every pretty sitter, if novelists are to be depended upon."

"Still, I never do, Duke," in the same quiet tone, and pulling at his horse's mane; "and I have painted some very beautiful women—young women, too. There was one I painted in Venice, the daughter of an Italian nobleman, that was incomparably pretty."

"And you came thro' the trying ordeal with a whole heart? You must have enjoyed painting her."

"So I did—it was a profitable job. It would have bored me terribly if there had been no money in it."

"Well, Leigh, I respect you now as I never did before, I'm bound to confess. Although I pride myself upon being invulnerable against woman's charms, I honestly believe that I would have shown the white feather had I painted the portrait of that Italian beauty," and Duke's great hearty laugh gurgled out of his throat.

"But you, Duke," said Leigh, his smile radiating his face, "are you heart-whole yet? You used to be quite susceptible, you remember, falling in love with every face that was pretty."

"And some faces not pretty," laughed Duke. "In my pre-moustache days I used to think that ninety-nine girls in every hundred were angels 'ready-made for heaven;' now, since my moustache has grown, I doubt if any of them will ever reach that destination at all! I tell you, Leigh, a moustache makes a fellow very practical and sensible. I advise every young man to raise hair on his upper lip, before he lets an inhabitant of Crinoline capture him. Why, before mine grew I used to entertain a sentimental feeling towards the figures in dry-goods shops, upon which merchants displayed their shawls and cloaks. I always felt as tho' it was an act of rudeness to pass them without lifting my hat."

"Really, dear Duke," said Leigh, when the former ceased talking to commune a moment with his cigar, "you ought to express your gratitude for the service it has rendered you, by erecting a monument to its ever sacred memory; or write a book entitled *The Ethics of Loving*, and dedicate it to your moustache; or make it the subject of an epic of either a Byronic or Tennysonian cast."

"Nobly said," with a theatrical gesture and tone.

"But what ever became of Flora Nelson you were so infatuated with when we were at college? She was very pretty, amiable and well-connected."

"So she was. But her orthography was crippled. She used to send me perfumed invitations to visit her at her home in Girridge, always ending with that inevitable postscript, 'Be s-h-u-r-e and come.' I was afraid I was engrossing the attention she might otherwise bestow upon her spelling-book, so I broke off. Then I fell a victim to the seductive simpers of Eugenie Vaughn, and she was eternally talking about her old beaux, which wasn't pleasant to me, so I left her. The next was a daughter of a millionaire who had amassed a fortune in a dubious, mysterious manner. Instead of being of heaven heavenly, she was of earth earthy. I loved her passionately, but when she used George Eliot's name in the masculine form, I was shocked at her exceeding ignorance, and tore her image from my heart. And ''twas ever thus.' I fell in love only to have my dream shattered by some ridiculous flaw in the mental accomplishments of the object of my affections. I was beginning to entertain vague doubts as to the perfection of womankind, when I fell in love with Hortense Le Page, a cultured lady of foreign birth. I loved Hortense; and she loved only one thing in the world more than she did me, and that was a weak-eyed poodle. I didn't care to share Miss Le Page's affections with a detestable poodle, and I broke off there. I never could love a woman that could love a poodle! I used to think I should get married as soon as I reached maturity, but the possibility of my ever taking a wife is now obscured by a cloud. Women are not the divine creatures I supposed them. Now, if one could marry one's mother, how nice it would be; but as that is an impossibility, I do not think that I shall ever enter the matrimonial state." Duke paused, and returned to the delights of his *Principi*.

"Nor I," responded Leigh, seriously.

CHAPTER V.

THE MISSING CONFESSION.

"Papa! wake up, papa!"

Thena had just left her sleeping-room, and in passing down the hall had noticed that the door leading from her father's private apartment was ajar, a very unusual occurrence.

Miss Glisten's dress was *neglige* and airy. It consisted of a loose morning wrapper, drawn tightly about her slender waist by a heavy cord of blue and gold, and falling in graceful folds about her lithe length of limb, trailed behind. Her wonderful wealth of golden hair swept back from her snowy forehead, confined by a gold band and a

jaunty knot of blue at the back of her head, and then fell in a tangled wilderness of golden beauty to her waist. A snowy ruche encircled her slender throat, and as she came sailing down the hall

> "Her feet beneath her petticoat,
> Like little mice, stole in and out,
> As if they feared the light."

When a woman possesses a wealth of beautiful hair, a brilliant eye with a velvety iris, luxuriant flesh having the pink tint of sea-shells, a voice marvelously soft and clear, and a form all curves, and as full of perfect postures as the goddesses adorning old porcelain or the nymphs of Grecian statuary, she possesses the five qualities, any one of which often gives a woman a celebrity for beauty; but when combined, and other lesser charms added, give the lucky possessor a beauty which all people adore. A possessor of all these graces was Thena Glisten.

"Papa! wake up, papa!"

She thrust her golden head through the open door and turned an affectionate eye towards the bed on which lay her father. "He is sleeping yet," glided from her tinted lips softly, as she turned to beat a retreat. But the occupant of the bed moved. "Are you awake, papa?" Looking over her shoulder and one foot advanced, she looked not unlike a luxurious Circe.

"Yes, daughter," came a reply; "did you call?"

"Yes, papa, I saw your door ajar, and I just peeped in to wish you good morning and take your orders for breakfast."

She glided to the bedside and bent over her dear father with just such easy, cruel grace as the villain Douglas Welsch had done a few hours before. And, although their motives had been so widely different, we cannot suppress a shudder at the striking similarity. There is the same, wavy serpentine flow to her movements as characterized his; and yet, ere we can draw a comparison a second time, the similarity slips out of sight and escapes us, leaving us in doubt as to its ever having been there.

"You look tired and haggard, papa; did you sleep well?" she asked, gazing at his white face with great solicitude.

"Very soundly, I think, dear Thena; am I very haggard?" he asked, stroking his forehead as if to straighten out the kinks therein, and looking dazed and bewildered.

"You are, father; I fear the ventilation is bad, or else you are working too hard. What shall I order for your breakfast?" softly caressing his forehead with the soft, pinky palm of her right hand.

It is a very small and shapely hand, and as one eyes it admiringly in the performance of its kindly office, he is suddenly filled with surprise and wonder as he notices the form of a dove outlined upon the back, just below the pink knuckles. It is very faint, and a second look is necessary to convince one of its reality. It must have been done when she was very young, the blue dots have grown so far apart. India-ink had long ago been pricked into the delicate texture of the flesh, making an indelible stain. You have seen such work upon the

brawny arms of sailors; seeing it there, it does not fill you with a feeling of horror, as it does to see it so cruelly disfiguring this snowy hand. Why was it ever pricked into that tender flesh?

To Thena's solicitous question, her father answered: "Nothing, I guess," then noting her look of despair, "Yes, then let it be a cup of coffee and a slice of toast. That will do me until lunch."

Mr. Glisten closed his eyes wearily, and Thena who loved him, the only person in the wide world of her kin she had to love, cuddled her bright, contrasting face close to the old be-wrinkled one of her father. Then she kissed his cheek softly and started away.

"O, papa," she burst out, "how disorderly you are getting!"

"What's wrong, dear?"

"Rise up and look;" and she pointed one jewelled finger at the scattered documents on the floor about the safe, the work of Douglas Welsch.

Mr. Glisten stared and rubbed his corrugated brow. He seemed to be trying to remember something which kept eluding his grasp and falling far beyond his reach.

"I shall have to read you a lecture on neatness and order," she laughed, without noticing his bewilderment.

Mr. Glisten still stared at the open safe and the papers lying on the floor, and evidently did not hear Thena's remark, being busy following up a train of confused thoughts.

"Thena," with a sudden pallor overspreading his grave face, "was my door open when you came down the hall?"

"Yes, paper; why do you ask?" stooping to gather the packets and letters into a more orderly shape.

"It was closed — that is, I was thinking I closed it last night, but, of course, I did not. You mustn't handle my papers, dear. Tell Susan to scramble me an egg. Hurry! I wish to get up." Mr. Glisten's voice trembled with suppressed excitement, although by a superhuman effort he was trying to appear calm in the presence of his daughter. The door had no sooner closed upon her retreating figure, than he bounded from his bed, and was searching among the papers, with a face that was deathly white, and hands that shook as if with the palsy. Again and again he looked them over as if searching for some particular thing. Then he looked inside the safe; but nothing was there.

"The money's gone, the watch is gone, and the packet is gone. What rascal would take it, and what would he take it for? I would not have cared for the watch and money, had the villain only left the confession. But what use can he make of it?" Mr. Glisten bowed his head in deep study, until the disquieting thought came: "He might, if he had any enmity for me, place the secret in Thena's hands, and I would not have her know it before I die, for all the wealth of the Indies. To lose her love and respect would be to lose everything that I have to soothe and smooth the rough places out of my old age. When I am dead, she might know all, and bear me no ill-will. She could not hate me in my grave, but now —" he shuddered. Replac-

ing everything in the safe, he locked it saying: "The man *must* have had an object in taking the packet. The secret that has been alone mine, has gone out of my reach — and what moment may it not be communicated to Thena? Have it I must at any price. Perhaps I could reach the villain with a personal; at least there is no harm in trying."

Then, very nervous and agitated, he proceeded to prepare himself for going down to breakfast. Cold water liberally dashed into his ghastly face brought a ruddy glow into it; with his habitual smile of good-nature, and an outward appearance of being composed and at his ease, he went down to take breakfast with his daughter Thena. He was a good actor, and gave no evidence of the storm that was raging in his breast.

CHAPTER VI.

THE PERSONAL.

PERSONAL.—*To the gentleman who quietly visited No. — Fort St. last night between the hours of midnight and morning. I would like to negotiate with you for the return of a certain package you carried away with you. It is of no value to you. I will pay $100 for its return unopened.*—NEGOTIATOR.

Douglas Welsch read the above with considerable interest, in the retirement of his lodgings in one of the most secluded back streets of D——. Seclusion is congenial to the spiritual comforts of our sinister friend.

"By Jove!" he ejaculated under his breath, "that evidently means me. It means business, too, and I'm always ready for a trade, especially when I have the upper hand. And I think I hold the reins here. One hundred dollars if returned unopened. Oh, I won't open it. Oh, no!" And a villainous smile stole half frightened from the corners of his mouth, and then crept back again as if scared by the sinister gleam of his bead-like eyes. Welsch's smiles were always timid, short-lived affairs at their best. "Jove!" he chuckled, "I'd quite forgotten you," apostrophizing the yellow packet, as he disgorged it from a side pocket. "I've been asleep, and you must excuse my negligence."

Foxes go marauding of nights, and sleep when hens and all honest people are awake. And what in Douglas Welsch is not typical of serpents, is typical of foxes. "And you will be obliged to pass unnoticed for some time yet. I must have something to eat. With a full stomach I can do you justice, but Douglas Welsch isn't the most companionable fellow in the world when he is hungry. So bye-bye! I'll not open you. Oh, no, not I!"

Then he flung himself into a chair and began to undo a wallet full of bills. There was the name of MELVIN GLISTEN in black letters upon the outside of the wallet, and after emptying it of the bills and papers it contained, he threw it into the fire. With considerable apparent satisfaction he counted the bills, and stowed them in regular piles within the ample folds of a pocket-book that had no name printed upon it, not even his own; and another peculiarity of Douglas Welsch

is that he adorns hotel registers with a different name, every thirty days. This money counted he turned his attention to the document lying upon the table. "And here we are again, Mr. Confession. But I won't open you, Oh, no!" with a hateful leer. "I'd be a philosopher to give you up without knowing what's inside of you. '*My Confession, for my dear daughter Thena to read after my death.*' The old cove must have enjoyed writing that, by Jove! It must have been as full of pleasant suggestions, as buying one's tombstone with an epitaph on it. But my respected confessor, if this little package is worth one hundred to you, *why* — let me ask you WHY — is it not worth one thousand? Now I'm an excellent judge of the intrinsic value of such articles—it's my line, I might say. So I'll just steam it over this kettle snout in *this* way, and when it is saturated with this warm moisture as it soon will be, I'll take this thin knife blade and open it just in *this* way." Suiting his words to his actions, the envelope was now open, and the closely written paper was unfolded before his eyes.

Tipped back in his chair, his hat perched upon the rear of his head, and his cigar shortening itself in one corner of his mouth, Douglas proceeded to peruse Melvin Glisten's confession—the confession he had written for none to read but his daughter Thena, and that only when he was laid away to his eternal rest. To and fro, across and back, over the writing travelled the bright black eyes of the reader. Knowing as little of this story as you do now, reader, this manuscript would prove rather a dry dissertation to you; but known in the light of facts yet to be disclosed in their proper place, it would startle you in the revelations it made. Welsch read several pages and gave no sign of interest. It came without warning, and as the lightning comes.

"My God!" he cried, with starting eyes and bloodless face, as the revelation burst out of its obscurity point blank in one short sentence upon him. The paper fell from his powerless hold, and he sank down in a heap, limp and weak. For some time the amazed man dangled there in a bowed and broken heap, without any sign of life or volition. At last he raised his ashen face, and looked at the wrist of his right hand which he held before him. He tore at his sleeves and cuffs for a mad moment, until his wrist was bared to his gaze. It was a white, lady-like wrist, but see! The cause of his gazing at it so steadily is the faint, bluish mark circling it just below the joint. What is it? It is the figure of a rattlesnake twining about his wrist, made by pricking India-ink into the flesh, and like the dove on Thena Glisten's hand, it is faint and indistinct as if made when the man was an infant. The serpent's head is raised in the threatening attitude it assumes when about to strike. Although this serpent in India-ink had been there since his earliest recollection, for the first time it has wonderful meaning and significance to him. He looks at it fondly, and with a light in his eyes that has been a stranger to them for many years of dark sinning. Welsch feels the good within him stirring, as an unborn birdlet stirs with prophetic life within its shell. Shall it ever waken and assert itself, or shall it always be smothered by his predominating

wickedness? He turns the wrist about and studies it; it is more than a stained serpent to him now—it is the key to his life! It can unlock the mystery of his very being, and he looks at it kindly, and touches it softly with the forefinger of his left hand, while a timid smile peeps out of one mouth corner, but draws back again. "*One child*," he began, as if repeating something he had just read; while the smile crept out of his mouth and spread itself over his face, and rolled and tumbled for a whole holiday-minute like a smile out of prison—"*had a rattlesnake encircling its right wrist. This was the boy.*" The smile ran to either ear. "*The other child had a dove upon the back of the right hand, just below the knuckles. This was the girl.*" His wrist slowly fell from before his eyes, and his rioting smiles ran into the corners of his mouth and were imprisoned there. His head sank heavily upon his breast and he sat there motionless for a long time. The day died, and he never moved. The fire snapped out, and dark shadows huddled in the corners of the room like things of lawless intent, and the man had not stirred. Night came in, and was as silent, dark and inscrutable as himself. Finally he came back to life, picked up the confession by the feeble light of a match, and sealed it. Then he said, as if it was the result of a long and vigorous argument he had carried on within himself—

"Yes, I will take it back to him. And I shall see *her*—THENA." Over and over he repeated this name softly and tenderly: "Thena—Thena—Thena!"

CHAPTER VII.

A STRANGE INTERVIEW.

Thena and Mr. Glisten are taking tea in the cheerful dining-room. Silver plates and cut glass dishes of daintiest Venetian patterns sparkle right royally upon the modest little table at which father and daughter are sitting. Thena is radiantly beautiful in her rich evening dress, for her luxurious flesh is always enhanced by the bright light of a chandelier, and the soft changing irises of her eyes assume a dazzling brilliancy. They have pushed their chairs from the table and are chatting pleasantly concerning the season Thena is about to spend away from this home.

"I am to go as the especial guest of the Mays, occupy their tent, and consider myself one of their family, and all that. In such good care you cannot worry concerning my welfare, papa," said Thena, tinkling an ice in a fragile-stemmed goblet.

"Certainly not, child." Thena Glisten is past her twenties, but her father calls her child. "But where do the 'Bedouins' pitch their tents, this summer? Of course it is now decided."

"Yes—by the Sheiks; but we young people are kept in the dark concerning our camping-ground. Margery May thinks it is on a beach far up the lakes. But that is only a conjecture—everything is hid in delicious mystery. It is of very little consequence to us younger ones where we go, provided we get our necessary amount of pleasure. Besides, a real daughter of Ishmael is never curious as to the final des-

tination of her wandering tribe; and I try to be a typical Bedouin. O-o-o-h! Papa!"

With this cry of terror, Thena sprang to her feet; her wild eyes riveted upon an object behind her father. Mr. Glisten, greatly alarmed by the cry and the terrified appearance of his daughter, turned in his chair, and then with an ejaculation of surprise, rose to an upright position. The subject of so much surprise and terror was the ragged figure of a man who had silently entered the room by way of the hall, alone and unheard. Hanging in shreds about his haggard face was his long, disheveled hair, through which a pair of glittering eyes shone; his figure was bent and angular.

"What do you want, sir?" demanded Mr. Glisten, after his first shock had worn away.

"On business, sir, on business—business," the man kept repeating, advancing with ghostly quiet, his glittering eye-jets fastened upon the frightened Thena, his hat in one hand, and a strange, yellowish document in the other. Thena paled and retreated before his burning gaze.

"Business!" exclaimed Mr. Glisten, "you sly into a house in a very unbusiness-like manner, I should say. But what is your business with me, sir?"

"This," said the haggard, ragged creature, handing the yellowish document to him, without once removing his eyes from the shrinking Thena.

"Oh! said Mr. Glisten, snatching the packet as soon as he recognized it, and thrusting it quickly into an inside coat-pocket—"then you saw it after all? I was afraid you would not. Be seated, sir. Thena, I have something to say to this man which you would not care to hear. Ring the bell for Jack." Thena reached one superb, creamy arm to tap the bell, when the intruder, with one cat-like spring, had caught her by the wrist.

"Do not ring for him, madam," said the man in an uneven, guttural tone. Then turning toward Mr. Glisten, who was rising indignantly from his chair with a savage "How dare you sir," upon his lips the man said apologetically—"The delicate nature of my business with you, sir, will not admit of your summoning a man-servant. I came here expecting to be asked no questions, or to have my liberty in any way endangered. I expected your honor—"

"Enough, sir—I understand you. I am glad you appreciate honorable sentiment in others. But you could have had your wish without seizing my daughter by the wrist in that outrageous manner. Did you notice how pale she was when she left the room?"

"I–I–I'm sorry, sir, if I frightened her," returned the man dejectedly, with his eyes fastened upon the door through which Thena had just fled.

"You ought to be," uncompromisingly. "But what you want, I suppose, is your one hundred dollars." He drew the packet from his pocket, and looked at the sealing. "Of course you did not open it?" Mr. Glisten turned his cold gray eyes upon the wretch before him.

The gaunt angular creature straightened up defiantly.

"Of course I did open it!" he retorted.

"And read it?" asked Mr. Glisten, in a voice husky with rage.

"And read it!" defiantly.

"Do you suppose I will pay a hundred dollars for it, now that you have read it? It was the secret I wished to buy back, not the paper." Mr. Glisten was standing up facing the man, his lips white and his voice low but full of seething fury.

"So I suppose, sir; you have both."

The man had folded his arms across his breast, and his bushy head was thrown back disdainfully.

"Both? How can I have the secret back now that you know it? Will you swear never to disclose it to any living person?"

"No!"

"But how can you expect me to pay you the money?"

"I do not want the money."

"Then why"—after a moment's study—"did you bring the packet back?"

The man's head fell, his arm dropped from his breast, and his posture and air of defiance were gone. Mr. Glisten stood supporting himself with one arm on the back of a chair, the other kept stroking his silvery beard. When the man looked at him again, their eyes met. The cold gray was not a match for those powerful, piercing black jets. Mr. Glisten tried to turn his eyes away, but could not. He trembled and quivered like an aspen leaf. The fire died out of his gaze and a sleepy film obscured his vision. Perhaps he did not know it, but the weak, excitable man was being fascinated by the magnetism of those black eyes. There was the sound of footsteps in the hall, and Douglas Welsch took his eyes from the man he was fascinating. Mr. Glisten, freed at once from the villain's power, fell faint and powerless upon the floor. With stealthy quiet, Welsch slipped into the hall, and out of the house. He stopped on his way to his lodgings, and in a gloomy subterranean saloon tossed off a glass of dark liquor, with this low-muttered toast;—"May He that doeth all things strew Thena's path with roses—roses without thorns!"

It was a strange toast to fall from such lips; and as the glass went ringing down upon the counter, he added in the same sullen undertone, "I'll take the thorns!"

CHAPTER VIII.

DUKE GIVES WARNING.

Morning at Lake Lulu!

Like a stray fragment of broken mirror, this indented sheet of water lay environed among the green-tipped and dark-stemmed pine trees, and in its lucent depths they were reflected back; wreaths of filmy vapor steamed from the surface to float away, and hang and hover in the cultivated valleys below; among the lily-pads, which shone like polished metal in the sun-rays glancing down upon them athwart Pine mountains, dusky-plumaged wild-ducks floated and slept, with their heads pillowed beneath their burnished wings; here and

there earlier-rising cranes stalked with slow and stately stepping through the shallow water in quest of food, or flew on heavy silent wings of steely-blue from one inlet to another; now and then a pickerel flashed its glistening length in the sunlight as it made a marauding dash upon a shoal of sportive minnows; from far-away came the subdued and mournful notes of a mourning dove, while at sudden intervals the sharp warning cry of the crimson-crested tocsin-bird sounded from the depths of the pine forest.

Airily clothed in white blouse shirts, linen sailor-like pants held in place by tight waist-bands, easy shoes upon their feet, and broad brimmed Panamas upon their heads — *sans* collars, *sans* suspenders, *sans* all the torments of summer clothing, Duke and Leigh crossed the lake one morning in their frisky boat. Landing upon the opposite shore, they disappeared among the forests of pines and hemlocks, in vigilant search of the picturesque nooks and crannies dame Nature had deftly tucked away in sly places, to be ferreted out by the appreciative eye of Leigh Poindex, and transferred to the pages of his sketch book.

It was late in the afternoon when they returned to their boat, and paddled towards the opposite shore, where their tent rested like a white bird flapping its curtain-wings in the breeze. They were paddling along in the swiftly-silent way they supposed characteristic of the dusky men whom they imagined had glided to and fro over the same waters years before. With one impulse they paused, paddles upraised.

"What *was* that?" asked Duke, bending forward, still as a statue.

"A human laugh, if I know one when I hear it," said Leigh decidedly, and as if he expected to be convicted in the wrong.

"It sounded like one, surely," monotoned Duke, a pleasurable glow in his eyes. "Where *could* a woman come from, and with such a musical laugh, too?"

"I half believe you hope it is one, Duke," returned Leigh reproachfully, and looking back at the steersman. "Only a week at Lake Lulu, and you are a-hungering after your sweet-voiced affinities. Within another week, you will be offering your kingdom for a horse to carry you back to the land where women are as plenty and frivolous as the minnows swarming in the wake of this gondola."

"How facetious you are, Leigh! But, my dear fellow, I brought with me a fashion-plate to feast my eyes upon, in lieu of the real article. All flesh *is* weak, and mine is superlatively so. I stole a peep at the fashion-plate this morning, and I must confess, it did me as much good as a glass of Buchu and cream. But that laugh must have been an illusion."

Quietly smiling, the blonde-faced Leigh dipped his paddle. Both fell into a revery accountable, no doubt, to the laugh in *mirage*. Out of the inlet swept their boat.

"Keep quiet, Leigh, and look there," whispered Duke, suddenly touching his friend on the arm and pointing.

Standing in a blaze of the fading sunlight, upon the bank ahead were two young ladies, of a beauty almost Oriental in its vivid shades

and bright contrasts. They were looking dreamily over the lake, in one of those twining attitudes girl-friends ever delight in. The taller one — Thena Glisten — stood in a graceful poise, one arm at her side, the other resting caressingly upon the shoulder of her companion, who was much shorter in stature as she was much younger in years. This was Thena's friend, Margery May, a dark-eyed, red-cheeked little houri, whose prettiness, to the casual observer, consisted of a sparkling fresh manner, and vivid tints in flesh and dress. She was leaning confidingly upon Thena Glisten, her round arms circling the other's waist, her small head resting upon Thena's shoulder, looking upon the scene of enchantment before them.

They unconsciously made a very pretty, as well as effective tableau. Leigh watched them with the artist's instinctive love for everything beautiful; and Duke with the admiring eye of a young man who is keenly alive to anything new in the "lovely woman" line. When they were in turn noticed, they bent down their eyes and paddled swiftly along. Midway up the lake another surprising view burst upon them. Nearly opposite their own tenting-ground, a smooth strip of incurving beach, where that morning a long heron had stalked up and down the sole possessor, was now alive with men and women, and sprinkled with tents and pavilions. The tents were of fancy colors, with bright-dyed pennons and saucy streamers a-flying, and the pavilions were gay in scarlet awnings.

Duke and Leigh exchanged glances of amazement.

"Rome wasn't built in a day, but that city of tents has been," effervesced Duke. "What do you suppose it is — a band of nomadic gypsys, one of the lost tribes of Israel on its way home, or a circus? But, Leigh, how dismal you look!"

"Do I, Duke? Well, I feel so. You wouldn't let me work on my canvas, because you said I needed rest — and how can I ever paint Lake Lulu now that crown of noisy, red-tented vagrants have settled there, forever destroying its calm and peace?" The after-tone of Leigh's voice was that of a funeral-bell.

"Small gains accompany great losses. While they have spoiled your proposed painting, perhaps they have brought you other subjects — those two we just passed on the point, for instance. Wouldn't they make a charming picture as they stood? You could name it *The Serpent and the Dove.*"

"I don't understand." rejoined Leigh in mild surprise. "*Maidenhood* would be a more appropriate name. I saw nothing emblematic of the serpent, and not over-much of the dove. Please explain — you were too enigmatic."

"I may be unable to, Leigh. But it struck me that that dark-eyed little gypsy was the very personification of maiden simplicity, purity and trustful innocence; while the tall, sleeply blonde was — well, Leigh, there was a light in her eyes that I did not like, although I do not say that it was evil. She seemed more like a tamed lioness than a serpent. So you might christen the painting *The Lion and the Lamb.* People would see the aptness of the title, if you could only

catch the look I thought I saw in the eyes of that tawny-haired blonde, and put it on your canvas."

"I'm afraid I could not," said the mystified Leigh, "for I did not see it myself."

Poor Leigh! Let us hope he never may.

"She was much the handsomer of the two, I thought," he continued; "and I never see a lovely woman without thinking how she would look under my brush. My art is second to no other topic in my mind — ever with me."

Here the subject was dropped, and they fell to conjecturing as to whom the gaudy-tented Ismaelites might be, where from, and by what hook or crook they had succeeded in ferreting out the hidden loveliness of Lake Lulu.

"The sweet solemn solitude of Lake Lulu is forever gone," spoke Leigh plaintively, when they, having finished their supper, were lounging in the blaze of the camp-fire, and a burst of merry laughter had reached them from the opposite shore.

"But there is a sense of companionship in their merriment that is, I must acknowledge, not altogether disagreeable to me," said Duke. "They are probably a few city families escaped here to spend the hot dog-days; when they are once settled they will be as quiet as so many herons. They are come for rest and quiet, and will not deafen us with the noises they so abhor, you may rest assured; and I'm not sure, Leigh, but what your picture of Lake Lulu would gain much by the addition of those gay tents and pavilions — bits of bright color would show well among the predominating greens, dull blues and duller browns."

The artist shook his head in doubt, but said, "It may be so," in a gentle tone of acquiescence.

"But that blonde," began Duke—drawing forth a cigar, rolling it between finger and thumb and studying it with the eye of a connoisseur —"if we get acquainted with her, as we doubtless shall, I should advise you not to interest yourself too much in her. I, who have had more experience with the arts and ways of the gentler sex, would, as a brother, warn you of her. She is very lovely, and dangerous in proportion. Besides, her heart is in the market for the highest bidder—I could see that with half an eye," said the world-wise Duke.

"Thank you," came the artist's frail-toned reply. "Still I cannot help thinking you are doing her an injustice."

"I hope so."

Duke bit the end of his cigar, lit it, and fell to smoking and to musing. The pine knots snapped and crackled cheerily, and threw out pleasant gleams and fragrant odors as the friends lay silently dreaming in the door-way of their tent.

CHAPTER IX.

"A THORN IN THE FLESH."

Leigh was astir before Duke the following morning. A desire to cough had awakened him, and he left his bunk and went outside, that his coughing might not disturb the slumbering giant. Building a fire

in the camp stove, and starting breakfast, he threw himself upon a pile of cedar boughs, and pored over the sketches with which he had enriched his sketch-book the day previous. Tiring of this, he took a slip of paper and with his pencil drew the outlines of a female head; with true artistic cunning he made each swift stroke and curve bring into the fate life and expression, until Thena Glisten's mildly beautiful face responded to his touch.

"Very like Coriglio's Madonna—very like," whispered Leigh to himself, and then hearing Duke astir, he crumpled the paper in his hand and thrust it into the fire, while a guilty wave of color swept over his wan cheek. It was with a feeling that he would not care to have Duke know what he had been doing, that he strolled down to the lake to bathe his face. Duke joined him there.

"Our brother and sister nomads are not yet up," he said, after they had exchanged greetings, and looking across the lake to where the gayly-colored tents threw bright bits of color upon the landscape.

"No," returned Leigh, "they are waiting until the world is aired, no doubt. But methinks your toilet is somewhat more elaborate than usual."

"So it is, for I am going to be neighborly, Leigh. We will give them a call this forenoon, and do the honors of Lake Lulu. Besides, I've an errand. You see this finger"—and he held the one in question before the eyes of his friend, who saw that it was red and swollen. "Somewhere imbedded in that flesh is a sliver, which is a 'thorn in the flesh' in more senses than one. What man can extract a sliver without pain? I don't propose to suffer all the tortures of the Inquisition, by placing it under the surgical charge of Leigh Poindex, when there are plenty of gentle-fingered women just across the lake who can do it so much better than he."

"But just let me try; I will be very careful, and I know it must be painful," said Leigh, compassionately.

"But I don't want you to. Don't you see?"

"O, you strategist!"

Leigh's delicate face lit up with a smile, and Duke smothered a peal of giant laughter.

Their going into the enemy's camp was quite an event to our young friends, and they dressed themselves in clean linen suits, Duke lamenting that he had no razor with which to browse his chin and cheeks. They paddled over and were met by a couple of men, whose names were Wharne and May. Duke and Leigh introduced themselves, and were soon very well acquainted with the two elderly men. Duke wondered if Mr. May, who was tall and dark-haired, was not the father of the gypsyish young lady he had seen the day before. The sprightly little Wharne soon discovered that he and Hiram Blessington had been on very intimate terms, he having sold Duke's father a large tract of pine lands the year before. Leigh found that he had painted the portrait of a brother of Mr. May, and the portrait having been an excellent one, he and that gentleman were on good terms immediately. Mr. Wharne, after rumaging through his mental memoran-

dum book, and finding that he had the best end of the pine-land trade with Mr. Blessington, Senior, his Lilliputian heart warmed towards his victim's offspring very suddenly, and their acquaintance flourished.

"This is the twelfth annual encampment of the Bedouin Club, of which I and Mr. May here"—with a quick jerk of his small head towards that gentleman—"are the worthy Sheiks. Years ago I discovered this lake, when surveying out the pineries surrounding it, and I have always intended to bring the Bedouin Club here for a summer's camping. I named the lake Lone." Columbus, the discoverer of a world, sank into utter significance in Mr. Wharne's eyes, when the gratifying thought that he had discovered Lake Lone was before the public gaze.

"Yes, sir. I am the discoverer of Lake Lone"—with a commendatory slapping of his chest with one hand, just as an amiable little gorilla might have done. "I also own Lake Lone and the pineries surrounding it." Mr. Wharne paused, to give Duke and Leigh time in which to arrive at a realizing sense of his greatness, and then said, salubriously—"Welcome to Lake Lone."

Duke's acknowledgments were tardy, for he had crossed the lake for the purpose of welcoming, instead of being welcomed.

"Thank you, sir," smiled Duke. "Allow me to congratulate you upon your discovery, Mr. Wharne. I would rather be the discoverer of this lake than the Queen of Spain. You ought to die happy." Duke rattled on lest Mr. Wharne should remember that Isabella, Queen of Spain, was at that time throneless, and doubt the sincerity of his compliment. "You had ought, sir. But you are plucking a feather I had supposed safely fastened in the cap of Mr. Poindex. In his jonrneyings last summer he happened upon this lovely little sheet of water. He christened it Lake Lulu."

"I resign feather, honor and all to their legal possessor;" said Leigh, affably.

"Lake Lulu," repeated Mr. May, musingly. "Mr. Poindex surrenders up the feather and glory to the first discoverer, you see, Mr. Wharne, but don't insist on his throwing up his right to christen it. In my opinion, his is much the prettier name."

"Of course, I don't wish to be considered selfish, but I do not like his name, if Mr. Poindex will excuse my candor," with a deferential bow to Leigh. "Lew-lee, Lew-lee, what a name for a lake! That is not—not symbolical enough."

"Low-nee, Low-nee! Pray of what is that a symbol?"

This retort of Mr. May's caused Duke to roar with merriment, while a sunshiny ray or two glinted from Leigh's face.

"You may hear the waves lisping Lu-lu against the pebbles at any time, Mr. Wharne; if you take the pains to listen," said Duke, who knew that Leigh would never be happy to hear Lake Lulu called by any other name than the one he had given it.

"It is very musical," threw in Mr. May, "and I suggest that we submit the two names to the taste of the ladies. Let them decide."

"We will do so," acquiesced Mr. Wharne, and the four ap-

proached a pavilion beneath which were arm-chairs and camp-stools in profusion. The ladies were sumoned from their tents, and introduced to Duke and Leigh. Among the number our friends quickly single out Miss May and Miss Glisten as the two young ladies they had seen the day previous. When they were all comfortably seated, Mr. May arose and said: "Ladies, we have gathered you here in order to bestow upon you the right of franchise. Fifteen or twenty years ago our worthy Shiek discovered this lake, and christened it Lone. Only one year ago Mr. Poindex stumbled upon it, and he called it Lake Lulu. This morning the two discoverers have strangely met. It is natural that each should think his name the fittest, although Mr. Poindex has modestly given up his right of naming it, and we, in deference to the superior taste of the ladies in such things, have concluded to leave the matter for you to decide." Mr. May paused, and a little wave of excitement ran through the group of ladies.

"Lake Lulu!" rang a clear sweet voice above the rustle of dresses. "What a musical name! Mr. Wharne's Lone is such a woe begone, lonesome one, that I vote for Lake Lulu." It was brighteyed Margery May that spoke, and the rest chorused as one woman, "Lake Lulu."

Mr. Wharne accepted the inevitable with good grace, and told Leigh that he should change the name upon the map the moment he reached home. As Messrs. May and Wharne were the only male Bedouions in camp, not counting two or three boy waiters, it is not strange that the handsome Duke and the delicate-featured Leigh should be considered quite an acquisition by the ladies, and our young friends soon found themselves the center of attraction. Ever afterwards Leigh spoke of it as the time that tried men's souls, for it was a kind of homage to which he was not born. Duke, however, forgetting his unshaven chin, was in his element.

Mrs. May, a sweet-dispositioned woman of thirty-five, who relished the companionship of such genial sparkling natures as Duke's was listening attentively to his spirited account of a pickerel catching episode. The others were swarming about Leigh, whom they had before heard spoken of as a rising young painter of uncommon genius. Duke finished his story, and as his right hand rested palm upward on his knee, Mrs. May's bright eyes fell upon the red swollen finger containing the sliver, which Duke had entirely forgotten.

"O-h!" cried she, "how swollen and inflamed is your finger, Mr. Blessington," wrinkling her brow in deepest sympathy.

"It's a sliver, Mrs. May. It is festered and very painful. There are no women in our camp, and you know a clumsy-fingered man could never extract it." Duke nursed the suffering digit in the palm of his other hand.

"Margery!" called Mrs. May, and the pretty daughter came. "Run to our tent and bring a needle quick." The fawn-footed gypsy darted away, and soon returned.

"Mr. Blessington has a sliver in his finger which you must relieve him of. Your hand is steadier than mine."

Duke was glad this was so for it was beginning to dawn upon him that the daughter of two such amiable persons as Mr. and Mrs. May must be of different material than most girls. Duke displayed the tortured finger, and with a sympathetic "Oh, the dear, poor thing!" she fell upon her knees at his side and took the finger in her soft hand as she began probing the irritated flesh with the needle. Duke, who was looking down upon the dainty surgeon, noticed that a shade of pallor had driven the crimson from her round cheeks, and he knew the steady-nerved, brave girl at his side felt the hurt far more keenly than he did. There was a womanly courage in the action he had never witnessed in a girl before, and he admired it. Other young ladies gathered around, their fair brows corrugated with sympathetic wrinkles, and their tongues expressing horror at Margery's non-understood bravery. Their sensibilities were too refined to bear up under such a vulgar piece of surgery. A drop of blood would have swooned them. But this maiden in whom Duke saw the courage displayed which gave the world a Joan of Arc, worked steadily on conscious of nothing save the torture the festered flesh must feel. When a hot throb of pain caused his hand to tremble, in spite of himself, Margery May's whole body shuddered too. At last it was out, as Duke knew by the feeling of relief, and the girl's releasing of his hand.

"How can I ever thank you, Miss May?" as she stood up. "It was courageously and wonderfully done."

"Oh, it's nothing," she responded, with lips that were white and trembling. Duke saw that her strength was all gone. Now that the work was finished, she sank into a chair a moment to recover herself. Soon she arose and walked away, and Duke remembered with a feeling of vague regret that the demure girl had not once looked at him. Her sympathies had been enlisted in behalf of his suffering finger, and she had evidently not a thought or care for him. How strangely she interested him. Or was it only pique at her indifference, where he had expected homage? Duke smiled; but glancing aside, the smile came to an untimely end as he saw Leigh basking in the warm, fascinating light of Thena's Glisten's eye and smile. "Leigh is in danger," was his thought.

CHAPTER X.

"SIT YOU DOWN, AND LET ME WRING YOUR HEART."

Mr. Glisten was sitting alone in his office on Griswold St., with papers spread on his desk before him, to which he gave very little attention. The Bedouin Club had departed the previous day—Thena with them; and now that his daughter had gone from his side, worrisome misgivings haunted him unceasingly, as to the possibility of her becoming acquainted with the secret his Confession had divulged to another than himself. This mysterious, hideous thing that stole into his house in the dead of night, purloining the Confession, and then reentering the house, and coolly returning the document to him personally, defiantly declaring that he had read it, scorning remuneration, and declining to bind himself to secrecy—why might not this unfathomable-purposed being next go to Thena with it all? The very fact of

his bringing the Confession back and then refusing the money, evidenced an unnatural interest in it; coupling this with his defiant refusal to swear secresy, showed that he had some intention in regard to the future hinging on it. Had the man no personal desire or object in view, he would doubtless have accepted the reward of one hundred dollars, and promising a non-committal, gone his way. Neither was there any ground for hoping that he intended to use his nefariously-gained knowledge as a thing with which to bleed Mr. Glisten's exchequer occasionally, for had ultimate money-getting been his object, the sly villain would have hinted at the advisability of an instalment, then and there. That money was not his aim, Mr. Glisten was painfully certain, and no farther could Mr. Glisten go. Reaching this point, he always went floundering into the fog of uncertainty, with the unanswerable fog-horn cry of—"What *were* his reasons—what *were* they?" wringing itself from his thin lips in tones of agony. However improbable he might think it, that this thief should follow Thena to Lake Lulu for the express purpose of making her acquainted with facts that could not be of benefit to any one, only creating an unhappy feeling of unrest in her breast, and causing Mr. Glisten to live a sorrowing life ever after, yet he had become so unstrung with nervousness and anxiety, that doubts were certainties, and improbabilities dawning realities.

Sitting there in his office, he concluded to go in pursuit of Thena, and anticipate any intentions the thief might have of making disclosures to her, by telling her himself, and thus hazarding everything. Were the secrets in his Confession disclosed to her by another, he would then lose all opportunities of pleading for his child's forgiveness. In confession there was hope, in betrayal none. His crimes, coupled with cowardice, would be far more unpardonable.

"I will go to the hangman and confess, though I know the law will compel him to take my life. I will go to her and tell everything."

His ashen face fell upon the desk, and when he raised it, Douglas Welsch stood like a fashionably-dressed shadow at his side. Mr. Glisten was startled.

"Pardon my intrusion, sir. I came in very quietly, supposing you to be indulging yourself in the luxury of an after-dinner nap, and I did not wish to disturb you."

"I have not been asleep as I am aware of, but I did not hear you enter for all that. It was considerate in you. Take a seat, please,"—arranging his papers hastily, and with an uneasy feeling that the man had been standing at his side for a long while, writing down his troubled thoughts for future reference.

Douglas Welsch swung himself into a cushioned office-chair, laid his cane and silk hat on the floor at his side, and said, without looking at Mr. Glisten, "It is very warm to-day."

"Uncomfortably so, sir. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Unless I am mistaken there is." Welsch, who had been disengaging a card from a pack he had drawn from his vest pocket, here tossed it upon Mr. Glisten's desk.

Picking it up he found that his visitor was the agent of a large lumber dealing establishment in Buffalo.

"Messrs. Logg & Lumber detailed me to come to this city, and, if it were possible, to negotiate with one Fletcher Wharne for the purchase of a certain tract of pine of which he is the owner. The description is section —, town—, range—, county—. I have been to see Mr. Wharne, and I find him absent—gone rusticating, I believe. I telegraph this fact to my employers, and they sent back word that I should go to one Melvin Glisten, a part-owner of the pineries, and elicit what information I could from him concerning the probable disposal of this land. In furtherance of this order I have been directed here. Are you the gentleman of whom I am in search?" During this speech Welsch had kept his eyes fastened upon the golden head of his cane, which he had picked up and was twirling between the palms of his hands, for he had a guilty suspicion that the shrewd, gray eyes of Mr. Glisten would detect in his an undesirable familiarity and recognizance. However well he might disguise his personal appearance, he could never change his eyes more than a leopard his spots.

"I am Melvin Glisten, sir, and I have, as your employer intimates, an interest in the pine lands you describe, though not a controlling one."

"So I supposed. Do you think, Mr. Glisten, that your partner would dispose of this land at anything like reasonable figures?" Welsch's serpent-like eyes still gloated on the cane-head.

"I think he would. He is always ready to make a sale." Here speaker paused abruptly, as if recollecting a forgotten circumstance which altered the prospects somewhat. But he gave no verbal expression to it. He bent his head down in study. Suddenly he seemed to feel that a pair of piercing eyes were upon him—burning him through and through like the flame from a spirit-lamp, and it flashed upon him all at once, as if by instinct, that this man could read his thoughts with the mysterious skill of a clairvoyant; this was but an echoing of his supposition when he first became acquainted of Welsch's presence. It was as if at his birth his Creator had said to him, "I give you two languages; one with which to hold converse with your fellow-men, and the other with which to commune silently with yourself in the seclusion of your mind. The former is speech, the latter thought—the one is universally known and understood, the other is known and understood by no one but yourself," and here was a man who read his secret language like a printed page. In this strangely gifted man's presence he must think only what he said, for if he thought one thing and said another, he would be doubly informed by knowing both. Whether this Welsch had read his thoughts or not, his next question or remark would give him the clue.

"Are there any shares in these pineries owned by others than you? Are Mr. Wharne's claims and yours absolute and entire?"

Had Douglas Welsch stabbed Mr. Glisten with the blade concealed within his ivory cane, he could not have probed him deeper than he did with his words. Mr. Glisten's face was ashen, and he

thrust his hand-palms out towards Welsch, as if to repulse him from further attack. But Douglas was apparently unconscious of the effect of his question, lightly twirling his cane and watching its shining evolutions. Mr. Glisten noticed his abstraction, terribly conscious that it was but a ruse. Calming himself, he replied in a voice steady-gripped:

"There is another claimant, I believe."

"There is?" with a lift of the eyebrows.

"Yes; but the claim is worthless, and will never be put forward." Mr. Glisten's woids were hard, metallic, and he was calm, but with the calm of dead men.

"Why do you think so, and who is the claimant?"

The cane ceased twirling, and Welsch looked at Mr. Glisten, who, although he was gazing steadily away, was conscious of the fact.

"This claim was owned by a party named Hervey Dolling. We three owned the tract of pines,—Wharne three-quarters, and Dolling and I the other quarter between us."

"And what of this Dolling?"

"He is dead."

"No heirs?"

"One—an adopted child."

"Is this child dead?"

"I do not know."

"What reason then have you for supposing that this child will not some day put in his claim?"

Mr. Glisten turned his gray eyes upon Welsch, and retorted with revengeful fierceness,—

"Because he is a murderer—Hervey Dolling's murderer?"

Douglas Welsch, although he had expected a reply similar to this, and had braced himself to coolness, paled in the face of the heated retort. The words he had expected, but not the tone and air of revenge. To him they sounded not alone of revenge, but of the oncoming of long-feared accusation. His eyes glimmered with a dimming balefulness, as if he feared defeat; his lips drew close about his teeth in white lines. Might he not be playing with a man more cunning than he knew? Mr. Glisten, occupied with his own tumultuous feelings, passed Welsch's momentary agitation unheeded. Then Welsch went on:

"Would you be surprised did I tell you that this claimant had disposed of his interest to Messrs. Logg & Lumber? Such is the case."

"Lately?"—his lips forgetting to close in feverish suspension of interest.

"Quite lately. Within a fortnight."

"What reason did he give for selling?"—lips wider apart.

"None, I believe. O, yes, he had just discovered a relative; a mother, niece or sister, and he was desirous of going to see her. I am certain that it was a sister, now that I consider. I know I thought it quite strange at the time, for he said he had never seen her in his life."

One can never know the agony, the torture, the anguish one can

experience and still maintain a hold on life, until one has been put to the rack. Although his suffering at this moment was a thousand times more intense than it had been at any period of their conversation, Mr. Glisten did not betray the least agitation, his agony being so great that it seemed to deaden his senses, and the effect was a paralyzation of the will, a stupor of the powers of volition. Perhaps the reader, at some sad moment of his life, has been suddenly, in the routine of his daily life, interrupted by the intelligence of a dear friend's decease. "Dead:" he reiterates blankly—"dead?" Then goes about his business mechanically, numbed and stupefied, but giving no outward evidence of grief. A few minutes pass; then he recalls some word, look or action of the dead at their last meeting, and then he sees him lying lifeless before him. The transition from his friend's life to his friend's death is overwhelmning; the mourner's lips tremble, his eyes become suffused with tears, and his smothered sorrow arouses from its dazed lethargy, and comes welling to the surface in great throbs of sobbing. In such a stupor was Mr. Glisten. The effect was not dissimilar to the one experienced. Thinking of it afterwards, he wondered that he did not cry out with pain. He said, very quietly:

"I am going to find Mr. Wharne, and if you think it best, you may accompany me. I have no doubts but what you can effect a purchase of the pineries, and at reasonable figures. You must excuse my display of agitation during our conversation, and attribute it to the fact that Hervey Dolling, the gentleman whose property we have been talking about, was a great friend of mine before he was so brutally murdered by the boy he had befriended and loved with the idolatrous love of a real father. Hervey Dolling was a noble man, and nobly loved the few whom he did love. It was a most unnatural murder, with no extenuating cause for it, as Hervey fairly worshipped the lad, and would have parted company with his right hand rather than a hair of his head should be harmed. How he must have suffered when he felt Gustie's—that was the boy's name—little, killing hand, that he had fondled so much, strangling him beneath the water! If the water and choking had not accomplished their end, the poor fellow would have died of a broken heart, for of all the power of loving God had given this man—and it was no meager pittance—he had never lavished one drop of it upon a woman. As other men give their purest and sincerest affections to the woman of their choice, so gave Hervey Dolling all the treasures of his great heart to this ungrateful boy. Ah, 'how sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child.' I will tell you all about it—that most unnatural murder."

"For the love of heaven, stop!" cried Welsch.

Mr. Glisten could not know the exquisite torture his every word had inflicted on Douglas Welsch—each one an aspic bite, and as hurting as a cut from a rusty blade. The vehement way in which the man had cried out, only surprised him slightly, his usually fine-edged perceptions still dulled by his own smothering pain.

"I will not relate the circumstances," said Mr. Glisten. In his present state of mind, it would have relieved him to have repeated the

horrible story of Hervey Dolling's death in minute detail—an occurrence to which, until this day. he had never been known to allude.

"But here"—unlocking a low drawer of his desk with a key rusty from long years of disuse, and taking therefrom a framed picture that Welsch knew, by the way it came out, had lain face downwards—"is Hervey Dolling's picture." He stood the portrait where a favorable light fell upon it, remarking, "I put it away the day I heard of dear Hervey's death, and until this moment I have not looked upon it since. You may wonder at this, but I could never turn my thoughts upon him without suffering. I wished to forget there had ever been a Hervey Dolling in the world. Look upon him, sir, and tell me if you ever saw a face that invited one's love and trust as this; if it is not the face of a man whom to hate would be deemed an impossibility; if its expression is not nobleness in the highest degree."

Mr. Glisten's attitude and tone were eloquent with passion. His weak, emotional stature was erect, his gray head flung high, one foot advanced and both arms outstretched towards the picture, as if the loved one was expected to bound from the canvass into their appealing embrace. Welsch rested his slender form against the wall for support, as he gazed at the handsome face on the canvass, giving no evidence of excitement. His lips were whiter, narrower lines than ever, and one would not care to see them open lest his life blood should rush out.

"And yet that man," continued the speaker without waiting for a reply, his voice sinking into a tone low, hard and unrelenting, his pleading arms straightening fiercely at his sides with fists clinched, "was cruelly murdered by the one among all the world he most loved. This boy killed Dolling, believing him to be his own father. Now, sir,"—turning to Welsch whose eyes were still riveted upon the portrait,—"you say that Gustie Dolling told you that he had discovered a sister whom he had never yet seen, and that he intimated to you that he was on his way to make himself known to her. She is as pure as the snow, and his hands are stained with blood. Now sir, look you here,"—and Mr. Glisten's voice rose triumphantly and an exultant light leaped from his eyes,—"if that sister should learn from another source that he was the vilest of vile things, a murderer, how she would loathe him! How her abhorrence would writhe him! She could no more love him, than she could a writhing serpent cast up reeking and blistering from the caldron of Hades—she could no more take the felon to her bosom and call him 'brother,' than she could a hooded viper, with venom frothing from its fiery fangs, that had just crawled from a cradle where it had stung in its innocent sleep, a babe! She would scorn and despise him as only a woman can scorn and despise, and flee from his presence as though he were pollution, as if his breath were subtle pestilence. She could never look upon him without seeing his victim's white, bloodless face, staring with bulging eye-balls and protuding tongue at her from over his shoulder; never be conscious of having touched his person, without shuddering lest she should find herself stained with blood that on washing would never bleach out; never think upon him without a feeling of deepest aversion and repulsion—branded as he ever is with the brand of Cain."

The gates of an approximating heaven in Douglas Welsch's future clanged sullenly together, leaving him hopelessly without redemption in the mire of his deepening sin. Every sentence as it fell from Mr. Glisten's lips was a sliding bolt barring the closed gates against all chance of opening unto him forever. His lost soul reached out its mute hands in vain supplication toward the good, the true, and the beautiful which had shed their rays of promise down upon it from the golden height of a possible happiness. Oh, the torture and racking agony a wicked son of man must feel when he catches a transient glimpse of the purity, godliness, and higher virtues of life which might have been his, but which are not, nor ever can be. What a blighting, withering sense of his own degradation must be his! Lost! lost! forever lost! drips from his lips like drops of life blood crushed out by the fierce pressure of misery and remorse. Welsch's face was as white and rigid as marble, and there was that look of dying hope upon it that disfigures so terribly the face of a drowning man when he feels the cold waves closing over him for the last time.

Welsch had planned this visit for the sole purpose of inflicting pain upon Mr. Glisten, and it had all reacted upon himself. He has tasted of dead sea fruit, and it has turned to venomous ashes upon his lips. As the consciousness of his having lost all hopes of ever receiving Thena's love overwhelmed him like a flood of drowning waters, he turned upon the man who had robbed him of that love, and said in words that hissed as water dropping upon heated metal —

"And you would thrust Gustie back from trying to gain the affections of his sister; you would see him sinking, sinking in the mire of his iniquity, and forbid the only woman in the world who could influence him for the better, reaching out her hands to lift him up; you would make the redemption of a sinning soul impossible! Supposing he did murder the man whom he believed to be his father, you have no right to curse him, for you can never know the causes that led to the crime. The causes were not external ones, but inborn, silent and unseen. No, let not your damning maledictions fall on Gustie's head, but rather upon the man who with ruthless hand and unfeeling heart separated him from his baby sister; upon the conscienceless wretch who tore the two apart as though they were but the young of the brute creation! Do you suppose, sir, that Gustie would have ever been a felon, criminal, outlaw, had his young years been spent in the companionship of a sister; if he had been led up to purer, holier levels of life by a sister's elevating and ennobling love? Do not flatter yourself that his crime will be visited upon his own head. At God's Tribunal Bar of Justice, the long list of Gustie Dolling's crimes will be found against the man who forced him into his wickedness by stealing away his sister! May Gustie Dolling never draw a breath but what he expends it in heaping curses upon that man's head! Good day, sir; I will see you again to-morrow, and talk about our going in search of Mr. Wharne."

With this parting volley of musketry, Welsch bowed his slender form out, leaving Mr. Glisten pale and stupefied.

CHAPTER XI.
"SPOKEN IN JEST."

The day following Duke and Leigh's visit to the Bedouin Camp, the latter unearthed for the first time since their advent at Lake Lulu, his easel, canvas and sketching stool. Erecting his easel in front of the tent, he soon had his canvas upon its frame stretcher, ready for work. A sudden spirit of inspiration had seized him, and he fell to work sketching the lake, the pilloried pineries surrounding it, and the towering peak on which the sunlight ever fell with zeal. Duke was sprawled upon the ground smoking a cigar, watching the artist at his quiet labor and glancing often to the camp on the opposite shore. In his face there was a look of semi-earnest disapprobation.

"Now that the inspiration has seized you," he said to Leigh, "there will be no more companionship in you than there is in an Egyptian mummy. I may talk, but you will never hear or never answer. You will live on your enthusiasm, and I must subsist on faith and the few cold victuals I can manage to find. I've been dreading it ever since I came, for when these spells enshroud you with their mystic web, there is nothing for one to do but to lie down and suffer in silence, until you descend from the highest altitude of your rapt inspiration. I should certainly have died had not the Bedouins come to Lake Lulu. But you may wrap yourself in your chrysalis as long as you choose, and I'll go over to the enemy and stay there till it's over. When that happy time arrives, 'Whistle, and I'll come to you, my laddie.' Bye-bye!"

In fifteen minutes he was upon the opposite shore. Several little girls, whose lasting friendship he had gained the day previous, came trooping down to meet him. Duke, in a lazy way, liked children, and had a happy faculty, peculiar to some men, of finding his way into the sunny, song-bestrewn recesses of the child-heart. They clung about him, and clamorously demanded that he should join them in a game of "Snap, catch and kiss 'em," that was being carried on in the woods back of the tent. Nothing would please him better than a romp with these red-cheeked, dancing-eyed boys and girls, and they bore him away to their leafy retreat, a willing captive, a Gulliver among the Lilliputians. Here he found Margery May lending her support to the lagging game, and with the gay-winged thought that perhaps he might get a chance of imprinting a kiss upon her rosy cheeks or lips, he joined in the noisy play with avidity. Of course, all the little girls snapped their fingers at him, and all the boys snapped theirs at Margery. Capturing a little maid of eight or nine summers, he kissed her, then looked about for one to test her speed of foot against his.

"Will you catch me, Miss May? These little girls have all succeeded at it, but I doubt if you can." Snapping his fingers at her, he darted around the central group of children.

"Oh, yes, I can," tinkled Margery, "for great bodies move slowly, you know," and she started in sprightly pursuit.

What with Duke's increasing desire to kiss Miss May — and consequent awkwardness of movement, and Margery's swift dartings, she soon captured him by the arm, holding him fast.

The children danced with glee, and cried out, "Kiss him, Margery! Kiss her, Mr. Blessington! Kiss! Kiss! You must both kiss!"

"You see they expect it," said Duke, his eyes twinkling merrily.

"But we had better omit that part, Mr. Blessington," said Margery, with a bright smile and cheeks reddening.

"No! No! No! Kiss! Kiss! Kiss!" chorused the children, frantically.

Duke, doubting the sincerity of Margery's remark, and believing it a dainty piece of girlish coquetry, leaned over, saying,—

"It is disappointing everybody — myself not excepted. The game will end in ruin and hopeless wreck unless we do it."

"Please do not insist, Mr. Blessington," said Margery, in a tone quiet but unmistakably earnest, her cheeks flaming.

"I will not," replied the baffled giant, releasing her amidst a shower of disapproving cries from the children.

The bright bubble dancing on the brink of Duke's cup of life had vanished in thin air when he was about to taste it — and the sweet kiss he had dreamed of taking from Margery May's red lips, proved but a dream. Instead of being a silly girl, she had proven herself a modest little woman, with no desire to receive a familiarity from one who had so little right to ask it. Never had Duke been so rebuked and inwardly made ashamed of himself, but his feeling of humiliation was leavened with one of reverential admiration for the girl who had not too lightly held herself, to admit of her receiving a caress that would have lost her that sacred purity which no woman in justice to herself can afford to fling idly away. Every woman is graciously endowed with a certain charm — called at times, modesty, at others, chastity — which is as fragile as the golden film of a butterfly's wing, or the dew-like down that covers the cheek of a ripening peach; and as the careless touch of a school-boy's hand despoils the gossamer wing of its gold-dust covering, never to be renewed, and as the fairy-like cover an interfering twig or leaf steals irredeemably from the cheek of the fruit as it swings in the air, so does this fragile charm disappear from fair women under the touch of contempt-inspiring familiarity. Man admires the gaudy-winged butterfly sailing far from his reach in the azure above him, and only finds his admiration turning to disgust when the frail thing loses its lustre in the palm of his imprisoning hand.

Duke, in his more youthful days, had done a great deal of promiscuous loving, or at least what he had called loving. As a bee swings in a festooned flight from flower to flower, gathering sweets from their petals and honied chalices, so had he wandered from sweetheart to sweetheart, sipping the love that had been too lightly and readily given, and ever turning wearily away, with the sense of nausea a child feels towards the sugared food with which it has gorged itself. A woman lightly won is lightly valued by her winner.

Not one girl in a hundred of Margery May's age would have denied Duke the kiss, but quieting the disapproval of her better nature by the flimsy plea that it was part of the play, and therefore excusable and pardonable, would have permitted him to take it. However much

Duke's mouth may have watered for the kiss, he respected the girl who had so modestly denied it him. He had reached that conceited height from where he looked contemptuously down upon the weaker sex as fallen from their high estate, and was now turning his thoughts towards higher levels than the one on which he stood, whereon he hoped some time to see a woman standing waiting for his coming, a woman who was to be faultlessly perfect, a *beau ideal* — one who had never been stained by the touch of a lecherous hand — one who had freely held herself a queen regal and awe-inspiring — one who must be nobly, bravely wooed to be won — and who could stoop to raise the man she loved to her own level, but never lower herself to his. As Duke now turned his eyes upward to this imaginary plane, he, for the first time since that level had been known to him, saw a figure standing upon it in an attitude of waiting. Like a dim personage of a dream the form faded away, as a puff of pistol smoke melts into the atmosphere — only existing for an illusive moment; but the transformation, transient though it was, filled him with its gentle prophecy. The form in the vision was that of Margery May. He could never recall Margery's womanly denial of the kiss, without unconsciously thinking that thus must the girl comport herself who was to be his future wife. Does she despise me? Does she think me rude, boorish and ungentlemanly? he asked himself. No, came the reply; for Duke, being honorable himself, could the better interpret honorable motives in others. She had refused the kiss not in anger or in contempt, but as if she understood that by so doing she was earning his respect and her own. Duke liked her much better without the kiss than he would have with it, and he felt very glad that she had proved herself so undeniably a lady.

The game ended presently, and Miss Glisten made her appearance, artistically dressed, looking more dangerously beautiful than Duke had ever seen her before. Duke lifted his hat, and Margery dropped a laughing remark concerning her friend's lazy hour of rising. Thena glanced about her, gracefully turning her stately head from side to side.

"Where is your friend — Mr. Poindex?" she asked.

"I left him sketching the outlines of his prospective painting. He wished me to give you his kindest regards."

A scarcely perceptible shadow flitted across Thena's fair face, and Duke knew that she was disappointed; he felt a pang of fear and dread as the thought that she had dressed herself so beautifully that morning for the sole purpose of intoxicating Leigh, shot through his mind. That Thena Glisten would scruple at nothing, that she would stoop to every device in her long vocabulary of enticements, in order to win the artist's love, Duke was certain. He could not help hating her for the cruelty she premeditated, for when Leigh should offer the heart she had ensnared, she would decline it with no more feeling than he had seen her decline a morsel of food at the dinner-table on the previous day, because its savory smell was not quite what she had expected.

"Oh," sighed Margery, "how I wish I had genius — Raphael's genius — and could be a great painter!"

"What a vain and foolish wish that is, Miss May. Raphael is long since dead, and much good his genius would do you," said Duke, with a smile of quiet humor.

"I know he is," bubbled the girl. "Do you think I would be so selfish and cruelly covetous as to wish for the genius a person was still enjoying? I did not ask for Mr. Poindex's — I would not rob him of it for all the laurel wreaths of fame the world ever bestowed. No, I only wished for Raphael's genius because I supposed him to be through with it, though perhaps genius goes with its possessor into the next world, in which case I withdraw my wish."

"Mr. Poindex loves his art with his whole soul, does he not?" Miss Glisten asked, whipping her skirts impatiently with a cedar twig.

"Oh, yes! He loves nothing else; it is his life. Take it away from him, and I verily believe he would droop and die, as people languish on arid wastes. He will be a great painter ere long, with a world-wide reputation." Duke paused, smothered a sigh as he thought of Leigh's wan cheeks, dark-ringed eyes and harsh cough, and then added in a lower tone —"That is, if God spares his life."

"How sad," mourned Margery, "that one with such a brilliant future before him must die, while so many other purposeless worms — like you or I, Thena — should live on, accomplishing nothing! I think your friend's face" — turning to Duke —"is very bright and full of a self-supplying light. It struck me yesterday, when he was describing the beauties of Pine Peak, and his face was all aglow, that it might be caused by the lights of Heaven shining upon it through the gates which were swinging open to receive him."

"So near as that? O, no, not so near as that!" cried Duke.

A poignant pain shot through Duke's heart as he cried out, for Margery's words had been sadly suggestive and unexpected.

Thena shrugged her shoulders as if the conversation was of too sombre a cast to please her; then said, still pursuing the original vein of talk,—

"His most successful paintings have been scenery, if I am not mistaken."

"Yes," replied Duke, his giant voice softened by the vague apprehension to which Margery's words had given a terrible vitality; "although he paints portraits at times, and occasionally a child's face that happens to smile upon him in some of his rambles, and scraggly dog heads; still, he loves his art only when it goes hand-in-hand with out-of-door nature. He says he seems very near God when painting landscapes, for he considers nature and God one."

"What a lovable man he is!" said Margery, with fervid sincerity; "how noble, grand and god-like!" Then she continued, after a moment's musing that neither Thena nor Duke had been disposed to interrupt, "I think were I a painter I should paint children's faces, and idealize them until I had reached perfection; you know there is so much in a child's face that we do not notice, or if we notice, do not understand. What would you paint, Thena?"

Margery went up to her friend, clasped her dimpled hands about her arm, and looked up into Thena's face.

"What a question, child!"— taking the dreamy-eyed face between her hands and kissing the snowy forehead. "If I were a painter, I should paint things that would make people shudder, and cry, perhaps — things terrible, horrible, and expressive of physical pain or mental anguish. I would paint a mother eagle just sighting her nest; the young birds would open their hungry mouths for the food for which she had been in search but had not found; there should be a feathered arrow piercing her most vital part, and the crimson blood should be streaming out over her bronzed plumage, and into the starving mouths she would never again feed. In her great eyes there should be a look of despair, of pain, of agonized fear for the welfare of her young, that would be almost human. People would shudder, and they could never forget the dying look of the stricken mother, or the hungry mouths of her starving young."

Margery recoiled voluntarily at this vivid picture, and as if she were frightened at the light she had seen in her friend's eyes. Duke shuddered as if a chill wind had swept by him, and stepping nearer Margery he assumed a protective attitude, as if he half expected some unknown danger to be threatening her, from which he would shield her.

"Were you a painter, what subjects would you choose, Mr. Blessington?" she asked, turning to him, coyly.

"I should not go far. I think I would be satisfied to paint your face." Duke said this smilingly.

"O, deary me!" with a grotesque sigh; then adding with a coquettish poise of the head, "Then you would fall dead in love with me, a la works of fiction; and how romantic."

"It may not be necessary for me to be a painter in order to do that," responded Duke lightly.

Although he said it in jest, he could not suppress the sober feeling that his words were far from being untrue.

CHAPTER XII.

"MERRY AS A MARRIAGE BELL."

When Duke returned to his camp that night, he was surprised to find Leigh making such headway on his painting; the sketching was finished, and the artist was mixing his colors preparatory to beginning the real work. Duke stretched his Herculean frame upon the ground, propped his head with one arm, and whistling a lively air he had caught up from the latest opera, watched Leigh at his work.

"If I had a trumpet, I believe I would speak to that fellow," said he; "no ordinary tone of voice could ever reach him at the height to which his enthusiasm has lifted him. Fudge! Leigh, come down to things terrestial, and let us gossip a half-hour. Your not going over was quite a disappointment to Miss Glisten, and I was obliged to do no end of apologizing. None cared a snap for big me, but all lifted up their voices for you, and would not be satisfied. I tell you, Leigh,

genius is the taking thing among women. Now, I can't paint, but my dear fellow, you know I'm a poet every inch of me; and if you will just start that fact a going among the Bedouins in a whisper, I think they will consider me somewhat better than a nonentity, and pay me a portion of their reverence. Of course, you will be obliged to produce a sample of my muse, so here is one I've just finished, entitled, 'An Apostrophe to a Mosquito.' Listen to the prancing of my Pegasus!

When He who created all things,
Made you from the whittlings of small things,
Did not old Pluto take you and glue too,
And stick to your nose a bill, O,
And make you such a bad pill, O?
The Creator made your body and wings,
With a few other insignificant things,
Pluto your bill gave,
Reprobate old knave,
But O, who, in your narrow-zoned middle
Fixed the squeaking, unrosined fiddle.

That's a fine pony—Pegasus—when he doesn't kick or wander off into the fog. For instance, I tried this morning to write a fiery poem about a coquette

Whose studied skill
Could ever wound, but never kill—
Her every glance a poisoned lance
And every smile a Upas tree.

"I tried to get in something more about her leaving dead hopes to bleach in the sun like unburied battle bones, but it wouldn't rhyme, and Pegasus wandered out of reach in the fog."

"Said coquette is supposed to be Miss Glisten, no doubt?" said Leigh, turning on his stool, his brush hovering over his palette, and smiling.

"Not necessarily, although your 'Coriana fair, with flaming serpents in her hair' suggested it. By the way, Miss Glisten said that if she were a pigment-slinger, she would paint terrible things that would make tender-hearted women cry, and the cheeks of brave men turn pale; while Miss May would content herself with the humble work of reproducing smutty-faced urchins, dirt and all; only I believe she would idealize them, which is the sentimental of it, I suppose. I've often thought I should like to take a peep at life through the eyes of a girl, just to see how it would look, for I verily believe it is a totally different thing from the one we men are looking at."

"If you did, you would either be very sorry you were a man and had man's eyes, or very glad," said Leigh, fingering among the box of pencils and pigments at his side.

"I'll wager I would be glad, for a girl idealizes everything, making the future a fairyland, and is less liable to be content with the hard realities of life, as the days and years unroll themselves to her. We men see things in their real, unpoetical light, and are less disappointed at what the future brings us. Looking at life through a girl's eyes, would be looking at it through drops of pearly dew."

Duke rolled over on his back, gazing up among the dark masses

of pine tops above him, as if he expected a mystery to be revealed to him. Laying down his palette and brush, Leigh came and stretched himself at Duke's side, drawing a long, weary breath.

"Duke," he began after a silence, "do you believe in love at first sight?"

"'Who ever loved, who loved not at first sight?' No, I do not. You see, Leigh, when you fall in love with a woman at the first glimpse you get of her, you fall in love with something attractive in her outward appearance, something nameless either in voice or gesture, in hair or eye or flesh, which intoxicates your senses. The charm that bewitches you, being on the outside, does not go inside to stir your sincerest passions. It pleases the senses, and therefore must be more or less sensual. True love, that leaves us only when life dies out, is a deeper feeling. It is respect at first, only a spark, and must be fanned into an undying flame by the virtues and soul-beauties of the woman who inspires it. Constant companionship would engender a deep, hearty love towards any truly, inwardly noble and virtuous woman. The first kind of love I was speaking about, is shattered easily by a ray of after-knowledge. You have loved without knowing what, you dream over it, idealize it, and some day you awaken to find that the glitter that attracted you was only a filmy garment, covering clay; but when your love is inspired by the noble, generous actions and purposes that gleam through a woman's everyday-life like sunlight through a summer cloud, your love is such as will never weary and sicken by the dusty wayside of life."

Leigh said nothing, and instead of there being sunlight in his face, there was cloud.

"To-morrow evening we are invited to spend in the Bedouin camp," said Duke, changing the subject. "Mrs. May promises us an hour's genuine enjoyment—a dance on the greensward by moonlight! Only the moonlight will be artificial, but none the less enjoyable. It was very thoughtful in Mr. Wharne to bring a boy who can play the flute, and I shall immediately liberate the bee I was keeping for the purpose of dropping down his neck."

But Duke's vivacity failed to drive away the cloud that had settled on Leigh's wan face; and when the artist arose a few minutes later, gathered his painting paraphernalia and laid them away for the night, there was a sad look in his large mild eyes that made one wonder if his future was to be all clouds, and if the sunshine was not soon to leave his sensitive face forever.

Another night came down and enshrouded Pine Mountains and Lake Lulu in its calm and gloom. Another glad day came and slipped away in golden moments.

Duke's trunk had cast up from its heterogeneous depths a razor and a suit of clothes proper for evening dress, and Leigh's had served him just as kindly. When our two friends pushed off in their boat that evening, the Bedouin camp was twinkling with hundreds of swinging lights of many colors, and as the gayly-attired children danced to and fro like fays in a moonlit glen, it all seemed like an old time fairy

tale of enchantment. Across the awesome roar of the surrounding pines came the liquid tones of a flute in a golden thread of sweetest sound. Looking upon the scene and listening to the flute, one could almost imagine the Bedouin camp the home of a lonely band of mountain soldiers, and looking deep into the forest, expect every moment to see a file of mountaineers coming into view, led by a beautiful youth, whose "flying fingers" played the flute to which they kept a measured step. You could see them winding down the mountain aisles, their banners waving, their sabres and bayonets flashing in the moonlight — slow, stately, determined men, who were fighting not for their own glory and renown, but for the weal and honor of their country.

The boat runs ashore — and the dream ends.

Duke and Leigh were early, the children only having appeared from the dressing-tents. Several little boys dressed as pages in suits of crimson velvet trimmed with gold, their tasselled caps doffed, ushered the visitors into a pavilion filled with mild, soft light from paper-covered lamps above their heads. Fairy-like children, with dancing eyes and golden hair, flitted here and there like butterflies — laughing, singing, talking, each bringing a flowery offering to Leigh and Duke, until they were buried in bouquets and nosegays.

"Oh, Mr. Duke," tintinnabulated a roguish sprite, poising herself on one pink-slippered foot, "you just ought to taste the goodies Margery made for us this afternoon! Did you ever eat any sugar kisses?"

"Never, little Goldenhair. Did you save one for me?"

Without answering, the dainty miss flitted from the pavilion, and when Duke had quite forgotten her in his gossip with the other children, she returned and triumphantly spread before him a sheet of paper, upon which there were a dozen flakes of snowy sugar that looked like flecks of ocean foam.

"Those are Margery's sugar kisses — for you and Mr. Leigh. Here's a recipe for making them, and perhaps you can make them for yourselves when you are hungry. Margery sent her compliments — most forgot that!" and with a shake of her head and a tiny note of laughter she floated away in her surroundings of gauze, leaving the two young men to nibble the delicious flakes of sugary foam all by themselves. Soon the sheet was despoiled of its crisp bits of sweets, and Duke, producing a pencil, scribbled the following impromptu thereon:

TO MARGERY MAY.

(*Suggested by eating her sugar kisses, and reading her recipe for manufacturing them.*)

You tell us how they should be baked
With eggs and lemon-extract;
You say they must be stirred and shaked —
That sugar gives the sweet the eggs lack't.
But there are kisses sweeter far
Than any sugar kisses are —
(Just one, I crave you!) —
Though good they are, baked in a pan,
Still sweeter ones did Nature plan
When those red lips she gave you.

Leigh smiled when Duke read the effusion to him. Calling one of the pages, he sent the paper back to Margery with numerous thanks for the sweets she had given him. Scarcely had the boy disappeared, when Mr. May entered the tent. After passing compliments and shaking hands, Mr. May led the two towards the spot selected for the "tripping of the light fantastic toe." From different tents the ladies were swarming, and Duke had only time to whisper in Leigh's ear the words—"Time to dance is not to woo," before the beautifully dressed women were ready to greet them. Duke and Leigh saw their friends, Thena Glisten and Margery May, coming towards them, arm in arm, radiantly beautiful in the mellow golden haze of the colored lights swinging in the air above their heads. Never had Duke known Margery to appear so sparkling and bewitching, and Thena, robed with exquisite taste, looked worthy for the wooing of the gods.

A boy, dressed in a fanciful costume, took up his position on a knoll near by, put a flute to his lips, and began playing a waltz. Margery's every pulse was awake at the first limpid note.

"Where, O, where is the good Elijah that engaged me for the first dance? Mr. Wharne," she cried, as that gentleman came frisking into view, "I hold you to your engagement."

Mr. Wharne shook hands with Duke jerkily, and while he was doing as much for Leigh, Margery turned aside, and said under cover of Mr. Wharne's gossip—

"You are quite a poet, Mr. Blessington! That 'Just one, I crave you!' is a flash of the real poetic fire;" and as Mr. Wharne hurried her away to waltz—"I could not deny such a pathetic appeal, so here it is—catch it!" and she tossed Duke a kiss from the tips of her fingers.

Such a saucy piece of girlish coquetry was the very natural result of an overflowing spirit when everything was enlivening, and Duke was never so near in love with sweet Margery May as at that moment. Leigh could not waltz, and Duke led Miss Glisten upon the smooth plat of ground chosen for pleasures Terpsichorean.

Other couples joined in, and as the lights twinkled and the flute lisped its liquid music, many a dainty slippered foot glanced and gleamed like bits of flying light over the pine-needle carpeted plat, many a heart beat above its usual pace, many an eye assumed a brighter fire, as its owner whirled and swung through the "misty mazes of the dance."

"Oh," sighed Leigh, as Duke and Thena whirled by him, "if only the heart that now beats next to Duke's might some day beat only for me! Heaven could not bestow a greater boon." And then as a look of pain shot across his face—"But what right have I to love, or wish to be loved—I, whose light of life is fast going out, whose sands of life are nearly run?"

But Leigh, I fear, forgot that loving was not for him when he found himself dancing a schottische with Thena. Everything was swept away into oblivion and forgetfulness, and he only knew that he was happier than he had ever been before. Why could it not go on

forever and ever and ever unto all time and eternity, this sudden happiness? Why could he not whirl on and on with the only woman he had ever loved, forgetting all earthly cares and sorrows, being all in all to each other, floating through dreamy distances that ended never?

"I am tired," whispered Miss Glisten, and Leigh came back to the world he had been millions of miles above, to lead her to a quiet seat and cover her shoulders tenderly with a wrap. One by one the couples tired and glided from the ground until it was deserted. The flute notes ceased, and a far different sound jarred upon the sudden stillness. Every one listened and turned an inquiring eye towards the pine forests, as a couple of horsemen came slowly into view. Riding into the light they dismounted.

"O, papa, papa!" cried Thena, joyfully, springing from her chair, and running to kiss Mr. Glisten. As she flung her arms about her father's neck, the face of the other horseman darkened sullenly, and he looked down upon the favored man with an eye pregnant with jealous hate. Margery May, watching him, caught the baleful gleam of his piercing eyes, and drew nearer to Duke with that instinctive fear that sends a chicken flying for safety to its mother's wing, when the shadow of a hawk it has never seen flits over the greensward.

"This is my daughter Thena," said Mr. Glisten, releasing her from his embrace, "Mr. Welsch."

And the serpent in Eden smiled.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE SERPENT IN EDEN.

But I must not linger over the little happenings at Lake Lulu longer. The moonlight rides on the lake, the afternoon rambles beneath the cool pines, and the occasional fishing excursions of the early mornings that Duke and Leigh endulged in, accompanied by Margery and Thena, and of the sweet course that led smoothly and inevitably to loving—I must leave to the imagination of the reader. Duke found Margery more lovable with each succeeding day, and as for Leigh, he was already in love with Thena to a superlative degree.

Mr. Glisten had not made the confession to Thena, his courage always failing him when it came to the "sticking point." Douglas Welsch still lingered at Lake Lulu, trying to negotiate with Mr. Wharne for the purchase of the pine lands. Although Margery entertained a feeling of repulsion towards Welsch, her friend Thena found him quite interesting, his dark, haughty style of beauty being to her liking. One day they were sauntering along the rim of the lake, and in speaking of Welsch Margery said: "I don't see how you can be so drawn towards him. His eyes are like a serpent's, he moves like a snake, and he touched me once with his hand, and I shuddered as if in contact with a cold, clammy reptile. Anyway, I can't help thinking he has done something awful. But I am sure I hadn't ought to talk so about your father's friend."

"My father's friend!" with an ironical accent. "Father fairly hates him I do believe, and is looking eagerly forward to the day

when Mr. Wharne and he shall have come to an understanding about these pineries, that he may go his way. I'm a strange woman Margery, and I verily believe I could love a man who had committed a great crime better than one who had not. As you say, he may be very serpent-like, and the serpents have the power to charm. Wouldn't it be funny if he were magnetizing me!"

"A queer kind of funniness," said Margery, staring at her friend; presently she added, "Mr. Poindex is the most innocent of men, the antipodes of a criminal, and if what you just said be true, I don't see how you can love him."

Thena turned her large eyes upon the girl, who was frightened lest her friend should take offence at what she had said, and, with a perceptible tint in her olive cheeks, replied, "I love Mr. Poindex? You are jumping a long way to conclusions, but I do like him better than I have ever liked any other man. Excepting my darling papa, I love no man."

There was a hardness in Thena's tone that admonished Margery to keep silent. She made no answer, and the silence into which they at length fell was broken by a faint scream of fright from Margery, as a dark form flitted to her side, without warning, from the rear. It was Douglas Welsch.

Shortly afterwards Thena and Welsch were left to themselves, by the disappearance of Margery. That Welsch had overheard a part of their conversation there was no room for doubt when he said:—

"Do not think me guilty of an intentional rudeness so flagrant as eavesdropping, when I confess to having overheard the last remark you made to Miss May. I was so near and your voice is so clear, that deafness alone could have prevented my hearing what you said. Is it true then that you love no man save your father?"

"Mr. Welsch," said Thena, assuming an air of dignity, her mild eyes burning dangerously, "what I said was in confidence to my only lady friend; it was a confession I would most unwillingly have made to one outside of my own sex. I can pardon you for overhearing it, for that may have been unintentional, as I presume it was, but your broaching the subject is a familiarity so gross that I cannot overlook it."

This unexpected resentment and display of just pride was a cold bath to Welsch. He saw that in his haste he had been indiscreet, and began at once to retrace his steps out of the trouble.

"Pardon me, forgive the thoughtless insolence of my inquiry," said he with sincere repentance in his tone and look, "You do not know the reasons that prompted it; they are strange reasons, and you may never know them; but if you do, I am certain you will forgive my asking such a question. Before coming to Lake Lulu, I accidentally stumbled upon a great mystery; and I have no doubt that you will be surprised when I inform you that you are the central and most prominent character enveloped by this mystery. Do not be frightened, I pray you. I came here for the professed purpose of purchasing these pine lands, but really bent on unravelling this secret. How it interests you I cannot tell you now, but when I do you will awaken to the

fact that you know even less of your past life than you do of your future. And when you said you loved no man excepting your father, I could not help wondering if, ere long, you would not cease to love him too."

Welsch stopped, and the wondering woman looked at him as if she had again taken offense. But her awakened curiosity overbalanced every other feeling. For several moments she looked at him keenly as if in deep study.

"Did you ever see me before coming here?" she asked.

This question evidently startled him.

"Yes, once."

"Did I also see you?"

"I think you did."

"Mr. Welsch, you know I did." Her eyes pierced him through. He winced, and a chilly smile fluttered a moment about the corners of his mouth. "Will you take it simply as a compliment when I tell you that yours are very bright eyes? Well, they are, and one does not forget them readily. Ever since your arrival here I have been trying to remember where I had seen those eyes before, and my endeavors have been fruitless until this moment. You are the man who stole unushered into our house one night, interrupting papa and me with our tea. You frightened me terribly with your old clothes on. If you had not stared at me so then, perhaps I would not have recognized you in your more civilized dress. If I am not mistaken, the mystery was in some way connected with that visit."

"It was," said Welsch, evidently chagrinned at the shrewd discovery Miss Glisten had made.

"On the morning of the day on which you called," she continued, showing by her looks a quiet enjoyment of his evident embarrassment, I stepped into papa's room to take orders for breakfast. He was just waking from sound slumber. Now, papa is a very neat orderly man, and I was surprised to find his safe wide open, and the contents thereof scattered over the floor. When I called his attention to it he was greatly excited, though he tried not to show it. I am a woman, Mr. Welsch, and you know that we are said to arrive at conclusions by intuition. Although papa pretended that he had left his papers in that confused state, I knew he was deceiving me. The safe had been opened while he was asleep, and rifled of its contents. There is considerable romance in the personals of the dailies, romance and mystery. In the late morning papers that day, I read a personal signed 'Negotiator.' You read it. In the evening the robber came back, and brought the document papa so highly valued. Pine land speculating is a far more respectable calling than that of house-breaking, and admits of wearing better clothes. Doubtless it is not necessary for me to tell you how you stand in my opinion. It will save me from saying anything uncomplimentary if you can guess."

As Welsch stood cowering before this woman, whose scorn of him was as glorious as her knowledge of his deeds was wonderful, she went on after a moment's revery—

"That document, if I am not mistaken, disclosed the mystery you were speaking of?"

Welsch inclined his head.

"Then, of course, you read it. Papa in his personal offered the reward providing the document was returned *unopened.* You read it, but brought it back and took your reward. That was despicable beyond the power of words to tell. Never speak to me again, for I despise you—loathe you—abhor you."

She turned from the man with a gesture of repulsion. With a cry of pain, Welsch sprang forward.

"I was not as lost to all sense of honor as that. I did read the document, but I told Mr. Glisten so, and refused to take the reward. Surely you can think better of me for that?"

Again Thena turned and was listening to the man. Afterwards she wondered within herself why it was she parleyed so long with the vile creature whom she knew to be a house-breaker and an impostor—wondered why it was she felt a secret joy, when she learned that he had not been so utterly unprincipled as to accept money for a lie.

"Yes, I do think the better of you for that," she said, hesitating to go.

"God bless you for saying so. Some day you will be glad you said it." He caught her hand and bore it to his lips, and she did not draw it away or resent the familiarity. As he carried the warm pulsating palm from him, he held it firmly with the back up, gazing intently at it.

"Do you know why that dove was inked upon your hand?" he asked, removing his darting eyes from the purple dove to the averted face.

"No," she said, "father would never tell me. He only hinted that it was a freak of my mother's."

"He does not know why it was put there, or by whom. You would be thunderstruck if you knew the mystery of that dove worked in India ink on your hand. Did you never think it strange that it should be there?"

"It was always a matter of conjecture to me. But of late years I have ceased to wonder at it. I suppose my mother was crazy at times, and the dove was pricked into the skin of my hand to satisfy an insane whim of hers. Do you say that there is a mystery connected with it?"

"There is—as you shall sometime learn."

The two had been approaching the tents, and as Mr. Glisten came towards them, by mutual consent the engrossing subject was dropped.

That evening there was a social gathering in Mr. May's pavilion. Duke and Leigh were among the invited guests, as also were Mr. Wharne, Thena and her father. The younger people had been playing at whist, while the older ones had been talking over the political and social problems of the day. Mr. Glisten was sitting in a high-backed chair, his arms folded, and facing the door of the pavilion. One of the curtains was pinned back to admit a free circulation of air.

Douglas Welsch, who had been invited to this small gathering,

had pleaded indisposition, and had kept purposely away. Leaving his tent, he stood out upon the beach alone in the dark, gnawing at an unlighted cigar. A heavy dew was falling, and the Bedouins were all discreetly under cover of their several tents. Welsch could see the family groups gathered around the hanging lamps in their curtained homes, reading, talking or amusing themselves at euchre, whist or chess. From the pavilion in which the Mays were entertaining their guests, there came an occasional sound of subdued merriment. With his usual stealth Welsch glided toward this tent. In the dense blackness it shone luminously, and out of the curtain door there streamed a flood of light upon the ground. Towards the door Welsch moved cautiously; falling upon his hands and knees, he crawled nearly to the edge of the illuminated ground outside of the tent door. Mr. Glisten was facing the entrance, and Welsch attracted his attention by stirring the leaves on the lighted space of ground outside the tent. He tried to penetrate the blackness that lay beyond the narrow limit of light, and as he did so his eyes became riveted to the glittering, fascinating balls of fire that flashed like jets from the dense darkness. The powerful eyes that twice before had overmastered his will, again captured him in their mesmeric spell. Turn his glance away he could not, and soon he felt himself sinking into a soothing insensibility and unconsciousness. As birds droop and flutter weakly under the potent influence of a serpent's charm, so Mr. Glisten sank helpless in his chair, with eyes glazing and dead as they stared fixedly at those that blazed with a Plutonic fire from the black night outside. Again he was in the clutches of the mesmerist—with power to do only as his magnetizer willed, with power to give utterance only to the thoughts of the one who held his every faculty in abeyance.

At first no one noticed the stupor into which he had fallen. Presently his lips began to move, and unintelligible utterances escaped them. Everyone turned their startled gaze upon the man, who seemed to be staring vacantly into space. Over his face there was a deadly pallor. Thena sprang towards him with a cry of terror, but he raised one hand feebly and waived her back.

"There is nothing the matter with me, Thena. Keep your seat," he said, with slight incoherence, never once removing his eyes from the blazing magnets outside the tent door. Pale, alarmed and trembling, Thena fell back in her chair. A sudden and awesome silence stole over the gathering, and every eye was turned upon the man whose strange looks and actions filled them with an undefinable feeling of apprehension.

With an unsuccessful effort to arouse himself from his lethargy, the powerless man muttered a few incoherent words, and then said:

"I am going to make a confession before you all to-night—the confession which, in justice to my daughter Thena, I should have made long ere this." He strangled a moment, then essayed to proceed. His words came muffled and labored, like a drunken man's; and often during the long confession that followed, he stopped as if he had suddenly lost control of his organs of speech, always gaining the mastery

over them by a brief struggle, which was painful to observe. During these short facial contortions the group of awed spectators covered their eyes, while Thena could not restrain her tears.

There was a deathly quiet in the tent when he began the story of his past life, and repeated word for word the confession he had written for his "dear daughter Thena to read when he was dead"—word for word as Douglas Welsch had remembered it. As Welsch repeated the strange tale in his mind, the victim of his will repeated it aloud with his tongue.

CHAPTER XIV.

"I WILL A TALE UNFOLD."

"The confession I am about to make, Thena, is one I might have shirked had I so wished; but, however sinful I may have been during my life, I cannot go out of this world without first unburdening my mind and conscience. That I have done you a gross injustice by keeping from you the secret which I am about to reveal, I am painfully aware. But, oh! Thena you cannot hate me when you know it was my excessive love for you that kept my lips sealed. I had none other to love me in my old age, and to think of losing your affection made firmer my resolve to keep secret the story I am about to relate. But when I am dead, your love and pity for me will be greater than any resentment you can feel.

"Thirty years ago I stood on the deck of the *Milton D. Ward* as it lay at the Woodward Avenue dock in the city of Detroit, without home or kindred. I was the last of an aristocratic New York family that had prided itself on a royal lineage and honorable ancestry. Our family had been very wealthy, too, but when I stood on the deck of that Lake Superior steamer, the last of that once proud family, the few gold coins in my pockets were the only remnants of our family wealth.

"I had fled from the city where I had lived in affluence to retrieve my fallen fortunes in the west. I had heard wonderful stories of the reported richness of the Lake Superior silver and copper mines, and had decided to try the fickle and intoxicating chances of mining. I could not think of plodding toward wealth. I must reach it by rapid strides.

"Upon leaving New York I had disguised myself and taken the name of Harry Denglenning. On the passage up the lakes I became acquainted with the captain's daughter, Mercy Dackerel. She was a sweet, artless girl, and I insinuated myself into her easily-won affection with very little difficulty. I was bent on a harmless flirtation at first, but soon found myself in deeper water. The girl was passionately fond of me, as I had expected she would be; and, as I had *not* expected, I was passionately fond of her. At Sault St. Marie, while the vessel was in transit, we went ashore and were secretly married. She was a motherless girl, and her father was a rough, drinking lake captain, and I easily overcame her objections to a secret marriage, promising her that I would recognize her as my wife as soon as I was in

circumstances to support her. Placing implicit faith in my word. she remained on her father's vessel and I remained at Calumet, where I secured, by reason of an excellent education, a situation as mining engineer in one of the leading mines. I was shrewd and developed a business capacity that was surprising, and was in a few years a partner in the mine.

"Not wishing to be cumbered with a wife I kept this fact a secret from Mercy, who visited Calumet every month, the *Milton D. Ward* being engaged in the carrying trade between that place and Detroit. As God is my judge, I honestly intended to do the girl justice, some day, for I loved her as I had never loved any other woman. I was making money fast, and intended to make known my real name to Mercy, proclaim her as my wife, and again enter the New York society circles that I had so unceremoniously quitted. How it would please Mercy to know that her husband was of high birth and social standing, and owner of great wealth! I dreamed of the sensation she would make, for hers was that type of stylish beauty so much the rage then — the blonde; and I had seen few women finer looking than she. Mercy, for a reason I did not suspect, all at once became urgent in her appeals to let her come and live with me as my wife. I had concluded to acquiesce in her earnest entreaties, when something occurred which frustrated everything.

"Business had brought to Calumet, Hervey Dolling, the boon companion of my college days. The meeting was a joyful one; and after I had explained the cause of my *incognito*, and elicited from him a promise not to divulge my real name to my partners until a specified time, we spent many happy days together. Since leaving my old haunts I had seen no one belonging to New York society circles with whom I could gossip concerning old friends and old times. Hervey was anxious for me to return to New York, and as I had long been considered dead, my advent would be one of remarkable interest. He had a beautiful heiress and society belle selected for me to marry. And from that instant dates my cowardly downfall—dates the moment when I dreamed of deserting Mercy. That very evening the *Ward* was due, and instead of being at the wharf to meet my wife, as was my custom, I remained at my room merrily talking of the coming season's gaieties. While thus engaged there came a timid rap at the door, that sent the blood to my face in a guilty flood. I hastened towards the door, calming my agitated feelings as best I could, opened it, when in rushed Mercy, flinging her arms about my neck, and sobbing, 'Oh! Harry, I thought you were sick—perhaps dead!' I pushed her brutally away with a curse upon my lips. Then she became aware of Dolling's presence, and, forcing back her tears, shrunk towards the door as if to quit the room. To my dying day I shall be haunted by the look she gave me as she stood wavering in the door. In secret, she had undoubtedly feared betrayal, and now the terrible reality stared her in the face. As she realized the degradation of her position she looked at me as lost souls look out of the depths to which they have fallen, and her cry of suppressed agony was as hopeless as the shriek of

the damned. As I caught the tottering girl in my arms, Hervey left the room hastily, and left us alone. 'O, Harry,' moaned Mercy, 'it is not so much the blight on my own life that I care, but for the life of my babe!' This revelation filled me with love and pity for her, and catching the poor creature in my arms, I promised, upon my sacred honor, that I would publish our marriage immediately.

"I went with her to the boat, praying that moral courage would be given me to tell her that I had married her under an assumed name. Somehow, I could not do it, and put it off until the morrow. When I returned to my room I found Hervey there. Although he was a society man, I knew that he had never trifled with feminine affections, and that he was a man of fine moral sense. I knew that Mercy's condition, beauty of face and helplessness would arouse all his manly sympathies, and that unless I made a clean breast of everything and did the fair thing by the girl, my actions would receive his bitterest condemnation, and that I should forever forfeit his respect and friendship.

" 'Is she your wife?' he asked, almost angrily.

"Then I told him everything, and when I told him that I had married Mercy under my assumed name, he informed me my marriage was illegal. This was a wrong that I had not intended when I married Mercy, and how could I go to her and tell her that we were both innocent criminals? I could not, so I wrote her a note, begging her forgiveness, protesting my love for her, and telling her to go with her father to Detroit and remain there. As soon as I could straighten my business affairs I would join her there and have the marriage ceremony repeated that would make her the legal wife of Melvin Glisten.

"She went, and I followed. Hervey accompanied me to be present at the wedding. Reaching Detroit, I went aboard the *Ward*, where I found the captain in a partial state of inebriety. Sight of me aroused his anger, and, accusing me of betraying his daughter, drove me with curses from the boat, as he had Mercy a few days previous. Then, with a heart filled with remorse, I began a fruitless search for my outcast wife. The modest, hurt creature had hidden herself in some inaccessible spot where her pain and shame would not be visited upon my faithless head. She feared to be again pushed brutally away and cursed, as I had pushed and cursed her at my rooms at Calumet.

"All of this, Thena, I confess to you, believing I will rest easier in my grave. What now follows more immediately effects you. In June of the spring following, Hervey Dolling and I were teal shooting on St. Clair Flats, when, one afternoon, we picked up a basket of woven willow in which two babes, evidently twins, were soundly sleeping. They were two or three months old, were in a starving condition, and we took them to the lady where we were boarding along shore, and she nursed them back to life. They were sweet babes, and Hervey and I became strongly attached to them. It was Dolling who first conceived the idea of our adopting them. I chose the girl because I imagined it had eyes like Mercy, and named it Thena, that having been Mercy's middle name. Hervey named the boy Gustie. Had we been desirous, no doubt we could have discovered the parentage of

these twin waifs by the peculiar marks upon their hands. Indeed we believed these marks had been placed there so that these babes could be found and identified should the person who sent them adrift ever desire it. One child had a rattlesnake in India ink encircling its right wrist. This was the boy. The other child had a dove in India ink on the back of the right hand, just below the knuckles. This was the girl."

The serpent-like eyes outside the tent disappeared, and Mr. Glisten's head fell forward on his breast, his labored, muffled talking ceased, and he lay back in his chair exhausted and unconscious. Thena, upon whom all eyes were turned, went to him, pale and silent. Mr. Glisten was tenderly removed to a camp couch, where he fell into a sound slumber. Awed, and full of wonder, the company drew their wraps about them, and, one by one, bade their entertainers good night.

CHAPTER XV.

"MORE THAN KIND AND LESS THAN KIN."

We find Mr. Glisten and Thena alone in their tent the next morning. Thena has just brought Mr. Glisten a tray on which are a cup of steaming coffee and a slice of toast. The man looks careworn and aged, while his dress is that of an invalid. Thena watches him in silence as he eats the food he evidently has so little relish for. They both appear ill at ease, and there is something apparently harrassing their thoughts. Finally he turns from his toast, and asks, a show of anxiety in his voice,—

"What ailed me last night? I remember our gathering in the tent, that I looked out into the night and encountered two balls of fire that shone green and baleful as the eyes of a cat,—that I could not draw my eyes from them,—that a feeling of pain passed through me, followed by a drowsiness I could not overcome. Did I faint?"

"Oh, father, I do not know what it was!" said Thena, with agitation. "You fell into a stupor of some kind, and went to talking the strangest things. You told us a long, strange story, and called it a confession."

The man started from his chair, pale as a spectre. "What did I say?"

"Be calm, papa! 'Twas nothing but a dream. You told us about a girl named Mercy Dackerel, that you loved each other, and that you wronged her. It was all a bad dream, papa, caused by indigestion, as everyone believed."

"It must have been a queer dream," said Mr. Glisten, huskily; "And what else did I tell?"

Thena hesitated. Should she tell him all? Yes, she must—it might be true. And she told the tale.

At its close Thena went to his side, twined her arms lovingly about his neck, while the words were wrung from her. "Tell me, papa, was there ever a Mercy Dackerel? And am I one of those disowned waifs instead of your own daughter, as I have always believed? Am I fatherless, motherless?"

"I cannot deceive you longer," said the man with an agonized groan, "the confession was true, every word. There was a Mercy Dackerel, and it was my cruel treatment of her that drove her to flight. But I, her murderer, have paid dear penance for the crime, as these white locks will testify. And, my darling child, you are the waif I found on the Flats, and I am not your father as I wish I were. I have loved you so idolatrously, Thena, that it would break my heart if you turned from me now. When you were a babe I fancied I saw in you a resemblance to Mercy, and was attracted by that similarity. I have watched you growing into a beautiful woman, resembling more and more the girl I deceived, until I have sometimes believed you were Mercy's child and I your father, in truth."

"Oh, papa, papa!" There was reproach both in the words and in the flood of tears that followed. Never had he seen this beautiful, proud girl weeping before.

"You do not despise me, dear, do you?" His trembling arm encircled her golden head and there was childish pleading in his voice.

"I but love you the more if that be possible." Then, mastering her emotion, she asked in calmer tones, "and the boy, Gustie, my brother, what of him?"

"He was not like you, Thena, not like you; and I never believed you were of one mother, but Dolling did. He saw a resemblance that I could not trace, and he laid it to my prejudice, for I never liked Gustie and would not let him bring the boy to see you. We agreed that the children should grow up believing us to be their true fathers."

"But what became of him — is he dead?"

"Until recently" — Mr. Glisten hesitated, as if he disliked to make the admission — "I believed him to be. It would be better if he were, for, child, here at Lake Lulu he murdered the man who had been more than a father to him — Hervey Dolling!"

"My twin brother a murderer!" cried Thena, starting to her feet. "Let me think" — knitting her white brow — "where did I hear the story? Oh! I remember now. It was Mr. Wharne who told us. He said the boy's name was Gustie. And he my twin brother! O, papa, papa! If he was really my brother he could never have been so wicked if he had known he had a sister who loved him. You did wrong to separate us. And, perhaps, somewhere in this wide, wide world I have a mother, and how she would mourn if she knew her boy had taken a human life! I must find my brother, murderer though he be! I must find my mother for she is getting old!" Thena was pacing to and fro, excitedly.

Were his fears to be realized? Would she cleave unto her wicked brother, and leave him with none to love him in his old age? Must he, who had caused other innocent ones to suffer, pay the dread penalty? Was Mercy Denglenning to be revenged by this lovely woman whose lisped "papa" had been the sweetest music of his lonely life?

CHAPTER XVI.

THE ANGEL OF SHADOW.

Happenings of a similar nature never come singly in this world, and it it seemed as if the wild quietude of Lake Lulu was henceforth to be disturbed by perpetual storm. Welsch had brought the spirit of disruption with him. Mr. Glisten's confession that had, at first, been considered the figment of a disordered imagination, began to be looked upon in its true light. Cautious insinuations by Welsch,—who was supposed to be ignorant of it all,—was the cause of this. Those who had known, or ever seen Gustie Dolling, the murderer, imagined Thena Glisten resembled the lad as they remembered him, and those who always said she was the image of Mr. Glisten, now as stoutly affirmed that there was no resemblance whatever. They all pitied her and despised him.

The gaiety and merriment grew more and more subdued, and every one, with bated breath, was anxiously awaiting. For what they were waiting they knew not; but they instinctively felt that the end was not yet. It was the warning hush that presages a hurricane; but this was not a hurricane, but a shaft of lightning rather.

When an unknown danger fills the air, Love rests on his quiver of arrows, impotent and unnoticed; hence the affairs of the heart languished at Lake Lulu. Leigh caught only transient glimpses of the woman he loved, but worked steadily on his canvas, willing to wait; while Duke strolled and boated with Margery with less frequency than of yore, and these aimless wanderings were very solemn affairs, very unsatisfactory to Duke. By mutual agreement they were abandoned altogether, and Cupid turned from Lake Lulu's sunlight with weeping eyes, while a dark-visaged angel, with folded, sable pinions came and stood like a thing of evil in the shadow. Instead of the flitting of darts there was to be a thunderbolt.

An abortive attempt had been made by the ladies to renew the old time hilarity and joyousness. Accordingly a fete was placed in preparation. A wagon load of good things was brought from the nearest town; there was to be wine, and there were to be toasts, responses, and all that sort of thing. Unconsciously they were furnishing sunshine as a foil for the thunderbolt. Finally, everything was made ready. The hour for feasting came. It was a perfect summer day, and the sunshine from above dispelled the gloom from their hearts. There was the song of mating birds, there was sunlight; there was laughter and the romping of children!

Welsch was delivering a witty response, sparkling as the champagne in their glasses. He was continually interrupted by tiny bursts of applause and the freaksome clapping of hands.

Suddenly, and without warning, a number of horsemen rode out of the pines and placed themselves like guards upon all sides, save the one facing the lake. Everyone was greatly surprised, and those who were watching Welsch noticed that a shade of pallor overspread his face as he stopped speaking. One man dismounted, left his horse in the care of a companion, and strode in the direction of Welsch with

something in his hands that shone like steel. These proved to be handcuffs and a revolver.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the stranger, "I am sorry to disturb your merry-making, but this man must go with us as my prisoner," pointing at Douglas Welsch, about the corners of whose mouth a chilly smile flitted. Like a wild animal at bay the captured villain shot a furtive glance about him; upon all sides were ranged the horsemen save towards the lake. This was the only outlet and he measured the distance at a glance.

"I wouldn't attempt to escape?" warned the officer who had fathomed Welsch's intentions. The baffled outlaw heard the sharp click of a revolver, but what he had so often done before he could do again, and he knew that his chances for escape were better than they would ever be again. Accordingly he chose between the certainty of prison bars and the uncertainty of a hastily discharged bullet—and ran!

Crack! rang the officer's revolver. Welsch fell forward upon one knee, sprang up and bounded into Duke's boat that was beached near by. Under his powerful strokes the frail skiff shot over the water like an arrow. The horsemen, who had dashed in pursuit, fired their revolvers at him, and their bullets made rings of spray as they pattered harmlessly into the water.

Gaining the other shore Welsch jumped from the boat, waved a derisive farewell to his baffled pursuers and disappeared in the pine forests. Pursuit was useless, and the officer presently departed with his men, vowing that when he again encountered the sly villain he would shoot him on the spot without a word of warning.

This startling interruption broke up the entertainment, and, for the first time since the Bedouins had pitched their tasselled tents on the shores of Lake Lulu, there were heard murmurs of discontent. A desire to return to more civilized haunts was expressed. Entertain a faint wish, and it soon becomes an overwhelming desire.

Trunks and valises were packed that night by those who had resolved to leave the place that had no more charms for them. They would go the next day, and by another night the red-tented vagrants would he gone. Birds of passage could not take more sudden flight.

CHAPTER XVII.

A PAIR OF LUNATICS.

Duke and Leigh were obliged to make a circuit of the lake afoot, Welsch having taken their skiff. Duke tramped through the underbrush like an enraged lion, while Leigh followed, moodily silent.

"I feel like killing some one!" exclaimed Duke, stamping up to their tent, "and if I'm to have my choice of victims I'll take that Welsch! I am possessed of forty devils, I do believe, and it would be a celestial pleasure to shoot a man!"

"I feel rather like being shot!" replied Leigh. "There are times in a man's life when to die would be a pleasure, but no, he must wait for the 'dread summons' to come when his only desire is to live. Now I am in earnest, Duke. You feel like shooting a man, and I feel like

being shot. Let us be happy for once, and accomplish the supreme desires of our hearts,—you by shooting, I by falling!"

"I do believe you are in earnest," said Duke, with a booming laugh. "But the moment of murder has gone out of me. I feel like hugging a man, and I'm going to." He threw his arms about Leigh, bore him into the tent and tumbled him upon a bunk.

"Anyone to have heard us talking would have set us down for a pair of lunatics. After all, Leigh, what a queer animal man is! When I said I felt like committing a murder I was actually telling the truth!"

"And I was in earnest when I said I would like to be shot."

Duke left the tent and walked down to the lake for the purpose of drawing his skiff farther up on the beach.

"Erebus!" he ejaculated, staring into the boat with amazed eyes.

"Leigh!" he called, "come here!"

Pointing into the boat, he said:

"You remember how Leigh fell forward upon one knee when the officer fired at him? The bullet hit him, and just see the blood in the boat. The fellow couldn't long stand such a drain upon his vitality as that. See how it dripped as he walked up the path—almost a stream. Poor fellow! I feel compassion for him now. He will crawl away into the forest and bleed to death."

"Let us follow him," said Leigh, sadly. They trailed Welsch a short distance and found where he had seated himself upon a log and picked lint from his clothing, and with it stopped the bleeding of his wound. Then they were unable to follow him farther, and they returned to their tent.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"THE RULING PASSION STRONG IN DEATH."

Lake Lulu and its surrounding beauties lay quietly in the mellow mist of moonlight. Above the dark, sky-reaching shape of Pine Peak sailed, in majestic course, the fair voyageur of the midnight sky in a ring of hazy light. The Bedouin camp was there in the shadow of the mountain, but the lake gleaned like a great shield of silver in the moonlight, and the lone tent on the northern shore was white as a bank of snow. This wild and awe-inspiring landscape lay in a calm —a petrifaction of nature — not alone calm, but silent. Nature slumbered as well as man, and no noise was discernible save an occasional note of warning from a tocsin bird hidden in the forest's depths.

In the woods behind the lone tent, an obscure object crawled. It moved, hence it must have life, yet by its mode of moving its nature could not be told. At times it raised to such a height that it seemed to be a man — then it staggered, stumbled and crept laboriously on. It neither groaned, growled or barked, that by its voice its identity might be declared. One fact only was indisputable — the painfulness of its progress. One could tell by the way in which it crawled, crept and tumbled along that that unrecognizable shape was in an agony of pain, that it was crawling to a certain spot to die, that every movement was a pang, that the distorted thing was cruelly maimed. It gave no cry, suffering mutely.

Often it fell in a heap as if it were dead or had given up in despair; but it always started on its journey again with renewed vigor. Finally it reached the moonlit space by the lone tent, and paused as if it feared to leave the darkness in which it had been traveling. But it did not hesitate long, and soon the moonlight will reveal this being's nature to us. Something long reached into the milky light — a white hand and arm! The creature, then, is human. Then a face appeared that was turned up to the moonlight, white and rigid with stifled suffering. It was a face in which hope had died, but was full of a stern determination to accomplish a certain purpose. On he went, his weak limbs oft failing from excessive weakness and permitting him to fall helplessly upon the ground. It was a pitiful sight, so full of agony, and death so near! Past the the tent he labored down to the beach where he launched Duke's skiff after an age of pitiful heaving and pushing. With difficulty he climbed in. One bloodless hand dangled into the water outside and paddled the boat along. A breeze came out of the forest and spirited it in the direction of the Bedouin camp. A strange, miraculous thing, you say, but in a life-time you will know stranger, and miracles occur every day. I do not know what power sent that breeze, but I conjecture, God. Across the lake it sailed in a straight line, a silver-rimmed wake spreading to the shore behind. Soon the boat grated upon the sand, and the lifeless man essayed to climb over the edge, but his strength was too far gone. He could not raise himself, and for the first time a pent up groan escaped the lips so zealously guarding it. To be balked now, with his purpose unaccomplished, was unendurable. He raised up, leaned his weight against one edge; the skiff turned gently over and the man slid gently into the shallow water.

He lay there quietly until across the glassy surface, a vein of crimson ran; perhaps he knew that his wound was bleeding afresh, for he struggled out of the water and dragged his dripping form upon the beach. Again he lay down to rest while the water oozed from his saturated garments.

Then on he went past the tents nearest by until a certain one was reached. At the door of this one he lay down, giving a long-drawn sigh of satisfaction. He had reached his destination; to this particular spot he had journeyed to die, and he sank sweetly to sleep — his white lips shaping themselves about the oft repeated name of Thena, never to wake again. There he was content to die, just outside of Thena's door, with one outstretched hand pushed beneath the curtain.

CHAPTER XIX.

"MY BROTHER, GUSTIE!"

"And this is my last morning at Lake Lulu," said Thena, from her fairy-like couch, when she awoke the next morning. "How I wish I had never come to this hateful place — this burial ground of my happiness! If I could only fly away from these people who know that I am not Melvin Glisten's daughter! True, they pity me — *one* to be pitied! O, how pitiable! Now," after a long pause, "if Mr. Poindex proposes, I shall accept him, providing he will take me to Europe and

never bring me back to America. It will be nice to be the wife of a famous man — a genius idolized by the art-loving world. What will it then matter that there was a flaw in the mode of my coming into the world."

She raised her head upon one beautifully moulded arm, and, as her hair fell in a golden wealth over her dimpled shoulders she reminded one of a siren lifting herself from a sea of gold.

Her mild blue eyes all at once began to stare at something, and, following their direction, we see that they are riveted upon a hand thrust beneath the curtain. The hand is bloodless, and the torn sleeve is drawn far up the arm, displaying clearly the purple outlines of a serpent in India ink that encircles the wrist.

"My brother, Gustie! My brother, Gustie!" she cried. Gliding from her couch, and seizing the hand she pressed it again and again to her lips. Tears of joy and sorrow coursed down her cheeks.

Presently she lifted the curtain to steal a glance at the twin brother of her life and soul. Cowering back with a piteous cry when she met the death-white face of Douglas Welsch staring glassily at her.

For a moment the discovery paralyzed her powers of volition. She gazed fixedly at the corpse of her dead brother, and recalled, in a flash, their previous meetings. She remembered how he had stared at her the night when he had returned the stolen Confession that had made him acquainted with his relationship to her, recalling also his mysterious words on the beach, together with her cruel scorn of him.

This was her brother—and he a murderer.

"Poor boy!" cried, in compassion, her forgiving soul, "he has never known the love of mother or of sister. Either's influence might have turned his feet into better paths."

If Welsch's spirit from behind its prison bars in perdition could see this regal woman, whom he had secretly loved, weeping over his casket of clay, and twining her shapely arms about his repulsiveness would not his hell be henceforth a heaven? For this he had taken his journey of suffering to her door.

CHAPTER XX.

WHICH IS THE LAST.

At a little past mid-day the Bedouins left their summer camping ground in a solemn procession, headed by four men carrying the remains of Douglas Welsch on a litter. They rode in conveyances procured for the transportation of their goods.

Of their journey to the nearest town, of the quiet burial of the dead man in a country church-yard, I cannot speak at greater length. At C—— Duke and Leigh bade their friends adieu, and, resting over night at a hotel, returned to Lake Lulu on horse-back the next morning. They started early, as they had done on that happy day gone by, and, in conversation, marked the changes that had been wrought in the interval.

Duke was absently smoking a cigar, and Leigh was whipping his boot-leg, a radiant smile illuminating his face. "Dear Duke, congratulate me; I am the happiest fellow in the world!"

Duke turned in his saddle and stared at the artist, who was blushing boyishly.

"Leigh, I do congratulate you with all my heart. And how did you bring matters to a focus so expeditiously?" Then adding, in an aside, "These inexperienced ones do hurry affairs when they once get started."

"I was bidding her goodbye; she sighed, a tear glistened in either great blue eye, then there was a quiver in her voice as she said she would feel all alone in the world after our parting. She might be lonely a short time, I replied, but I should be miserable forever. 'O, Mr. Poindex,' said she, 'you have been so very good to me, so kind, so different from all others.' And then I asked her if I might not always have the blessed privilege of being good, and kind and different from all others. Then there was something more that I cannot relate, it seems so unreal. Only I know it is settled between us, and I am very happy."

"Well, Leigh, I must confess you were born under a lucky star. You have accomplished the two most difficult things for a man to accomplish in this life—you have won fame and the woman of your choice."

"And you?" smiled Leigh.

"Have won neither," with a bitter laugh. "You remember how I warned you of Miss Glisten? Well, the boot should have been on the other foot — you should have warned me of Margery May."

"You do not mean to insinuate that your love-making with her has ended unhappily?"

"Unhappily for me, Leigh! It was in that old sepulchre of a graveyard, among the ancestral bones, that she did it. She wanted to know what my ideal woman was; and I painted a perfect one for her, ending with, 'To be blessed with the love of such a woman would be the greatest boon God could bestow upon a man. What a noble man I could be, and what a grand life I could live if my ideal loved me as I love her!' 'O, Mr. Blessington! then you have met your ideal, and are really in love with her! May I know who she is?' she archly asked me. 'Yes!' said I, 'it is *you*!' Then that enchanting little Peri, not the least bit flurried, said very gravely, 'I desire you to look upon me as your friend, Mr. Blessington!' Was ever another girl so icily cruel? She who had shed tears in sympathy for my sliver-stung finger!"

"Do not be discouraged, Duke. There is yet hope. I am sure sweet Margery May has a decided preference for you, and she is worth waiting and working for. Besides, you chose an unauspicious moment for broaching such a subject. Just think! in a churchyard and at a funeral!"

Duke threw back his head and laughed. "You have been an apt pupil, Leigh," he said, merrily, "you have stolen my art from me! Truly, Cupid doesn't seek victims in catacombs, or shoot his barbed darts in the solemn shades of cemeteries. How idiotic of me, anyhow!"

Then after a short study he continued.

"I verily believe, Leigh, that you and Margery, whom I have judged as innocents, are the deepest diplomatists. You have won Thena by a necromancy of love-making I wot not of; and I am conceited enough to believe that Margery May sees how she has entangled me in the meshes of her long, brown hair. She knows how abundant is my conceit, and is determined to humble my spirit before making her surrender; for surely I cannot have been so deceived as to think she had not, by looks and actions, given me hope. Hers is a heart too kind to dream of hurting me. Yes, Leigh, I am determined to win that girl yet."

"And you will not fail, Duke," said Leigh.

And now, dear reader, you and I must part from Duke Blessington and Leigh Poindex. We will watch them as they ascend yonder hill, chatting and laughing as we have always known them to do. They pause upon the hill-top and water their horses at a wayside spring; we note each movement of their steeds, we see them paw at biting flies and lift their dripping mouths from the cool water. We see Duke dismount and hand Leigh a cup of water. How I wish we could hear the remark Duke made that caused Leigh to remove the cup from his mouth to make a laughing reply! But their jests are no more for us. We see Duke swing airily into his saddle, and over the brow of the hill they gallop in the morning sunshine, lost to our view forever. Let us follow them with our blessings and God-speeds, now that we cannot follow them longer with our eyes. Whatever the future holds in store for them, let us, one and all, hope that it will be happiness!

JOSEPH DANA MILLER.

Mr. J. D. Miller entered amateur journalism in 1877, his first poems being published in that year. At one time he published the *Argosy*. In 1881–2 he was associate editor on the *Independent Times*, and later one of the editors of *Union Lance*. But his chief work was as an author. He was an unsuccessful candidate for the presidency of the National Association in 1882, and in 1884 was elected official editor. He was awarded the title of poet laureate in 1881. As a poet Mr. Miller was very prolific, and, as is usually the case with such writers, wrote much that was not of great value. Still, in most of his later poems there was at least a portion that was worthy of regard. Mr. Miller was undoubtedly a true poet. The construction of his verses was not always perfect, there was sometimes an unevenness of rhythm and a crudeness of rhyme, and his meter sometimes was deficient. Most of his poems, however, read smoothly. His work was very uneven in quality, and perhaps there is no one of his poems but which has at least one weak line. He could not be depended upon to sustain himself even in a short flight. And his entire

method of mental working seemed to be fragmentary. He could not carry through an idea to its logical conclusion. He lacked continuity. His mind was not trained down to sequence. He was brilliant, but his brilliancy shone rather as the lightning flash than as the sun. No other author ever wrote, either comparatively or absolutely, such an amount of "Leaves from My Note Book," "Marginalia," "Fragments," "Gnomic Verses," "Lines," "Quatrains" and "Jottings," as Mr. Miller. Some of these indeed were afterwards taken up and worked into something more pretentious, but most of them lay as they fell, thrown up by the intermittent eruptions of his volcanic brain. For this reason he was not at his best in his lengthy poems, though they invariably contained strong lines, and perhaps stanzas. His language was plain and simple, and he used but few uncommon or lengthy words. His work was not as a rule highly figurative, though at times he made use of such a beautiful expression as the following from "Beyond the Portal," *Messenger*, Vol. II, No. 1:

Her hair was caught
In fashion light as her own thought,
Around her head.

Or this, from "Grant," in *Youth*, August, 1885:

Ulysses is dead! and the morning is shrouded,
The beautiful face of the hillside is clouded,
The eyes of the stars that lean out overhead
Seem melting with pity; Ulysses is dead!

But though not usually figurative, he was imaginative and richly so. His genius was essentially lyric, and in this field he was probably the greatest poet of amateur journalism. He seldom attempted anything dramatic, the following lines from "A Vision of the World's Wise Men," *Exchange Journal*, April, 1884, being perhaps the nearest approach to it he ever made:

Then, too, I see, with bloody hands and cold,
  Napoleon, his impassive countenance fixed;
  A face where shade and sunlight both were mixed:
Proud, as when once his countless legions rolled
  O'er Alpine hills, or where the flame that blew
O'er Moscow's walls its sheets of living gold
  Did light him to his doom at Waterloo;
Where all his wealth of crime, his shadowed crown
Of empire, and his bloody sun went down.

He wrote many love songs and verses, and these were very passionate and tender. His "Ballade of Some Fair Women," *Athenia*, January, 1887, was one of the very best of that kind

of verse ever written by an amateur. But the most striking and omnipresent characteristic of his poetry, and the one which placed him in advance of his rivals, was his intense humanity. He appealed directly to the heart. He struck a sympathetic and responsive chord in the breast of every normal reader. The keynote of much of his poetry was sounded in one of his early poems, "A Pastoral," published in the *Amateur Globe* in 1880.

> Men have no faith in man or maid
> Who put their sentiment in trade.

His poems breathed forth a tenderness and a sympathy for the unfortunate and the lowly. His pen was ever employed upon the side of true justice, as he saw it. He felt for the masses, the people, and especially for the oppressed and the downtrodden of every land and race. And there was in his best verses a sympathetic touch of tenderness that placed them in the very front rank of true poetry. He above all other amateur poets, to quote his own words as applied to another, sang the common human heart. The following are a few of his striking thoughts:

> The wise man suffers, but the fool
> Can know no misery deep as Wisdom's pain.
>
> —*Haydon's Death.*

> Blush, slave of mammon, with white hand,
> Of paltry soul and upstart race;
> For she, the noblest in the land,
> Is Nature's queen by right of place.
> A strong faith be her guiding star,
> On her long way so dark and grim;
> God loves her, and the angels are,
> I think, no nearer unto him.—*The Working Girl.*

> Gold! it is bargained for woman's fame!
> Gold! it is bargained for young girl's tears!
> For wisdom and faith and an honored name,
> For infant joys and our manhood's years.
> All, all are sold in this barter of men,
> All that our teachers have taught is wise,
> Is lost in the scramble nor found again—
> Let fall the scale from our blinded eyes!

> Is it wealth that out on meadows and plains
> Grows harvests; is't wealth that reaps it again?
> And though wealth built bridges and towers, and fanes,
> And makes great cities, it can't make men!

And work is good for the thing it brings,
Work is noble of hand or brain,
And give to the worker his share of things,
And our age no longer would grasp and strain.
—*The Story of Pithole.*

His principal poetical works were : My Love Asleep, *Exchange Journal*, Dec. 1883 ; Vision of the World's Wise Men, *Exchange Journal*, April, 1884 ; Love's Quarrel, *Idler*, Sept. 1882 ; Longfellow, *Detroit Amateur*, May, 1882 ; Byron, *Detroit Amateur*, March, 1882 ; Lines, *Advocate*, June, 1882 ; To Ida, *Sanctum*. April, 1882 ; Scandal, *Sanctum*, Oct. 1879 ; A Fragment, *Bay State Press*, January, 1882 ; Song, *Lantern*, May, 1882 ; Lines, *Golden Moments*, Feb. 1882 ; To a Flower, *Golden Moments*, May, 1883 ; Pen Picture, *Golden Moments*, April, 1883 ; To a Lady, *Paragon*, June, 1882 ; Love and Pride, *Paragon*, March, 1882 ; To ——, *Our City Boys*, Feb. 1881 ; Quatrains, *Our City Boys*, May, 1881 ; Constantinople, *Independent Times*, July, 1880 ; Deceit, *Boys' Ensign*, March, 1881 ; Love, *Boys' Ensign*, Dec. 1880 ; After Twenty Years, *Boys of Gotham*, Mar. 1881 ; Quatrains, *Our Own Journal*, June, 1881 ; Garfield, *Our Own Journal*, July, 1881 ; Dying Year, *Amateur Globe ;* Legend of Cornwall, *Ark*, Oct. 1880 ; The Hungarian Hussar, *Ark*, Dec. 1880 ; Soldier's Farewell, *Little Rhody ;* Lines, *Young America*, Dec. 1882 ; Milton, *Lynn Amateur*, Dec. 1882 ; The Dead City, *Union Lance*, Nov. 1883 ; Quatrains, *Union Lance*, Dec. 1883 ; Heine at Boulogne, *Union Lance*, July, 1884 ; My Lady, *Union Lance*, July, 1884 ; Love's Philosophy, *American Eagle*, October, 1883 ; My Religion, *Our Homes*, Nov. 1883 ; Peter Cooper, *Our Homes*, Nov. 1883 ; Norah, *Our Homes*, March, 1884 ; A Pen Picture, *Youth's Favorite*, May, 1883 ; End of it all, *Manhattan Journal*, Aug. 1883 ; We Four, *Manhattan Journal*, Sept. 1883 ; The Working Girl, *Sun*, Jan. 1882 ; To Ficke, *Telephone*, Nov. 1883 ; After Death, *Telephone*, Nov. 1883 ; Quatrains, *Telephone*, March, 1884 ; Murder, *Telephone*, Jan. 1884 ; A Similitude, *Sentinel*, April, 1884 ; Victor Hugo, *Sentinel*, Sept. 1885 ; Gnomic Verses, *Sentinel*, May, 1885 ; C. J F., *Sentinel*, May, 1885 ; Man, *Sentinel*, March, 1884 ; A Revelation, *Bostonian*, Dec. 1883 ; On a Poet's Skull, *Our Compliments ;* Recipe for a Sermon, *Messenger*, July, 1884 ; Inchcape Rock, *Messenger*, Dec. 1884 ; Quatrains, *Messenger*, No. 3 ; Beyond the Portal, *Messenger*, Vol. ii, No. 1 ; To the Negro, *Messenger*, Vol. ii, No. 1 ; Commencement Day, *Index*, Sept. 1884 ; Dead, *Chat*, Jan. 1885 ; On the River, *Amateur World*, June, 1885 ; Grant, *Youth*, August,

1885; Dead, *Youth*, April, 1885; What a Ghost Has to Say; *New Century*, Dec. 1884; Where a Murder Was Done, *Independent*, Feb. 1885; Before a Portrait, *Dispatch*, July, 1885; Let the Children Come, *Le Sans Peur*, June, 1885; Alice, *Violet*, June, 1885; Haydon's Death, *Fact and Fancy*, July, 1884; America, *Gauntlet*, July, 1884; Gnomic Verses, *Rising Age*, Oct. 1885; Naming the Dead Baby, *Round Table*, Feb. 1885; Our Mother, *Vidette*, Sept. 1884; The Last Encounter, *Worcester Amateur*, Jan. 1885; Her Funeral, *Will-o'-th'-Wisp*, Jan. 1885; Quatrains, *Breeze*, March, 1886; Death of Autumn, *Breeze*, March, 1886; The Nation, *Sentinel*, Nov. 1885; In the Beer Garden, *Sentinel*, Nov. 1886; Lines, *Youth*, June, 1886; An Assignation, *Picayune*, Dec. 1885; By the Sea, *Quartette*, Jan. 1886; Love, *Sentinel*, Feb. 1886; Nature, *Waverly*, Nov. 1885; Robin Redbreast, *Violet*, Dec. 1885; Dead, *Duett*, Feb. 1886; Liberty, *Kansas Zephyr*, Jan. 1886; Poetry, *Solo*, May, 1885; My Love Asleep, *Breeze*, Nov. 1885; Gnomic Verses, *Bric-a-Brac*, Aug. 1886; A Woman, *Bric-a-Brac*, Sept. 1886; Lines, *Eagle*, Sept. 1886; Fragments, *Highland Breezes*, Jan. 1887; Ballade of Some Fair Women, *Athenia*, Jan. 1887; Lines, *Violet*, Dec. 1886; Lines, *Picayune*, Oct. 1886; Charles, *Our Howl*, April, 1887; Ann, *Athenia*, April, 1887; The Poor are Voiceless, *Highland Breezes*, April, 1887; Father McGlynn, *Palladium*, Jan. 1887; Lines, *Thirteen*, Jan. 1888; Justice and Charity, *Union Lance*, Nov. 1888; Heart of Men, *Bijou*, Jan. 1888; Wit's Dinner, *Union Lance*, Sept. 1888; A Plea for the Seven, *Coster*, Jan. 1888; Lines, *Coster*, Jan. 1888; Petofi, *Helios*, Dec. 1887; Marie, *Palladium*, Dec. 1887; Babylon—Lines, *Irving*, Jan. 1888; My Soul, *Hyperion*, Oct. 1887; The Baby, *Nugget*, Jan. 1890; In Memory of an Abolitionist, *Union Lance*, March, 1889; Story of Pithole, *Ubiquitous*, June, 1885; Song for the Future, *Boys' Herald*, March, 1888; To Jenny, *Sphinx*, Feb. 1884; My Knight, *Sphinx*, Jan. 1884; Quatrains, *Sphinx*, Dec. 1883; The Forgotten Poet, *Union Lance*, Jan. 1880; To May, *Highland Breezes*, Jan. 1888; A Southern Forest, *Highland Breezes*, Jan. 1888.

The following selection gives an idea of Mr. Miller's ability as a poet:

DEAD.

Sleep, patient lady! In thy chamber sleep;
Blue sky and silence wall thee round about;
Nothing shall rouse thy slumber, long and deep,
While we with breaking hearts must wait without
Under a starless night of clouds and doubt.

O, stubborn earth! fold to thy jealous breast
That purest soul! O, viewless heavenly ones,
That walk in places where the buried rest,
Invisible by light of earthly suns,
Who go your rounds till Time his journey runs,

Care for my darling—hold her spirit hands,
Smooth her pale forehead, ask her what she would;
Trust me, she is not fretful in demands;
She is a type of patient womanhood;—
Care for my love—she will be very good.

AFTER DEATH.

'Twas in that other land across
The seas of death, they met again;
Their features wore a sign of loss,
And gleams of unextinguished pain.

"And do we meet again?" he said,
"In this strange spirit-peopled space,—
This long imagined land of shade—
Still with thy eastern pride of face."

"Alas, I suffered much," she said,
"I loved, but could not speak from fear;
I did not dream that thou wert dead.
Good-bye! I cannot linger here."

He saw her pass, and wild and rife
Ran olden memories in his heart;—
The pride that severed them in life,
Still kept them in that place apart.

IN THE BEER GARDEN.

My Gretchen in the garden sings
With youthful voice, and shrilly;
Her songs they are the poorest things,
Her gestures weak and silly;
Her age hath hardly reached sixteen,
She seems a school-girl merely;
Her smiles you scarce know what they mean,
Her ways affect one queerly.

Yet are her eyes as faintly blue
As skies in twilight weather;
Her hair of lightly yellow hue,
Bound up in pleats together.
I watch her little hands that all
The time her fan keeps fanning;
Her feet and girlish limbs are small,
Her waist scarce two hands' spanning.

Poor Gretchen, little silly thing,
I drink, and pay my money;
I sit and watch thee stand and sing;
How sad it is, and funny.
Thou givest smiles to him who pays
The waiter for thy drinking;
I look upon thy foolish ways,
And laugh, and fall a-thinking.

Poor Gretchen, thou hast little chance
Of any good thing winning,
But God shall judge the circumstance,
Deducting from the sinning.
Man hath no eye to weigh by rule
The meed and share of pardon
Due to the Gretchen of the school,
And Gretchen of the garden.

ANN.

Dear maid, though maiden thou art not,
Yet full of kindliest impulse still;
I think with sadness on thy lot,
Poor Ann, and tears my eyelids fill.
Yet much thy gentle deeds shall blot
Of guilty things, whose power to kill
Thy highest nature, wounds thee not,
Which keeps its finer virtues still.

Stabbed with the darts of worldly scorn,
And soiled with touch of evil men,
Thy woman's glory reft and shorn,
And lost all that thou mightst have been.
Ah, what wast thou in childhood's morn,
And need I ask, who knew thee then;
No fairer creature earth hath borne
Than that same heaven-eyed child of ten.

Oh, world, that sits in Honor's seat,
And visits as a judge the sin,
Ye cannot know that strange deceit
Of words a woman's heart to win;
Which won, it tramples under feet.
For *him* doors swing to enter in;
For *her* the darkness of the street;—
But Christ shall know his Magdalen!

So, outcast girl, whose feet are sore,
Look up—the skies are dull and wan;
Life's landscape hath not sun nor shore,
Pity shines not in the eyes of man;

The earth hath wisdom, but her lore
Thou canst not comprehend, nor scan;
But His words, "Go and sin no more,"
To thee are luminous, dear Ann.

IN MEMORY OF AN ABOLITIONIST.

He saw a war for freedom won,
And ere that noble life he gave
Up to the dark and narrow grave,
He saw a grander work begun.

And ere he went, his high heart full
Of hope for all the human race,
He saw the great truth, face to face,
And dared to name it Beautiful.

And as a warrior's arm that's spent
With fighting ere the spirit goes,
He struck a few and sturdy blows.
And spake the word, and died content.

And truth can for her triumph wait;
Men worship her upon a throne,
But only they are freedom's own
Who know her, suppliant at the gate;

Who all their hearts' affection bring,
Their life, their light, their days, their all;
And care not if they stand or fall
For her, a persecuted thing.

QUATRAINS.

FAME.

Fame is a glow-worm, that above the gloom
Of grave yards hovers; tis a barren wreath,
Or a deep drum that sounds above the tomb,
And cannot wake the sleeper underneath.

LOVE.

Each jewel of life we yield, each joy we sing,
Uncaring, we resign at our last breath;
But Love, majestic Love, is the sole thing
We carry to our death.

THE NATION.

The holy fire of nationality
Burneth a whit no less
Upon the people's hearth, than in
The halls of purple palaces.

IN GOD'S OWN TIME.

Fear not; the overhanging veil
That shrouds us with its mist and crime
Shall lifted be, and truth prevail,
In God's own time.

HUMILITY.

Proud sun, sweet emblem, day by day,
  That rules so large a stretch of space,
Sun that a universe can sway,
  Yet stoops to kiss a daisy's face.

A PROVERB.

If rolling stones no moss can gather,
  Still rolling snow-balls larger grow;
And so I should inquire, rather,
  Is moss worth any more than snow?

JUSTICE AND CHARITY.

I care not for your fine poetic flame,
  Nor heart of flowing sentiment that stays
But with the passing cause by which it came,
  The ebullient pity of the summer days.
Give me the heart pledged to the quick repeal
  Of unjust laws — give me the sterner will
  That keeps the heart in bondage sure until
The mind shall open to the strong appeal.

Who pity in their heart, but not in mind,
  Who fume and fret at miseries for an hour,
Leave the strong impulse in their path behind,
  And lose the intellect's enquickening power.
Such hearts transfixed by shining spears of love
  Leap to the glory of strong hope, and in it
  Bathe in the burning ecstasy of the minute,
And move in realms our sordid earth above.

And yet, and yet! pure thoughts and radiant hopes,
  What are they but the idle dreams of man?
The weaving of the sea sands into ropes,
  Since ever this mad world her course began?
Justice is mighty; Charity is weak,
  Entering at doors that open in the sea;
  A Sisyphus; her work immensity;
Resign thy task; let stronger Justice speak!

Without obeyance of her law, not one
  Of all sweet Charity's bright dreams come true;
Without we walk in way of Justice, none
  Shall seasons of the Golden age renew.
Not till we meet and vanquish human wrongs,
  Moving toward freedom till we break the chain
  That binds the limbs of freemen; then again
May all the happy-hearted sing glad songs.

BALLADE OF SOME FAIR WOMEN.

I know so many girls, one may
  Despair of naming them, and yet,
There's pretty Polly, Bess and May,
  Who holds her dainty *vinaigrette*
In such a perfect, charming way:
  I'm scarcely sure I may not set
My cap — though heart inclines that way,
  I have not quite decided yet.

Louisa talks of music; say,
  Who know her, do you not regret,
When listening to the wondrous play
  Of her quick wit, you could not set
Her words in writing, so some day
  You'd read them when with cares beset?
I'd ask her hand, but — well-a-day! —
  I have not quite decided yet.

And there is dear Francesca; stay!
  The simplest, sweetest, bright brunette
That ever stole a heart away.
  How first I saw her, soul forget!
So sweet Francesca looked that day
  When grasses with the dews were wet,
And morning woke the hills of gray —
  Still I have not decided yet.

ENVOY.

Dear me, dear me! how shall I stay,
  And see the seasons roll and set,
And bring to each her bridal day,
  And still be undecided yet.

TO THE NEGRO.

TO JOHN G. WHITTIER.

And thou a bastard wast proclaimed
  Of God Almighty, and they said,
He is an outcast, and ashamed,
  He hath a strange, misshapen head,
His feet are curiously framed; —
  Him hath God disinherited!

A man whose accident of skin
  Hath made him slave who such must be;
Some error he hath fallen in
  Far back in his nativity,
And as a penance for his sin
  We sell him into slavery.

Oh, Ethiopia, to mine eye
  Unfold the curtains of thy time,
And let the misty years go by.

I stand within thine ancient prime,
As freemen men are born and die,
Reveal me thy ambiguous crime.

Within thine awful portals tread
Dark men with sombre, solemn brows.
I hear the ritual of the dead,
I see the white haired priest that bows
His head above the sleeper's head,
Then darkness and the narrow house.

Ere Moses on Mt. Sinai dreamt
His dream, or eyeless Homer sung
His song, these simple priests unkempt
Did speak of God with fiery tongue,
In tones of worship, love, assent,
Like those the pale Judaean rung.

Father! the language is the same
With which thy children come to thee;
And dead white hands that lit the flame
In Ethiope or in Gallilee,
Burning in honor of thy name,
Alike thou holdest tenderly!

Dark girls, with eyes that seem to hold
The witchery of a midnight sea,
Eyes not down-drooped nor over-bold,
Walk these dim lanes obediently,
With graceful robes whose simple fold
Falls to the dimple of the knee.

And children, melancholy eyed,
But pleasant featured, laugh and run,
And shouting on the mountain side
Do make the same immortal fun.
And the grave thinker in his pride
Doth smile upon his little one.

I hear the same eternal cry,
The same stern searchings for the true,
The same old doubts that may not die,
The Dream and the Endeavor, too;
The same high thought and action high,
The same old problems solved anew.

Oh, brother, thou again art free!
We break at once the chains that bound,
The fetters of thy slavery,
And those the stronger bands we wound,
The shackles of our sophistry —
We raise thee fainting from the ground.

Go from the prison-house of years,
No more a felon in man's sight;
Take thy long legacy of tears,
And thy inheritance of might;
The large immunity that shares
Its portion of the day's delight.

Too long thy patient breast hath worn,
Thou in misfortune deeply schooled,
The badge of obloquy and scorn;
Too long vain sophistry hath ruled,
And chiding thee as lowly born,
Too long the harassed world befooled.

Thou art as perfect in God's sight,
With the same virtues he endows,
Deeds are the only black and white.
By thy sad eyes and solemn brows
Thou hast as ample a birthright,
There are no bastards in God's house!

Mr. Miller wrote but few sketches, and he was hardly successful in this line, though his sketches were always novel both in plot and manner of treatment. But the style was usually inartistic. Most of his stories were of the dramatic school, and many of them somewhat morbid, being very unlike his writings in other branches. His best study of character was in his "Robert Ascham," *Bric-a-Brac*, March, 1886, though rather abnormal. "Gone to Kill the Pope," *Will-o-the-Wisp*, January, 1885, was one of his best conceived efforts, but the materials were not properly handled, leaving a crudeness about the result. "Mr. Dean," *Union Lance*, July, 1884, was his most artistically constructed sketch, and the most in his vein of writing. Other sketches were: The Mistake My Wife Made, *Exchange Journal*, February, 1884; Lady Fashion, *Signal*, December, 1885; The Blue Fly, *Gnome*, April, 1885; Boston Bob, *Free Lance*, September, 1888; Andrea, *Amateur World*, May, 1885.

ROBERT ASCHAM.

I have known only one individual to whom the world had ceased to afford, or never had afforded any enjoyment at all, and who nevertheless managed to keep up an appearance of earnestness and activity in his daily walks. He was the only man I ever knew to whom the phrase "dead to the world" could apply with any degree of appropriateness.

I had the honor of his personal acquaintance—there could be no friendship with such a man—and the degree of our intimacy may be

inferred when I state that I was present at his birth, and forty years after officiated as pall-bearer at his funeral. The infancy of such a man would present a curious study could it be detailed in full; it cannot now be a subject for the present chronicler; our memory is growing dim, and coming events seem crowding out the occurrences of the past. But Ascham is still an indestructible figure in mind and lineament. Ascham never had an infancy like ordinary men, after the night his mother, in an insane fit brought on by a too liberal use of alcohol, tried to thrust him into the red-hot coals of the kitchen range. I suppose this was enough to destroy the equilibrium of the mind of any ordinary infant, but Ascham was then too young to comprehend his mother's purpose, or fully to appreciate the good fortune of his rescue. After this occurence, however, he was never quite the same. It may have had some subtle influence in the moulding of his character, the precise action of which it is impossible even to theorize upon.

Ascham grew to manhood by the customary stages: that is, he was baby-boy, then boy, then boy-man, then man-boy, by successive graduations; but this was in appearance only. The process of his growth was normal enough to the visible sense; but Ascham certainly never underwent any material change, save that he mastered the technical accomplishments which were called his education, and which enabled him to subsist upon the meagre salary of a postal clerkship during the years of what we should term in an ordinary individual his manhood. Ascham, we repeat, never underwent any material change in all these years, during which he slept, ate and worked indefatigably, and finally died of a malady called death — for he was unlike most people, in that he never had any disease.

Was Ascham a man of thought? He never thought. Of action? Action in its accepted sense was equally remote from all he said or did. A voluptuary? He never sought any of those things which are supposed to promote comfort.

I fear you will begin to think that my acquaintance, whose life I have determined to outline for you, was something of an idiot; and such he appears even to me, contemplating him in certain lights. But this would be a hasty inference. Ascham was simply a man who had no interest in Ascham and the world, and took life accordingly. He never had any hope, but he never seemed to despair. He lived with a superb indifference to life, to his connections, and to his surroundings.

I once questioned one of Ascham's fellow clerks as to what people in the office in which he was employed thought of him. "Ascham?" he repeated. "Who is Ascham? Oh, yes, I know! the little fellow at the fourth desk. I really don't know what is thought of him. He is a very quiet man." Ascham had been ten years in that office, yet not even his name was familiar to his fellow clerks.

I do not believe anyone had ever conversed with Ascham. I had probably spoken oftener with him than anyone else, yet even I could never succeed in gaining access to his mind and thought. His room was a curious one; there was not a picture on the wall, nor a book,

nor a photograph, which might have given a clue to his personal habits. He never even read the newspapers, so far as I know; at least I never detected him thus engaged. The nearest he ever got to an expression of a conviction was on one occasion at the supper table, when a freethinking lady, whose conduct was notoriously quite as free as her thinking, questioned him as to his opinion of Christianity.

"As for me, madame," he replied, "I have no use for it; but I think you might find it of advantage to the peace of your soul to practice some of its precepts."

I was positively startled at this lengthy and audacious sentence from one usually so silent. The company, too, looked at the pinched, imperturbable features; the blue, expressionless eyes; the thin lips; the white hand which held the cup between the long, bony fingers. It was almost an insult; but the speaker appeared utterly unconscious. The lady subsided, her face very red. It put an end to all conversation. Ascham never spoke again at the table. No further questions were put to him after this; and he never spoke unless spoken to.

I heard of Ascham again under much more remarkable circumstances, which proved to me that he had the soul of a hero. I have always thought that his life was that of a coward, because he refused to mingle with his fellow men, and shunned all intercourse. But the reader shall judge if he did not on this occasion exhibit a coolness and courage which it would be hard to match.

It was in the pro-slavery days. Our city was a hot-bed of negro persecution. It was shortly previous to the assault on Fort Sumpter; abolitionism was rampant, and for every expression of the sentiment there was an increase of fury on the part of the Southern sympathizers, which expended itself in the most heartless cruelties inflicted upon the negro residents. Back of the house where Ascham lodged there were tenements rented by colored people of the better class, about whom there was never any complaint; they were very quiet, inoffensive blacks. These tenements were the scenes of occasional raids during the abolition excitement, by the worst roughs in town, and even murders were not infrequent. Negroes were sometimes caught and hung up at lamp posts, and they durst hardly venture forth to obtain for themselves food and coal. They were panic-stricken, and quite incapable of offering any resistance.

It was during a period of one of these excitements that Ascham sat one night in his room, when suddenly there came a knock at his window. It was about nine o'clock, and raining fast. He rose and looked out. A black, fearful face was pressed against the pane. The roof of the veranda ran along below, and it was on this the poor, frightened fellow had clambered from his pursuers. His face was scratched and bleeding from contact with the cruel, sharp vines which ran up and along the trestle work. It took Ascham no time at all to comprehend the situation. He raised the sash, and the frightened negro jumped into the room. He was a gigantic fellow, but he was trembling like a leaf. "They'se comin', Massa," he cried in a hoarse whisper, and his great eyes seemed starting from their sockets. "They'se climbin' up and'll ketch me, shuah, Massa."

Ascham said not a word, but opening a closet door pushed Sambo in, shot the bolt, and put the key in his pocket. He had barely done so, when, as he turned to close the window, a hand gripped the sash, and a voice said: "Say, mister, I guess you don't fool us like that," and a burly ruffian, followed by another almost his counterpart in feature and appearance, without a moment's hesitation jumped into the room. One held a knife in his hand, the other a small glistening axe. They looked hastily around the room, behind the bureau, under the bed, and one tried the closet door.

All this time Ascham had moved not a muscle. Now he said: "Gentlemen, will you be pleased to tell me what you want! If robbery is your purpose you will find nothing here worth stealing."

The quiet tone of the speaker, and the appellation "gentleman" disconcerted them a trifle. The less ferocious of the two said, with some indignation, "No, we're not thieves. We're in search of a damned nigger, who climbed up the roof of the veranda outside, and we after him. We found your window open, and he must have come in here."

"Ah, I see! you are not thieves, only murderers," said Ascham, quietly. "Well, your nigger is not here, though be sure if he was I should kill you both before you should lay hands on him. But I let him out through that door. He ran down stairs through the hall and out at the front entrance. He is now, no doubt, half a mile down the street, and far enough from your reach, you cowardly scoundrels."

The calm tone of the little man sitting at the table, with his blue eyes fixed upon the two, as if indifferently interested in what was going on, seemed to thoroughly confound the two ruffians. With furious oaths they were about darting out of the house in pursuit of their prey, when at this moment, just as all danger was apparently past, something in the closet fell to the floor with a loud crash. The ruffians turned back into the room, and the one with the axe raised it aloft to drive in the panels of the door. The calm voice of Ascham arrested them. "Stop!" Both men turned towards the speaker. He was covering them with a revolver scarcely more formidable in appearance than a child's toy. "I shouldn't like to kill either of you," he said, "but one more move towards that closet will be the signal for me to bury a bullet in your brains. I will give you just one minute for you to drop that axe, and you that knife. I shall then proceed with you to the front door, where I shall bid you good night."

They needed no second admonition. They hastened down the stairs, followed by Ascham, towards whom they cast every now and then fearful glances, for he still covered their retreating forms with his revolver. They opened the door, which he closed on them with a sardonic "Good night, gentlemen," and then came up stairs.

Sambo was in mortal terror, and remained with Ascham all night. In the morning he left. No one in the house knew what had happened, until long after Sambo himself told it, with many expressive gestures! This was the only memorable thing that Ascham ever did. I have often found myself doubting the whole story. I never knew

that Ascham possessed a revolver; it was not at all like him; still, it is quite possible he might have owned as many as a dozen without my knowing it. The story has a certain likeness to what Ascham might have done under similar circumstances; it was so quiet and unconscious in its operation as to partake in some degree of his characteristic way of doing things. Certainly Sambo could never be made, under the severest cross-examination, to essentially vary in his clear statement of what had occurred.

Ascham was asked whether it was true or not; but he only replied that "a negro did come into his room, and he did lock him in the closet, and he did lie to his pursuers, who went away. But people would oblige him by letting him alone." Thus rebuffed, we troubled him no more on that score. Ascham's death was as emblematic of his life as anything in it. Seeming to arrive at that point when it was no longer necessary that he should live, he took to his bed and died. He asked that in the morning he be not called until ten o'clock. At that hour he was dead.

After all, Ascham did little evil in the world. He lived a selfish life, or, I should prefer to say, a useless one, in which no thought or action mingled; he never married, never loved, never had any friends. He died regretted by nobody. Only Sambo maintained that a man who could do as he had done was "A good man, sah—one of God's men." But of this I am very doubtful myself. I saw more of Ascham than any one, and saw little to approve. He was an unsolved mystery to me; as unexplained at the last as at the beginning. I remember that the pastor who conducted the funeral services over him remarked, "It is not recorded that he ever injured the smallest part of God's creation." And I do not believe he ever did.

MR. DEAN.

Among the papers of Nathaniel Hawthorne was found a brief plan of a story which the author had intended to write. Upon this foundation this story was constructed.

No one distinctly knew where he lived, what his occupation was, or how long he had been a resident in the village. The place of his first appearance was the village hostelry. There, surrounded by the more contemplative spirits, who loved to discuss religion and politics between sips of ale, he established himself, venturing an expression of opinion now and then, but shrinking when directly addressed with singular diffidence into the shelter of his corner. I recollect seeing him on one of these occasions. It was a sharp, blustering December night, when men seek consolation from the inhospitality of the elements in the sunshine of smiling faces and foaming mugs. He sat sepulchral and gloomy as ever, yet apparently intensely interested. The conversation had drifted to the subject of religion, God and man, and the stranger's (for stranger he always remained up to that last frightfully tragic appearance of his on the stage of events), eyes dilated either with his own thoughts, or the interest excited by the topic. Presently he spoke, very musically and mournfully, these words:—

"God is master of the house," said he. "We, His servants, are

but shadows — appearances only, and God looks at us through the barred windows of His mansion, but His feet as yet sound not upon the stair. The house is fixed like marble, else would His servants rend each pillar from its base and spit in the face of the Supreme. It is only the impossibility of it that keeps them from that high crime!"

He ceased speaking, and a hush fell upon the group. They were manifestly impressed; but one man, the village sexton, answered, in sneering tones:—

"Such discussion avails us little. What knowledge have you, hidden from the wisest of us, that you are enabled to arrive at conclusions which so intimately concern the movements of the Almighty? Have you died, and come to life to tell us this?"

The stranger in the corner started and an expression of agony and alarm momentarily disfigured his countenance.

"Men who have died," said he, recovering himself, as it seemed, with an effort, "are no more dead than those that live. The idea is a mere assumption. In nature nothing dies. When the poet Shakespeare changes his form we bury him; but it was not the body of the poet that called forth our admiration, and the *habitant*, not the *habitat*, is what we deplore. But, in one sense, all men are dead — spiritually dead. Paul declared this, and it is a truth. It is an impertinence to say 'we live' to whom all things are hidden. It is irrational to discriminate between life and death."

The sexton here grew positively angry. "Then the only live men are in my graveyard, according to your view of the matter. I rejoice, for hereafter I shall not be lonely, having such lively company. Perhaps Mr. Mystic, you believe in ghosts?"

"I do not call them ghosts," he answered, with an unpleasant laugh, "but intelligences existing independent of physical organism — people who, having entered into another state, are occasionally permitted to obtrude themselves upon us here."

He arose and, with a slight inclination, glided rather than walked from the room. The company remained silent for a minute, then some one said:—

"Queer, isn't it, we should have got to talking about ghosts?" and the speaker did not know why he had made the remark, and his hearers thought it a trifle silly.

It was a short time after this that Mr. Dean, as I had learned to call him, presented himself at church one Sunday morning, when the pastor had announced that he would preach about "The Life Beyond the Grave." He listened intently, but in the middle of the discourse he arose and went out. Down the long aisle, the solemn voice of the minister falling with ever increasing depth and power, the mysterious stranger passed, and those nearest him afterward affirmed that "his smile was like ice."

A great party was given by the Carews, the wealthiest and most popular family in town. All the *elite* were present, and here also was Mr. Dean. His performance on the piano was the grandest thing I ever remember hearing. The audience was spell-bound. There is no

term to describe the sensations produced by the deft fingers of the marvelous stranger. Had he played a march, an operatic air, a medley? The tune was unfamiliar. He was asked where he got it. "In the instrument itself," he answered, enigmatically. The party broke up.

It will be asked how he came to be present at the Carew party. I do not know. He was not invited, nor do I know who brought him, or whether or not he came alone. All I know is that he played magnificently, and that is all any one recollected.

The mysterious stranger had a love for graveyards. This ghoulish instinct is sometimes found in men of a highly imaginative and morbid temperament. It is not even uncommon. Death has a peculiar attraction for some minds, and there are cases where men have succumbed to its appalling fascination and sought relief in suicide. They have brooded upon it till they have felt a yearning for its mystery. They familiarize themselves with it until the loathsome serpent coils itself around their life and buries its fangs in its victim. We, who associate all sorts of terror with the name of death, find it difficult to believe that it has for some minds an all-absorbing attraction. Goethe coquetted with death after the loss of his Lotte. Gericault, the French artist, familiarized himself with death so completely that, fascinated beyond his control, he sought relief in suicide. Thus that which was at first but the aberration of the artist became the doom of the man.

This habit of Mr. Dean's of frequenting graveyards operated to make him unpopular, a sentiment for which he doubtless cared very little. What struck me as something peculiar about the man was a certain shadowy way, altogether indescribable, yet which could not fail to be noticeable even to the most unobservant. That air of vagueness which characterized him — a certain indistinctness in one's impressions of him, which made him seem, not a substantial flesh-and-blood creature, but an unreal appearance. The man had a way of appearing and disappearing that made one positively uneasy. I did not attach any supernatural ideas to him — I was not so absurd; nor am I aware that any, even of the most superstitious and ignorant among the villagers, ever supposed him to be the devil in disguise.

His erratic manner and his costume, which was that of nearly a half century before — an idiosyncrasy which, by the way, I have not previously noticed — were offensive to village conservatism. I had not shaken hands with him; I am not certain that we were ever introduced. When he made his appearance anywhere he did so without the formality of greeting you. It may seem strange, yet no one, so far as I know, in the dozen or more times he was seen in company ever ventured to address him regarding his residence or occupation. There was something about him which instinctively forbade any such familiarity; and moreover this was the last idea that occurred to us, for, as I have said, there was an unreality about the man which, not unnaturally, attached itself to our impressions of him, and gave our ideas the same undetermined hue.

But the question of his antecedents did occur to us, as was inevitable, and together we decided that the safety of the town demanded that we should know more of one who was to be a resident among us. The course we hit upon for attaining this end was not a generous one, but under the circumstances could not be considered culpable. We put a spy upon his track, and the one selected for this service was a boy of ten named Jimmy — simply Jimmy, who was of fungus growth and had no surname, nor given name either, for the matter of that, save the one which for convenience he had consented, with a certain careless magnaminity, to be known by. And Jimmy tracked the mysterious stranger and described it afterward with all the dramatic appreciation and intense gusto common to children of his class. He had seen Mr. Dean in the graveyard. He had hastened thither, thinking it the most likely place in which to find him. He had watched him stealthily from behind a clump of bushes. To and fro, to and fro with solemn steps, the enigmatical stranger threaded his way among the graves until it seemed as if his tireless round would never cease. But it did cease at last — here Jimmy's narrative grew painfully confused and incoherent — and the stranger passed out of the graveyard, down the road, followed by the expectant boy, who, with bulging eyeballs and bated breath, saw him deliberately descend the river-bank and there disappear! It was clear that Jimmy was not the one to be trusted on an errand requiring keenness of sight and freedom from credulity or superstition.

He was dismissed, with only a fraction of the amount promised in the event of his success.

After that I do not recollect seeing the stranger, until the occurence of the incident I am about to relate. In the meantime gossip ran high and the place was becoming too hot to hold him. If he felt impatient at this display of curiosity, he never manifested it by word or sign.

Notwithstanding the frequency with which he appeared I believe that no one had seen him on more than three occasions and any intimacy was therefore impossible. This circumstance contributed to the mystery which surrounded him and to the wildness of our conjectures concerning him. Almost everybody had some remarkable story to tell of him, but in most cases these turned out to be quite ordinary occurrences exaggerated in the relation. Quite frequently they were manifestly impossibilities. One night — it was about the hour of twelve — I was awakened by the sound of fire-bells, and a minute later I heard the engine hurrying past, together with a confused murmur of excited voices. I hurriedly dressed and bounded down the stairs. No rain was falling, but the sky was of an inky blackness, save at one point, where a lurid flame, like a huge fan of fire, was opening and spreading against the blackness of the clouds. Midnight, and the mill on fire! People were hurrying past in mad haste and sweeping toward the scene of conflagration like a surging sea. The engine spouted fire, and the helmeted firemen shouted like crazy men.

The town had aroused itself. A great sleeping thing no longer,

it shook and trembled to its farthest end. The terror of a calamity had whispered in its ear while it slept, and with a nameless apprehension it became as bustling as a hive. Midnight and the mill on fire! The miller and his wife had escaped, but their idiot boy, Willie, was sitting, actually sitting, with a fascination of fear, at one of the upper windows in that part of the mill which had been occupied by the family and gesticulating to the crowd below.

The father and mother cried out with that instinctive cry which all animals utter when their offspring are in danger. He was an idiot boy to all others, but to them he was only their child, and though God had set his seal upon that halting intellect He had given him tenderness and humanity, which all of us can more readily understand than the abstract ideas of a Plato. Once when a vagrant dog was to be shot simply because he had no friends, and was not a dog to inspire interest or affection, Willie had thrown himself before them and begged to be allowed to keep him. It was so decided, and the two became fast friends. Jocko improved, too; he was never a handsome dog, but under his master's tuition he became less disreputable and followed Willie around with touching devotion. Jocko wore a collar later on —a poor enough affair, consisting of two strips of tin joined together with a piece of twine. and which I always imagined hurt him because of its sharpness. He wore it proudly enough however, though the dogs in the neighborhood sniffed at him pretty much as usual, and held their heads just as high. But the satisfaction of a new collar and a clear conscience were sufficient gratification, no doubt, for an honest dog who was trying to make his way against difficulties.

When Willie was seen at the window a thrill of terror passed through the crowd. Fear is electric in its action and governed by laws as exact as those of winds and tides. It is at such times, when any concentrated action is impossible, that individual heroism is displayed by one or more who retain their self-possession in these moments of supreme peril. It was thus in the present case. While we stood paralyzed with fear some one started from the crowd, threw himself against the door, which yielded to his touch, and bounded up the narrow stairs. I recognized him — it was Mr. Dean, pale, ghostly, phantom-like as ever, with great sunken eyes of faded magnificence, and altogether an unreal and unsubstantial thing. In a few minutes he returned, bearing the boy in his arms and restored him to his parents.— Precisely what occurred at this important juncture was so astounding a thing that whether a mere optical illusion in which many besides myself were deceived, or whether it actually did occur — supposing for the sake of argument which is of course, out of the question — it will always remain the most memorable experience of my life. I say, that to suppose it other than a mere optical illusion is absurd, because the thing is manifestly impossible. Such beliefs do exist, but they are the remnants of superstition of legendary literature, and are fast disappearing before the light of advancing thought. But here is the evidence in my eyesight. That is not to be depended on in a question of this kind, they tell me, as there is no reality in appear-

ances. These are perceptional insanities, and are not uncommon. Even when generally shared they are to be rejected, because these diseases, not generally understood nor easily accounted for, often assume an epidemic character. And against this reasoning there appears to be no answer. But I offer no argument for the reality of what I saw. No one has ever called me credulous, and I am the last one to accept a fact as supernatural on which any other interpretation can be placed. In the present instance I do not accept the fact as and — it is positively an optical illusion; eyesight is no evidence when it presents to us such positive contradictions of all experience.

By this time you will begin to wonder what it was I saw. It was this: When the stranger placed the boy safely with his parents the father advanced to grasp his hand and to thank him for what he had done. It was singular, but the miller himself could never quite make out what happened. It seems that in some mysterious way he had slipped and fallen heavily against Mr. Dean. Against did I say? No, but *through him* — directly through him. His body offered no more resistance than air. The miller's form came heavily to the ground and Mr. Dean remained standing, as impassive, as unmoved as ever. It seems to me, and not to me alone but to many besides, that during the few seconds the miller remained prostrate that his body was mixed up in some inextricable way with the legs of the mysterious stranger, and when he arose his body and that of Mr. Dean for a brief moment became one body, and that at one time the stranger seemed to exist in two separate and luminous parts. The next moment he was gone, how or where I know not — like a creature of the flame. • I had not seen him go. He never appeared again in the village. The following morning the mill was a heap of smouldering ruins.

Some weeks after the occurrence of the incident just related, I was strolling with a party of ladies and gentlemen in the country, and through some freak, which seize people unaccountably at making the suggestion, we strolled into the graveyard. Suddenly some one who had preceded us a short distance uttered an exclamation of surprise. He had come upon a newly-made grave, with a simple stone above it. Ho was examining it eagerly. To me the grave was unknown, none of the party recollected having seen it before, and we stooped with some curiosity to read the inscription.

JOHN DEAN,
Born 1780 — Died 1822.

There is no death, but change of form;
  Death and the grave are little things,
And those are dead who walk about,
  And death is our awakenings —
    Awakenings,
The realm of death is broad; he is King over kings!

And I who take this vesture on
  Shall some day from my graveyard stray
In living of life, and hold
  With men communion for a day —
    For a day,
Till stars shall cease to shine, and sun, moon fade away.

We read it with bowed heads and wondering. What did it all mean? The stone was overgrown with moss and weeds, but the ground bore evidences of having been lately exhumed. Some, but they were the few, claimed to have seen the stone before, but to most of us it was new, and it gradually became the object of pilgrimage from all parts of the country. Many legends arose from it, which are not to be believed — the common people are superstitious and love mystery. The simple facts of the case as I have related them are sufficiently remarkable. It is a strange story.

As an essayist, Mr. Miller was widely known. But his temperament here was the same as in his poetry. His essays were for the most part merely bundles of fragments upon some general subject collected together. There was invariably a lack of logical arrangement. None of his essays contained an unbroken thread of argument; he could not sustain a chosen line of thought. He was not so much a deep thinker as he was an acute one. Except for the fault above referred to, he was a good debater, and remarkably keen and penetrative in his thrusts at his opponents He wrote upon a wide range of subjects, but his favorite theme was political economy, especially the problem of taxation in its various forms. His series of papers entitled "Thoughts on Poetry," which ran through nearly a year's issues of the *American Sphinx*, beginning in April, 1884, though very uneven, as was most of his work, was the most notable series of essays ever published in an amateur paper. He wrote essays as follows: Mesmerism, *Exchange Journal*, Aug. 1884; Samuel Rogers, *Detroit Amateur*, July, 1882; Cowper, *Scrutinizer;* The Ballad, *Golden Moments*, April, 1882; Carlyle, *Boys of Gotham*, June, 1881; Biography, *Our Own Journal*, Aug. 1881; Robert Peel, *Ark*, Oct. 1880; E. A. Poe, *Ark*, Feb. 1881; Chas. Dickens, *Ark*, March, 1881; Pen Portraits, *Lynn Amateur*, Dec. 1882; Religion and Science, *Messenger*, No. 3; Poetry—What is It? *Youth*, June, 1885; Poetry—What is It? *Sphinx;* Leaves from Note Book, *Phantasmus*, Feb. 1885; Leaves from Note Book, *Violet*, June, 1885, *Bric-a-Brac*, June, 1886; Secession, *Progress*, June, 1885; Instinct, *Progress*, March, 1885; Self-Culture, *Gnome*, June, 1885; Thomas Chatterton, *Boys' Folio*, August, 1879; Religion and Science, *Vigilant*, Feb. 1884; About the Novel, *Brilliant*, March, 1888; Dalzell, *Kansas Zephyr*, Oct. 1885; Emerson, *Youth*, May, 1886; Negro in America, *Picayune*, Feb. 1886; Orators and Oratory, *Bric-a-Brac*, Jan. 1886; Wm. Motherwell, *Palladium*, May, 1886; A Few Verbal Felicities, *Breeze*, Dec. 1885; Dean Stanley,

Picayune, Oct. 1886; Nationalization of Land, *N. Y. Wise and Otherwise*, Feb. 1887; M. Taine's History, *Athenia*, July, 1887; Malthus, *Helios*, Dec. 1887; John Stuart Mill, *Palladium*, Dec. 1887; Marginalia, *Highland Breezes*, Jan. 1888; Poetry, *Sphinx*, April, 1884; Letter from Russia, *Sphinx*, Oct. 1888; Superstitions, *Independent Times*, Dec. 1881.

LEAVES FROM MY NOTE BOOK.

Consistency is the bugbear of small minds.

Milton is a Hebrew in poetry—the first in Saxon and the last in time.

The integrity of a people has never been subjugated but from within.

The ignorant man is not he who does not know but he who ignores.

And lo, the day died, and the beautiful face of the hillside clouded.

The humane throbbing in the bosom of a girl before evening, shall become the statute of a people, and our rulers shall take counsel of children.

There are minds that have depth, others that have breadth, others again that have height, and there have been three or four individuals since creation who have been endowed with these three qualities of mind.

"There is a provision in nature," says the wise Goethe, "to prevent trees from growing into the clouds." So Napoleon had to be cut down. Such a man aiming at the center of supreme power, could not tolerate any individual development out of his own sphere, or indeed in it. It is inevitable that such men are self-murderers.

THOUGHTS ON POETRY AND POETS.

Now what is all this talk about the poet and his poetry, when the gist of the whole matter is that the poet's sensations are more intense and true than other men's, and that he has the power of setting them to noble music.

Coleridge says: "Good sense is the *body* of poetry, Fancy its drapery, Motion its life, and Imagination the soul that is everywhere and in each, and forms all into one graceful and intelligent whole." Very fanciful, certainly, but you will admit with me that Professor Wilson (Christopher North), came nearer to it when he describes poetry as "the intellect colored by the feelings," and Schiller nearer yet when he said that the main purpose of poetry was to give humanity its fullest expression.

As to *form*, that is but a small part of poetry, and before entering upon our attempt to delineate the true nature of poetry we must insist

upon the opinion that poetry is not to be confined to verse — that it does not differ, and should not differ, from the language of the highest imaginative prose in any essential respect, save only in the liberties allowed in the syntaxical construction of sentences, in order to fit them to the purposes of rhyme and rhythm. Any contrary idea makes poetry a mere *technique*, in which any one gifted with ordinary inventiveness and constructive dexterity, may, by a short application, render himself proficient. It is on the ground of this almost universal misconception that the eternal quarrel of the nature of poetry has been waged. It makes the principle of poetry mere form, and while form is an essential thing in poetry, a necessary part of all manner of human composition, it is not, on the other hand, sensibility, reason, imagination, feeling, nor anything else but what it is — simply form — is not, to close the argument, poetry at all, nor anything resembling it. Or, we may say, that while form is an essential thing in poetry, whether versed or unversed, verse is not the essential form of poetry.

We have referred in terms of commendation to Schiller's definition of poetry. We, ourselves described poetry as "*the language of sensibility*" in an essay written for *Our City Boys* a few years ago; and again as "goodness" in Wylie's *Golden Moments* sometime after. No vicious man, we said, was ever yet a poet. We see not any reason to doubt that our definition was materially correct. Of course many and diverse elements enter into the formation of a poet, but the groundwork is practically this. If a poet's ethics are unsound, depend upon it his poetry is hollow — if his pictures of life are false his landscapes will be incorrect — if he sees nothing but sin in his fellow men, principally that, with hardly the infusion of a saving quality, depend upon it that it is owing to imperfections in the reflecting medium.

Beauty under our definition is not sacrificed. She becomes triumphant. More is added than taken away, for Beauty has always had a close alliance with the good, so close indeed that the Greek moralists and the school of Shaftesbury had almost succeeded in confounding them utterly. We feel that there is a special fitness in the term "moral beauty." A deed of charity is beautiful, and the base is hateful. The sky which smiles upon us, the sun and the flowers, the innocent maiden and the love of the young mother manifested in a thousand pretty ways seem to stir at the same time our moral sentiment and our sense of the beautiful. Poe in his definition of poetry almost ignored, if indeed he did not utterly ignore, the moral alliance of beauty. The marvelous harmony of his song never warms or uplifts. In Byron, also, it is absent, though less conspicuously so. In the first an interesting egotism, in the second an animal heat, and a certain audacity of personality, partially, but only partially, atone for the absence of any distinct or continuous presence of a human sympathy. But Byron had he lived would have done better. His range of sight was widening, and he would have discovered that his view of art was a mistaken one. For he had discovered that his life was a mistake, and for the salvation and glory of his fame did suffer himself to be crucified at Missolonghi. With that act he assuredly was culminating a pro-

foundly momentous spiritual conflict within him, leading at last to a splendid dissatisfaction with himself, causing him to exclaim:—

> Seek out, less often sought than found,
> A soldier's grave, for thee the best,
> Then look around, and choose thy ground,
> And take thy rest.

But the truth remains to be spoken. Byron as a poet was only a superior animal. His animalism was not merely a part of him, a characteristic of his genius, but the whole poet. Spirituality, fineness, impersonality, all were wanting, yet with all this, so many elements of a fine growth! He never lived to attain maturity, though he was thirty-six years of age when he died. Or was his character really formed? We do not believe it. Could he have passed the mental Rubicon? From the rut to the highway in the intellectual world is a long, long distance.

Poetry is but another form of philosophy— perhaps its most practical form. For the poet revealing God's mighty purposes in impassioned language, appeals to hearts insensible to the colder dreams of theology. Poetry, true to its office, which we insist is its sole and only one — *i. e.* the expression of emotion — is ever universal; the versatility of the poetic faculty attaches itself to every form of thought.

Though the didactic poetry is the lowest form of poetry, the element of ministry is never absent from the highest. The philosophy of Pope's "Essay on Man" is very obvious commonplace, decked out in forcible and ornate rhetoric, and set forth in versification standing absolutely without a rival for smoothness and melody. Its philosophy is no philosophy at all — it is the very farthest limit of the didactic. It is what every man of education has thought before in his individual capacity, and this is presented in a manner at once beautiful and fascinating. To call it philosophy would be a mistake; to call it poetry would be blasphemy. But it is the element of ministry which redeems it.

As to a poet's treatment of the supernatural: *his humanity travels closely with his interpretation of it.* We feel Raphael's Madonnas to be divine because they are so human. Leigh Hunt speaks of Shakespeare's inability to picture anything infernal, as Dante has done, instancing as a signal failure in this direction the portrait of Caliban, who is "a cross between a witch and a clown." But Shakespeare and Dante were the direct antipodes of each other in sentiment, disposition, and bent of genius. Shakespeare's genius was essentially dramatic, that of Dante epic. Shakespeare was the first splendid utterance of thought and philosophy; Dante's the last magnificent hymn of expiring mediævelism.

One excellent remark Leigh Hunt made in the course of his discussion and that is, that "by making Nature his companion wherever he goes, even in the most supernatural regions the poet takes the world along with him." This is perfectly true. The highest type of poetry is the *human.* It is the absence of humanity which is a very serious defect in the poetry of Poe, notwithstanding its sensuous beauty

and unrivalled melody of rhythm. But for this absence the mournful and interesting egotism of his own personality which pervades it, is some slight atonement, as we have before intimated. We have before hinted of the utter worthlessness of didactic poetry, which is fossil poetry. But, we repeat, no verse, of the highest order, is complete without this element of ministry. Mere aberrations of the beautiful like Poe's exquisitely cut and icy crystals are valueless without it.

POETIC JUSTICE.

Systems are obstructions to poetry. They proved such in the case of Dryden and Wordsworth. But the mind casting around for some elaboration of rules early hit upon the singular fallacy of "poetic justice," which has achieved the currency of a proverb. This heresy, insisted upon with such vehemence by Dennis and others, has long been abandoned. Shakespeare had showed himself superior to such rules, and other poets discarded them with the progress of advancing thought. We deny that poetry may be made subservient to some code of rules which like the system of classification adopted by Cuvier for the animal, may simplify its methods, and enable us to appeal for justification of our judgment to some authority, more or less decisive. The old Greek classification of epic, dramatic and lyric, we need not expect to improve upon.

The detestable cant of this school that Shakespeare was an "irregular genius," and that his knowledge of poetic rules was so vague as almost to obscure the flashes of his genius, was repeated from mouth to mouth until it got to be the faith of a whole generation. The ideas of "poetic justice," said they, were constantly violated. Vice was often triumphant, and though sometimes immolated on the same altar with virtue, wickedness was almost always successful in accomplishing virtue's downfall.

We can by a little reflection see that this idea was founded on a mistaken notion. If the grandeur of virtue consists alone in success, if its majesty be not independent of all ulterior elements, if be it not, in fact, its own exceeding great reward, then indeed is humanity degraded, the works of Æschylus and the old Greek conception a heresy, and virtue reduced, with all virtue comprehends, to the merest utility.

But happily Shakespeare perceived that virtue was not a base currency with which to bribe heaven, and so "made the law of his mind a law unto himself," and the result was before mankind to approve or condemn. The experiment was justified. Shakespeare was the grandest singer of the world, and the heart's best interpreter for all time.

THE MYSTERY OF ART.

It was a profound remark of Goethe's that "the highest cannot be spoken in words." "In the recesses of the human soul," says Isaac Taylor, "there is a world of thought, which for the want of determinate and fit symbols never assumes fixed form."

There is a vast deal that cannot be spoken, and speech itself is but a fleeting and evanescent medium of thought. Rhetoric is power-

less to describe impressions, and each attempt but serves to render more vague the vast compelling force which lies back of the poet's creation, and whose magic moves us like the smile of a beautiful woman. The artist crystalizes impressions and makes them final, sometimes by means of color, sometimes by form, sometimes by sound, and lastly by words, which we feel in some mysterious, unexplained way partakes of the nature of color, marble and sound. And hence our inability to adequately describe the impressions of a statue, or a great poem like Hamlet or Faust — hence the mystery of art.

Voltaire declared Hamlet to be the work of "a drunken savage," and Goethe would have made innumerable changes in the plot. This was because Voltaire's was a purely negative mind, and Goethe was an incorrigible experimentalist. But the general mind understands such things better, and is not cursed with the curse of utility or metaphysics. It does not reason upon these things — it feels them.

As another instance take the Raven. On a superficial view it seems profoundly enigmatical. Critics have endeavored for a long time to discover a solution of its meaning. Poe has added to the general mystification by a fabulous account of how it was written, one of the many humbugs in which he loved to indulge. I would as soon search for the meaning of a rose as for the meaning of the Raven, or any other spontaneous growth of the art sense. To suppose that Shakespeare wrote Hamlet to embody his ideas or theories of philosophy and life is almost as absurd as to suppose that a bird sings with any such deliberate intent. We have become so metaphysical and prosaic that we must confine the soaring spirit of the poet in the confines of our own narrow limits of sense and utility.

"What is the use of the imagination if not to create works which are forever problems to the understanding?" says Goethe. Hamlet and Faust may seem to embody theories of life, but such was not the purpose of their authors in creating from their own inner spirituality.

WHERE POETRY ORIGINATES.

Somewhere in language we cannot exactly recall, Emerson intimates that in the verse of a poet the climate, the social airs, the mode of government, the market, all sing for him. In scientific terms the environment determines the direction and phases of his art. But in an even wider sense the people sing for him. For the intellectual classes — a mere minority always — could never have determined the form of art in any age. The shepherd on the plains, the weaver at the loom have done it. They have not usually done it directly, though sculpture, painting, music and poetry, have in a multitude of instances been recruited from the ranks of the peasantry, but they have done it by the dynamic force of mind, working in and through the lower substratum, and compelling with impetuous force the acceptance by those above of great and new ideals. But the people already have a floating, unwritten literature immeasurably vast, whose origin is mysterious, whose authors were never reviewed, who were never advertised by any primitive process, and who — fortunately for their descendants — left their works in characters over the text of which numerous annotators

may not quarrel, and make insufferable our already tortured literary life. The fierce Scandinavian dreams and traditions, with their magnificent imagery, the Gaelic, Celtic and Teutonic myths, the Tyrolese Saga, the finer and more voluptuous eastern visions, the solemn Hindu tales, the creation gnome, and fairy, and Kobald, and ogre, and brownie and pixy and genie, not to mention the nymph, and faun and satyr of the elder Greek imagination — all this vast accumulation of folk-lore, what is it but the world's unwritten poetry, which in its beginnings was circulated, may be even transcribed, by the wonderful Aryan peoples, from the far sources of the river Oxus to the shores of the Caspian Sea? From this origin spring also, in a fuller and more compact state, the Arthivian legends, the Nieblungenleid, the Arabian tales, and a variety of conceptions familiar to us in nursery fables.

Thus the poet finds much of his material ready made to hand. It is not often perhaps that he avails himself of it consciously, but unconsciously he is however doing so. Much of our finest poetry is in its essence the reconstructed mythologies of extinct peoples, and its persons the rehabilitated gods of pagan temples, long forsaken.

These supernatural beings still roam the earth as real existences, such is the indestructible nature of beauty, and though no longer objects of worship to the multitude, they have reserved for them a higher homage in the imaginations of the poets.

The antiquarian has traced for us, often painfully and laboriously, their lineage and descent, but he is able only to give us glimpses of the truth. These glimpses are indeed all that will ever be revealed to us, except in supreme moments, when intuitively we grasp the secret of the mould and fashioning. For imagination is forever unlimning the features of the olden dreams, and it is by no means an easy matter to identify them. But enough is revealed to us to show that the poet has very little to do with the making of his poem. The secret of his art lies much deeper than himself. Some long haired Aryan in Asian waters, thousands of years ago — not to go back to an even more distant and inscrutable period — precipitated his conception down the stream of time, where at last it fell into the hands of some late voyager. It is in vain we ask the antiquarian how he came into possession of it. Did we know the genesis of a single image we should be very near the knowledge of all sublunary things.

We have but to reflect how the voluminous body of Welsh and American legend has enriched to an extraordinary degree the poetical stores of Shakespeare, Milton, Spenser, Tennyson and Browning. This singularly prolific and abundant treasury of fancy and imagination, welded together by the collective genius of a people, stamped with the natural traits and peculiarities, of hidden and mysterious origin, has had a potent influence in determining the mould and form of their art. So it is true that "the shepherd on the plains, the weaver at the loom have done it" — and the disordered but vivid imagination of the witch who flaunts her madness on Scottish hills is reflected in the exquisite mirror of the poet's soul, with those softer lights and shadows of infant lore.

POETRY AS SUCH.

Poetry is the giving of the inner experience of humanity its outward expression. The form of this expression is determined by individual caprice, but in the degree that it partakes of the nature of the individual, and lacks the general features and characteristics of humanity, in that proportion it becomes comparatively valueless as art and is chiefly interesting only to the few. But often such poems, colored by a richly endowed individuality, marked by perfection of workmanship, a delicate fancy or a high imagination, take their place side by side with those higher products, as if destined for an equal immortality. But the slow alembic of time gradually eliminates, either partially or entirely, that voice which is merely individual, and Homer, Sophocles, Goethe, Shakespeare, Dante, Chaucer, Schiller and Burns become fixed, while others because they are not representative, because they are merely individual, and not universal, become chiefly valuable as studies to the few who can appreciate and sympathize with voices which have no relationship to the general aspirations of humanity, and which being narrowly individual, the great heart of humanity quietly ignores. Yet these are often real art though not the highest art.

Let not the artist hug to himself the flattering suggestion that because his admirers consist of those who are men of culture and refinement that therefore he is destined for the *arcanum* of the great ones of the earth. But if his songs are sung by the beggars in the streets, by the mother to the infant in cradle, by the old man before the dying embers of the hearth, by the children at their games — then the possibility of his being a poet becomes much more probable. We find Burns condemned to the plow and Southey elevated to the post of laureate. The general voice of humanity is more liable to err in matters affecting abstract problems, in legislation and theology, but in sentiment, feeling and emotion, which are the supreme touchstones in poetry, its decisions are much more authoritative than the judgments of any *cultus*.

You cannot deceive humanity by imposing on them as poetry a specious article. All the admiration of coteries will not make an immortality for a barn fowl. Even the most sparkling wit could not make poets of Pope and Cowley; neither can mere sound make poets of Swinburne and Rosetti, nor can any amount of fanciful antiquarianism construct a poetical epoch. Rosetti may stalk, *a la* Dante, among our markets, railroad stations, newspaper centers and stockbrokerages, but he becomes a laughable anomaly, because he is not natural. Subjects remain the same, but the objective appearance is changed. *Humanity will have nature.* Nature having graduated long ago looks to no *cultus* for her degree — this is the mistake all schools make.

FASHIONS IN POETRY.

Literature is chameleon-like and takes the color of the times. In rare cases are exceptions, and these exceptions usually become the literature of all time. "The old order changeth, giving place to new," but the spirit of the old radiates and animates the new. Even

if no visible relic can be cited, the spirit of what has passed from us is gathered to the new.

There are two or three new schools of poetry at the present day, and each has its separate evangelist. The inclination of one is to give sorrow an intensity it never had, to regard love as a fever, and life a heated dream. The other school is one of blackguardism, and a few ulterior elements, of which Walt Whitman is the high-priest. Now there is always more to be hoped for in blackguard vitality and towering ruffianism than in polished vice and intellectual unchastity. Walt Whitman is himself his own best justification of what he has written. He is thoroughly in earnest, and this earnestness stands in marked contrast to the effete dilettanteism of the Oscar Wilde school. He is the poet of strength, though it be but the brute image of strength. He is full of knowledge, of the sort which the wisest of the Greeks has said we may well pray the gods to keep us in ignorance of. Men are fine cattle, noble animals, glorious creatures!

In the instincts of blackguardism, these two schools would seem to touch upon each other. Swinburne himself, when occasion requires, can deliver himself of some very fair Billingsgate, of which the following is not an exceptional instance:

> When the devil's riddle is mastered,
> And the galley bench creaks with a pope,
> We shall see Bonaparte, the bastard,
> Kick heels with his throat in a rope.

Neither of these schools has any religion—they do not even know that there is such a thing. It is true that they love the stained glass windows of old cathedrals, and the solemn strains of the organ may excite in Rosetti's mind an elegant perfectly gentlemanly rapture, but they have no sympathy with the thousand worshippers who throng the altars.

The new school teaches a gospel of pure sensuousness. Rosetti is probably the most worthy of that company of young artists and poets styling themselves pre-Raphaelites, who rose in opposition to the old restraint and succeeded by virtue of undeniable talent in engrafting a suppositious form of art upon English soil. Rosetti can occasionally say a true thing very subtly and simply, but he is possessed with the sin of epithets, and a fondness for unusual words and phrases. A "dripping lushness" of expression characterizes and spoils much of his best work. He is more subtly intellectual than Swinburne, and though the sensuousness of his pupil is here, it is sensuousness softened by culture and brightened by a certain mediævel radiance. He strives to obtain a mediævel rapture and simplicity, and often succeeds, more markedly in the Blessed Damozel than elsewhere. Yet what impression do we extract? The impression of a picture only, for Rosetti was always more of a painter than a poet. The spirit of none of these is explicit, and directness is always a great merit in poetry.

WOMAN IN POETRY.

"Le genne na pas de sexe," says Madame de Stael, and of course she is wrong. The intellect of woman is different from that of man

and that is her everlasting glory. She is not equal to man for the same reason that man is not equal to woman. There is a distinctively feminine manifestation of intellectual utterance in literature — in all arts. The mental and emotional faculties of woman contribute in a different way from that of man, to whatever task she may undertake, and in music and art and poetry, neither man nor woman can escape the limitation of sex, though both for a time may succeed in hiding it.

It is right, then, that we should regard female poets as a separate and distinct class. That woman has so far accomplished very little in art is owing to her long intellectual subjection, from which she is only now recovering her rightful liberty.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning, everything considered, is the greatest female poet the world has ever seen. Sapho's remains are but fragmentary and insufficient. Jean Ingelow, a female Chaucer with a modern twang, has written some very beautiful and harmonious verse. George Eliot was more of an intellect than a poet, though she left us some striking lines which only a poet could have written.

> What times are little? To the sentinel
> The hour is regal when he mounts on guard.

And that beautiful hymn:—

> Oh, may I join the choir invisible,
> Whose music is the gladness of the world.

The female poets of the present day, however, are a sad lot and the least said of them the better. The trail of Swinburne is over them all. Scarcely a healthy note among them.

SPENSER.

Spenser, whom genial Charles Lamb called "the poet's poet," was second to none, or if any to one alone — Collins — in the faculty of personification. He was unable, like Collins to picture with one single stroke of the pen a faultless delineation of abstract sentiments and passions, but his description of Gluttony, Idleness, etc., with its multiplicity of details, each necessary to the completeness of the picture, is masterful and artistic.

> And by his side rode loathsome Gluttony,
> Deformed creature on a filthy swine,
> His belly was upblown with luxury,
> And eke with fatness swollen were his eyne.

A metaphor to be perfect must bear the following critical test: We must submit it to the process of picturing it mentally; if it then appear incongruous we may safely conclude that the metaphor is faulty. Thus:

> Death sat on the point of that enchanted spear.

is imperfect. But such examples are rare in Spenser. Milton's

> Sport, whom wrinkled Care derides,
> And Laughter holding both his sides.

is a fine example of metaphor.

Spenser's genius was that of pictures rather than of passion. His was rather the tenderness of passion than the passion of tenderness, if

we may be allowed to clinch the argument with antithesis. His genius, like Shelley's, whom he also resembles in the occasional unrivalled music of exceptional stanzas, was essentially feminine in its characteristics.

POPE.

Pope was the poet of aphorisms. Now, the value of an aphorism, or any number of aphorisms, can never be the value of a continuous revelation. It may contain a comprehensive truth, but it is at best fragmentary. The highest genius sometimes makes aphorisms but these are not the highest genius, nor its best fruits. The marvel of Hamlet is not his soliloquies, but the development, the surroundings, the groupings, the many facettes of the diamond — above all the spirit which communicates itself.

These aphorisms are the flowers that the plant bears, but the plant is the principal thing.

It is the province of genius to create the mysterious, but aphorisms are never mysterious, and however original are not creations.

The value of all works of art lie deeper than this. Scott is not quotable, and Byron is not at his best when he may be quoted. The greatest thoughts fashion themselves into more permanent if less articulate form. They are not expressible in epigrams. They are the burden, not the words, of the song—the spirit evolved, not the form, which is only the prison house of the spirit. And the greatest truths are in part secrets, and though the highest cannot be spoken in words, the highest does embody itself in form—it makes pyramids, sculptures Venuses, and writes Hamlets and Fausts. This is why well meaning men of a certain order of mind fail to see the utility of art, and indeed it has no immediate utility. But it is the way men express beauty—or rather sensations which they cannot verbally define. This is why men even of fine taste, while they can appreciate Pope thoroughly, cannot rise to a full comprehension of Shakespeare.

Pope was the very genius of epigrams. Solomon, his rival epigrammatist, had the good fortune to be born some centuries earlier. Had Pope been Solomon, his Essay on Man would have been part of the Hebrew scriptures. With the genius for epigrams comes the sin of antithesis. A hardness and coldness communicates itself to expression, and instead of the glorious expansion of a Shakespeare we have the shrivelled intensity of a Pope.

MOORE.

Moore came very near being a poet. His harp was exquisite, but it had only one string. His poetry was the product of the life he led, which was a butterfly life. As Byon once wisely wrote his friend Moore in a letter: "The truth is, my dear Moore, you live too near the stove of society, where you are unavoidably influenced by its heat and its vapors."

Moore was sweet, but he was petty and unmanly. Even his sweetness is not that of human or angelic truth, but of the effeminate confectionery of sensuality. There is such a sickening odor of per-

fume and tinkling of fairy harps, velvet carpets, sky of unnatural brightness, and such an air of unreality over all.

GRAY.

We hear a great deal of cant about Gray not being a poet, even from those who admit that the "Elegy" is a great poem. Now, any one who writes a great poem is a great poet. It matters not how it was written, or whether it took one evening or forty years in which to compose it. No ignoramus or mere poetaster could have written the elegy in five hundred years. One swallow does not make a summer, but one poem most emphatically does make a poet.

MILTON.

Let us approach the blind singer reverently—let us say what we have to say as softly as may be. He of the cathedral stanzas and the organ tones! whose poetry, in spite of its immense personal and intelectual force, has not love enough to keep it always alive, and slowly but surely it must die. Great as he is—second, perhaps, in the great poetical hierachy—he must fade and become but a name at last. On the whole Milton's poetry has done more harm than good. It has engrafted upon Christian modes of thought not only faulty notions of creation, which might otherwise have not become so fixed, but has incorporated with it the worst features of a heathen pandemonium derived from an intimate knowledge of Homer, together with the Roman notion of the propitiation of manes of our dead ancestors in Hades. In the same way as Milton describes Satan's fall into hell does Homer sing the descent of Ulysses into Pandemonium. The conception of Gehenna entertained by Milton is not to be found in the literature of the Jews, nor of the Apostolic writers, but readily coincided with the crude theological notions of the populace and got itself accepted as a true interpretation of the Scriptural meaning.

Milton's poetry is no longer an active power for good; it is too closely wedded to a ponderous, inexact system of theology, which is more and more felt to be a burden which we must shake off.

MOTHERWELL.

That the Scottish people, noted for shrewd practicality and excessive hard-headedness in business dealings and in the economy of life, should nevertheless have been the sponsors of a minstrelity as free fervid, and generous as that struck in summer southern lands is not a little remarkable. The keenest practicality and the highest imagination rarely travel together in peoples or individuals, and at first glance John Knox and Robert Burns seem so unlike in all essential particulars as to refute Buckle's and all other theories as to the persistence of national traits. But looking closer there is a resemblance of most distinct feature between the two. Both are splendid examples of a large type of manhood, one somewhat dethroned and mutilated it is true, but nevertheless with something of the majesty of their native hills about them, in one hardened into words of relentless daring, in the other softened into sympathy and song.

But glancing at Scottish history, and the results of all which

Scotland has bequeathed to posterity, the contradictions seem even more bewildering. Metaphysics and poetry shaking hands at Edinburgh; Burns' daisy, blossoming where the blood of warring clans had run red, where the fierce shout of the border chieftains had affronted the everlasting quiet of the hills; claymore and plough; a paganism which refused to yield to the attractions of civilization; deeds of magnificent daring and of homely charity—what a fantasmagoria of conflicting lights and shadows.

But through all vicissitudes the sweet Scottish minstrelsy blossomed a hardy plant. Transmitted from mouth to mouth, blown around as it seemed by the winds, and sheltered in by the hills, it went from generation to generation. And thus it was when Burns came, the sweet singer of love, of home, of simple beauty, and of the earth as it appeared to the eyes of one who in the spirit of his art had become as a little child, he had a vast sea of song on which to float his craft.

Motherwell never sufficiently mastered the technical difficulties of verse. There was almost always an unaccountable harshness, though he spent a great deal of time in revising and reburnishing. Some of his most natural descriptions of feelings and emotions and pictures of landscape, are strikingly unmelodious. But Motherwell was a natural singer, without being an artist in any sense. His were the wild-flowers of poetry, gathered at the wayside. Motherwell was one of "Nature's darlings", and his "wood notes wild" are songs which nature put into his mouth, or we might say drew from his heart.

Among Motherwell's poems there are scattered here and there sonnets which we could very easily have dispensed with. He was the poet of feeling rather than of thought; a sonnet is a pervading thought, a ballad a pervading feeling. Motherwell's ballads are almost perfection, while his sonnets are correspondingly unsuccessful.

As a poet he was perhaps deficient in robust vigor of pinion necessary for long and sustained flights. But in the affection of his heart, and rich mental and poetical sympathy into the sights and sounds of living nature, Burns only is his equal and superior. Many of his pieces are exquisite beauty and the lyrics of Jeannie Morrison and "My heid is like to rend, Willie," will rank with any similar compositions in the English language.

WORDSWORTH.

All things are governed by a law of reaction. In literature as elsewhere this is inevitable. Pope and Prior sang of courtiers and the next generation with Wordsworth sang of peddlars. It was a perfectly natural genesis. But Wordsworth was no mere fashion.

Because the flower and its color is a more significant thing than the howlings and wailings of the tempest, therefore I place Wordsworth above Byron. And I do so believing at the same time that Byron, though he sneered at Shakespeare, hated Chaucer and included all the Elizabethans in general contempt and otherwise manifested his ignorance of art and the true poetic ideal, would have renounced his sad caprice, and have allowed maturer judgment to correct and rectify these errors, and added to his undeniable powers rational direction

and an artistic sense. But Byron and Dante represent the demoniac in poetry — the difference is that Dante controlled it and Byron was controlled by it. The difference between the two — the superiority of Dante, is in personal innocence. It is this personal innocence that makes Shakespeare superior to all poets. It is this that made his vision so clear and luminous. And though Shakespeare never showed his face — and this recollect is the supreme art — we feel the beauty of a subtle, spiritual presence. The artist must first become as a little child, and in the artistic sphere, Shakespeare retained his immortal youth. It was not himself, but his song that was supreme to his consciousness. What does he say of his song?

Nor princes, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme.

The humble playwright was conscious of his power, after all.

And Wordsworth, though less self-absent, was equally self-contained.

Nature had had worshippers before, but never one who saw the soul of God shine through it with so much clearness and inevitability. Not even Shakespeare lived so near to Nature's heart. The further we progress in our inquiry, truth forces itself more and more upon us that is difficult, if not impossible, to formulate any logically constructed definition of poetry. The spirit of the thing is forever eluding us and such marvels as Hamlet and Faust do not readily approximate to any intellectual formula.

But when we say that poetry is humanity speaking religiously and musically we seem to have arrived at a partially satisfactory explanation. For there are few poetical masterpieces which do not readily fall within this definition. Those which are faithful portraitures of nature distinct from humanity are not the highest type of poetry. It is that reverent worship of nature, the identifying man with the natural marvels of land and sea, a phase of poetic art altogether absent from the ancient writers and not very prominent even in the greatest modern singer, Shakespeare, which found its first and full expression in Wordsworth, and the honor of being the first to give us that high expression entitles him to second place in the great poetical hierarchy.

The sounding cataract
Haunted him like a passion.

He was made one with nature, and was her intimate and familiar. Nature had waited three thousand years for one worthy of her confidence and at last he was come.

JOANNA M. BROWN.

Miss Joanna M. Brown entered amateur journalism in 1877. She soon became one of the best known of lady authors. Most of her productions were signed "Stuyvesant." In 1883 she was awarded the title of poet laureate, and she retained it during 1884, and in addition won the title of sketch laureate. Her poems many of them were of great length, and

she succeeded in sustaining them better, perhaps, than any one else. Her first poem of length was "Linea Poetarum," in December, 1882, *Paragon*. The opening lines were as follows:

> The day died slowly. O'er the western sea
> Th' enamoured sun rested on blushing wave,
> Sinking to his low couch reluctantly,
> Like one, who stepping downward to his grave,
> Pauses to gaze once more on life and light
> Ere he floats out upon that unknown tide,
> Which waits to bear him, through the gates of night.
> Unto a city where no mortals bide.
> The flowret's eyes grew dim with dewy tears,
> A grayness stole across fair nature's face,
> Sad sea waves whispered of foreboding fears,
> And through the tree tops, with slow stealthy pace
> Crept the light wind, as priests in sable creep
> All silently with book, and light, and bell,
> Into the chamber where the mourners weep,
> Of death in life, and life in death to tell.

She followed this with "The Queen's Doom," *Sentinel*, June, 1883, which won the laureateship. "The Legend of the Aqueduct," which was published in the December *Critique* of that year, also secured her this title, and was the most perfect of her lengthy poems. It, however, contained some mixed metaphors, and a number of errors in grammatical construction, but the narrative is very well told on the whole. "Per Silentium Noctes," *Violet*, June, 1885, contained the following lines:

> Below, old ocean, fretting at the rocks;
> Above, the quiet stars, guarding the skies,
> Where snow-white clouds, like the great fleecy flocks
> Kept by an exiled god, in silence rise
> And wander on, in Pherean fields to feed.
> On—on—forever on,—they may not rest,
> Though men, dreaming sweet dreams, in slumber lie;
> Their eyes are very heavy. "Sleep is best,"
> They whisper softly:—And the god goes by!
> At break of day in far Thessalian mead
> The flocks are pasturing; for through the night,
> The Sun-god led them onward to his light.

"Hephastos," *American Sphinx*, September, 1884, was a strong poem. Others of her shorter poems were: Without the Gates, *Messenger*, July 1884; The Haunted Lake, *Messenger* No. 3; A Fragment, *Quiver*, Sept. 1885; Prayer, *Rambler*, June 1884; Vengeance, *Zephyr*, Nov. 1884; My Lady and I, *Wide Awake*, Mar. 1885; Too Late, *Wide Awake*,

Feb. 1885; The Poet's Wings, *Sentinel*, Nov. 1885; Death of the Year, *Signal*, Dec. 1884.

THE LEGEND OF THE AQUEDUCT.

In old Segovia, land of gay romances,
Whose hill-tops bathe the dawn's soft feet in dew;
Where every breath the raptured soul entrances,
And bids it dream of Paradise anew,
Th' Aqueduct, all covered o'er with mosses
And gray with age, stands in its beauty still;
While, to its arches, veiled with viny flosses,
Cling the wild tales, which he may know, who will,
For hoary peasants love to tell the story
Of how, one night, the wondrous pile uprose
And stood completed, ere the sun's first glow
Brought back the blushes to the sleeping rose.
In years agone, so runs the legend quaintly,
A mountain rill flowed down into the vale,
Singing a little song, which echoed faintly
Back to the rocks it never more should scale.
So pure it was, so cool its limpid waters,
The people said, "Ah! it shall with us stay!"
And comely matrons, with their dark-eyed daughters,
Hastened to stop the streamlet on its way.
They made a basin, lined with snowy pebbles,
A pretty bed it was, and the gay rill,
Still singing in melodious, rippling trebles,
Rested within it, and grew calm and still.
If ever it grew weary of its prison,
Or longed to rush away unto the sea,
Ah! who could tell? for when the sun had risen,
In roseate light it lay, while bird and bee
Sang to it all day long; and when at even
The west grew golden, and the first dim star
Crept out into the blue expanse of heaven,
It shone reflected in the pool, that far
Beneath, looked dreamily, in happy wonder,
Into the silver eye; or, when the moon
Rode slowly up drifting the clouds asunder,
It sparkled in her ray, and with soft croon
Began to tell the story of its mountain;
Of fastness, boulder, cave and rocky crag.
And all the people drank of the pure fountain,
And murmured as they drank, "See how we drag
Our heavy pails," they said, "at day's first dawning
In the cold damps of night, the heat of noon,"
Until the air grew heavy with the mourning,
And the rill learned a melancholy tune.
The murmurers died, and others took their places

As years fled by, yet the rill lay as fair
Looking into the ever changing faces,
As when they first had caught and bound it there.
And still the people murmured, "Ah! how dreary
Is the steep road! the way how long and rough!
The fount is fresh, but we are very weary,
We draw and carry, yet have ne'er enough."
It chanced one eve, just as the sun was sinking
Into his leafy bed behind the lea,
A woman climbed the hill. The birds were drinking
From the still pool, while upon bush and tree
Their downy comrades waited; as hastily
Up the broad path she came, the birds flew up
Among the boughs scolding impatiently.
She heeded not their anger, as the cup
She took and filled and drank. "Good even, mother!"
She turned to see who spoke. No one was near,
Only the birds beside herself; no other.
"Who spoke?" she cried. No answer; then a fear
Crept up into her heart. In haste her pitcher
She filled with the clear water. In the west
The crimson deepened and the gold grew richer.
"I pray thee, mother, stay thee here and rest!"
Again the voice; again she paused and waited.
"Who calls me?" Not a sound. The skies grew grey.
A balmy wind arose with perfume freighted
As once again she turned upon her way.
"Thou art so weary, mother, and thy burden
Is heavy. Rest. A moment sit thee down;
For so thou mayest without tithe or guerdon,
And long ere darkness falls thou'lt reach the town."
And from the greenwood stepped a friendly stranger,
A quiet man, with gentle look and mien,
In peasant's dress. And, without thought of danger,
The woman gave him greeting. "Sir, I ween
That I would rest," she said, "but night advances.
The day is dying, for the sun hath gone.
I hear the sound of castanets and dances,
And from the valley the gay song is borne.
I needs must hasten! Stay me not, for yonder
Rises the moon. I pray thee, come with me
And join the games." The stranger paused to ponder,
Then answered, "Nay, good dame, it may not be,
For I am weary of the ceaseless moaning,
The murmurs of the people as they cry,
'Why toil we for these waters?' and their groaning
Grieves sore my heart." Now here, he heaved a sigh
And wiped away a tear. "Behold, how kindly
Is the good man!" the woman softly said.

"Yet I must go, or I shall stumble blindly
Adown the path. Good friend, I would have fed
And lodged thee at our lowly little cottage,
If thou hadst gone with me; the place is poor,
Frugal the meal and simple is the pottage,
Yet should thy welcome be both glad and sure."
"Thanks, mother, for the kindness thou dost proffer,
And though I may not go with thee to-night,
Some future day I will accept thine offer;
But now, before the coming of the light,
I fain would carry into yonder city,
That stands below the hill so white and fair,
The waters from this spring. Ah! more's the pity!
That they have caused thee so much toil and care.
Before the sun shall rise, I pledge thee truly
To make the city fair with this pure stream,
And will perform the work I promise duly.
Come, wager with me. Pledge thy soul!" A scream
Broke from the woman's lips, as a good Friar
Came slowly up the path, for a cool draught,
And paused in sudden fear as he drew nigher:
For well he knew the father of all craft
And lies. "*I* know thee! spite of all disguising!"
He cried, in righteous anger bolder grown.
"What dost thou here with him, at the uprising
Of the full moon, O, woman? Kneel and own
Thy sin, or I shall give thee to his keeping.
Back to his dread confines thou too shalt hie!"
"O, father,"—and the woman pale and weeping,
Knelt at his feet with low despairing cry,
"Indeed, indeed! I came to draw the water.
And thrice he called, then met me here, as I
Went on my way. I speak the truth!" "Good daughter,"
The priest replied, "Give me thy pardon!
I know thee for a woman good and true.
Speak not, however, with him, lest thou harden
Thy tender soul. Come, *I* will deal with you,"
He said, upon the stranger fiercely turning,
"What sayst thou to her, on the beaten way?
Give an account! then back unto thy burning
And hide thee from the pure light of the day."
"Stay, my good friend," the stranger answered, laughing,
I made an honest offer. Lo! the fount
Is clear and cool, and yet the peasants, quaffing,
Cry out and weary me. My toil I count
As nothing in the balance of their sorrow;
And pledge my word 'gainst this good woman's soul;
That ere the sun shall rise upon the morrow
(Thou must admit that trifling is the dole

And all the chances hers) into the city
To carry this fair stream." The good priest sighed.
The woman shook her head. "Ah! more's the pity!
Thou hast not taught her that to be sore tried,
Is just the straightest way to endless glory,"
Went on the traitor arch. "Thou hast not done
Thy duty to her, father." Here the story
Tells how, at last, the priest's consent was won
Unto the bargain, but in the relating
Is much of tedious argument. We pass
And leave it, therefore, simply stating
That the good woman's soul was pledged! Alas!
Poor thing. The priest had whispered, "Give thy consent
And I will pray for thee." With a low cry
She wept, "If prayer should not avail!" "Out, repent
Thee of thy want of faith, for shall not I,
Assailing heaven for thy sake, be stronger
Than hosts of evil spirits? Fear not thou!"
Then to the stranger, "Idle stand no longer,
Get thee to work! Remember that thy vow
Stands thus: The waters of the fount to carry
Into the city ere the sun shall rise.
If by that time it is not done, ay! Marry!
The woman's soul is saved." "If thou art wise,"
The other answered, "Get *thee* to thy praying,
And do thy best at it, my worthy priest,
Lest I the last stone on the pile be laying
And claim my vict'ry, ere thy words have ceased."
Upon his knees straight fell the holy friar.
The stranger 'gan to pile the heavy stones.
The darkness deepened, the moon rose higher.
While the night wind echoed the woman's moans.
"O, pray, good father, louder pray and faster!"
She cried in agony. "For see how fast
He works; how quickly stone and earth and plaster
Are placed and stand. Ah! he will win at last!"
"Nay, daughter," cried the priest. And fast the paters
Rolled from his lips, as every golden bead
Clicked 'gainst its fellow. "*Ora, ora, fraters!*
Ora pro nobis! for we have sore need."
Loud laughed the stranger, as the woman wailing,
Still cried unto the priest, "The pile grows high!
O, father, pray." "It shall not be for failing
In supplication, that he wins, for I
Will call on every blessed saint in heaven,
To rescue thee," replied the breathless priest.
Meanwhile uprose, as if by magic leaven,
Th' Aqueduct of stone. While in the east,
The faintest line of golden light was stretching

Along the sky. A smooth and pond'rous rock
Up from the vale, the stranger now was fetching
And stopped to ask the hour. "Three o'clock,"
Replied the priest, "past three." "And the sun rises
At six." "Three hours longer! I may rest
And finish easily: but 'gainst surprises
To be prepared, I'll watch this priest, the best
Of them need watching." Thus the stranger muttered
And sat him down, so weary with his toil,
That hardly had he the last sentence uttered,
Ere sleep o'ercame him. "Daughter, we shall foil
Him yet," whispered the priest, "for see, he's sleeping!
The time grows shorter, day is near at hand."
The woman raised her head and ceased her weeping;
The eastern line grew wider; o'er the land
The shadows lightened, when, from sleep awaking,
The stranger rubbed his eyes and round him gazed.
"Ah! I have napped," he said, and quickly shaking
His slumber off, went back to his labor, dazed
And very angry as the golden mountains
Appeared above a sea of ambient light,
In that fair realm whence flow celestial fountains,
Beyond the gloomy confines of the night.
"Thou didst deceive me!" cried the stranger wildly,
As with fierce energy his work he plied.
"I told thee truly, said the friar, mildly,
"'Twas past three, surely, and I have not lied."
"Thou hast lied! Out on thee, villian!" "Nay, to reason
A moment lend thine ear. *Thou* knewest thy task,
And if thou dost not finish it in season
Is not the fault and blame thine own, I ask?"
"Yet shall I win the wage!" the stranger shouted,
"In spite of thee. One stone and it is done."
"Aye!" shrieked the woman. "Priest, thy power I doubted,
And I am lost." When, lo, uprose the sun
Just as the stranger, in the act of placing
The last stone, howled in baffled rage,
As gleamed the sunlight o'er the hilltops chasing
The clouds of night. Down crashed the stone. "The wage
Is mine, O, demon!" cried the priest, triumphant.
"Prayer hath availed, O, woman! as of old
St. Michael with his angel host exultant,
Did vanquish him, while through the heavens rolled
The seraph's song, so now the angelic choir
Rejoiceth." On her knees the woman fell
And clasped his knees. "Bless me, O, holy friar!"
"*Pax vobiscum, filia.*' All is well!"

Go to Segovia, friend, pass by the villas
That fleck the hills. Stay not to cull the flowers,

Pursue your way until the massive pillars
Of th' Aqueduct shall meet your sight. The hours
Are not misspent that there you spend alone.
Recall the story; climb by these strong branches
And clustering vines up to the topmost stone.
Look down upon the city; the sun glances
On stately edifice and lowly cot.
A legend, say you friend? A poet's dreaming?
It may be so; he will not say 'tis not.
And yet, in the bright light, that round you streaming
Touches with glory earth, and hill, and sky,
He reads a truth divine: All sin and error
Cries out against the light that from on high
Breaks suddenly. Shrinking in sudden terror
Affrighted fly the spirits of the dark!
Search for the streamlet, 'mong the wavy grasses,
Discover, if you can, the basin. Hark!
Was that a step! Only a strange ewe passes
Up to her pasture. Pasture? O, my friend,
Go follow her! still up her footsteps wend.
A shepherd and his sheep in green vales lying,
He knows them all, and calls them all by name.
The weak in his strong arms he takes, the dying
Lie on his breast. The sick, the blind, the lame,
He tends them all. And never hand of stranger
Shall pluck them out of his. He holds them fast,
Secure from sin and folly, death and danger,
And leads them to his fold when day is past.

It was as a sketch writer that Miss Brown won her greatest laurels. Her stories were marked by a simplicity of style and vigor of imagination. Her characters were well delineated and were natural, as were her conversations. She showed considerable power in her descriptive passages. Altogether, she was one of the best of short story writers. "Professor Plumtree," *Wise and Otherwise*, January, 1884, won the laureateship, and was one of her most powerful sketches, especially in the first portion. She wrote also: At the Club, *Venture*, Jan. 1883; Apple Blossoms, *Sentinel*, June 1883; Edgar Allan Poe, *Sentinel*, Apr. 1884; The Vampire, *Sentinel*, Apr. 1884; Ebenezer Gratton's Christmas Presents, *Sentinel*, Nov. 1883; Where the Paths Met, *Paragon*, Sept. 1882; Doctor Falconbridge, *Mentor*, Mar. 1883; Ray Maxwell's Last Christmas, *Messenger*, Nov. 1884; Mr. Money Penny's Visit, *Signal*, Dec. 1884; The Fatal Seal, *Quiver*, June 1885; Classic Shades, *Stars and Stripes*, May 1884; The Haunted House, *Post Script*, June 1885; Chastine, *Exchange Journal*, May 1884; The Minister's Message, *New Century*, Feb. 1885;

At Set of Sun, *Exchange Journal*, Sept. 1887; At Christmas-Tide, *Wisconsin Youth*, Dec. 1887; A Twig of Hazel, *Commentator*, Jan. 1888; Mystery Concerning Jim, *Wide Awake*, Feb. 1885; Aunt Eleanor, *Sentinel*, May 1885.

PROFESSOR PLUMTREE.

The clock struck ten. Prof. Plumtree raised his eyes, looked at it a moment, and said: "Ah! time flies." Old Dr. Grimshaw, who lived opposite, would have remarked "Tempus fugit," but Prof. Plumtree considered the nineteenth century very much in advance of the age of Virgil, and the English tongue a very proper speech, whereas the old doctor, grown gray amid scholastic halls, had taught so many classes of Harvard students the utterances of the Tribunes and the Caesars, that the language of his own land had become to him a very childish mode of expressing thought. Having made the rather hackneyed remark upon the flight of time, Prof. Plumtree glanced from the clock to the fire, thence around the room, and smiled in gratified content. Everything about him responded to the smile; the long rows of books in the book cases, gleaming in their red and green and gold; the crimson easy chairs with their invitingly open arms; the stuffed owl over the door, blinking his eyes in the firelight like the veritable wise fowl revered in ancient Hellas; the cheery glow from the blazing logs, and the Maltese cat, that at the sound of his voice arose from the Turkish mat, whereupon he had been dreaming of a Paradise of sparrows, and rubbed himself affectionately against his knee; each made response. A cosy, comfortable room it was, indeed, all the more so, because without the snow was falling, and the footsteps of passers along the Boston streets fell soft, with a crunching little sound pleasant to hear, while no breath of the wintry air could possibly steal in through the heavy curtains; but only one glance could the Professor bestow upon it, for he was busy — very busy upon his new lecture, shortly to be delivered before the "Anti-Creed and Cant Society," formed with the laudable purpose of humanizing humanity. An august body it was, every member thereof being an erudite philosopher, a most extensive repository of occult learning, and a delver into cavernous profundities after an illusive entity, denominated Truth, that was to be eventually caught and trapped, clapped down, as it were, into a Pandorean box, evermore to abide with man.

Prof. Plumtree was a member himself, and on that very night was hot upon the hunt of the self same entity, dipping into the books that lay piled about him, like a busy bee in a garden of choice flowers, culling now from one, now from another, while his pen flew over the white paper before him, and that paternal old patriarch who counts off each man's mortal span, counted the seconds, noted the minutes, called off the hours, in a tongue it would have puzzled Dr. Grimshaw to translate. One old volume among the many upon the table seemed to be especially in demand, and every time the Professor laid it down, he chuckled, not a coarse unrefined chuckle, but a cultured little bubble of satisfaction, as if he had caught his game this time, and meant to

hold it fast. There it lay, that old brown book, among fine, new editions of Darwin's and Huxley's and Spencer's most voluminous works, with one cover gone, many of the leaves out, and more falling every time it was taken up; in fact, it was so old, and had lain away in the garret among the rats and mice so many years, that the Professor when he went up to look for it, thought it had disappeared altogether; but behind an old chest he found it at last, just where he had thrown it when he had grown too old, too wise to read it, and bore it triumphantly from its hiding place, not because he valued it highly or loved to peruse it, but because by it, he meant to kill it; to sting it to death with its own arguments. and thus free man from a worse than Egyptian bondage. From henceforth no bigotry was to blind his eyes; no humiliating servility to bend his knees; no creed to limit his actions; there was to be no need of vigil, or fast, or prayer for evermore, for Prof. Plumtree meant to speak, and a listening world would attend and profit.

"The origin of all superstition," wrote the Professor, "in the hands of wicked monks, a very Ætna of Corruption." "Ah!" thought the Professor, "Ætna of Corruption — very good!" A cold breath passed over his brow and stirred his hair as it went. He shivered slightly and looked hastily towards the window — the curtains did not move. "A cold night," muttered the Professor, and went on with his writing. "Those honored, reverenced, almost worshiped custodians of the Vulgate, were coarse, gross, sensual, given to unlawful pleasures, huge feeders"—a tap at the door followed by Bessie, the pretty waitress, bearing upon a tray a silver coffee urn, a dainty breast of chicken, a plate of flaky biscuit, a dish of large oysters. a pitcher of milk, a bowl of sugar, a pat of golden butter. The "potent, grave and learned" Professor bestowed a smile upon the waitress.

"Let us, my dear Mrs. Pritchard," he had said upon one occasion, "let us have maids about us that are fair," and Mrs. Pritchard had subsequently engaged fair maids alone to wait on her cultured guests. The tray always came up when the Professor was busy, and when was he not busy? "Huge feeders," indeed, were the monks! When the door closed behind the maid, the Professor arose, stretched his limbs, stood awhile with his back to the fire, poured out a cup of coffee, and took a biscuit. The clock struck eleven, and though it was early for the street to be deserted on Christmas Eve, yet the voices of pedestrians had ceased, their footsteps no longer were heard. Prof. Plumtree put aside the window curtain and looked into the street. The snow was deep and still falling, and the corner lights dimmed by the flakes as they fell, like stars half obscured by vapory clouds. A butcher's boy, carrying a huge turkey in one hand, and a bunch of rabbits in the other, came plunging through the drifts, and went in at Dr. Grimshaw's area gate. The old Doctor, notwithstanding his classical lore, kept Christmas quite royally, and was glad of the holiday and the good cheer, as the dullest youth into whose unwilling mind he hammered the hexameters of the Latin poets.

Prof. Plumtree often laughed at Dr. Grimshaw and called him

"an old fossil," and Dr. Grimshaw often laughed at Prof. Plumtree, and called him "an insensate vertebrate." The Professor had not left the window when the boy came out again, gaily caught up a snowball and ran off whistling loudly, but he dropped the curtain with a little sigh as the boy disappeared, remembering his own youth and what Christmas had once been to him. He almost wished that it might be the same to him now, as he drank his coffee, went back to his writing, took up the old book again and dipping his pen in the ink, held it idly in his hand and fell into deep thought. The cat had gone back to his rug, and lay gazing sleepily at the fire, which, sullen because of the Professor's neglect, deadened and grew white, flashing out now and then as if resolved not to care, and again dying out as if overcome by the magnitude of its wrongs.

The clock struck twelve, and the Professor started from his reverie, just as all the bells in Boston city commenced to tell the hour, and the chimes on the Episcopal church around the corner, pealed out a merry carol for the holy tide. How cold the room had grown! How strangely cold; an icy wind seemed to freeze the very marrow in his bones, and to glitter like hoar-frost on the glass doors of the book-cases, and to turn the nose of old Cotton Mather — whose portrait hung in puritanical stateliness upon the wall — quite blue. He had glanced at that ancient worthy quite by accident, but his gaze became riveted as he saw the old gentleman trying to get out of the frame that had held him so long, his long gown fluttering and rustling, as he climbed laboriously to the floor and fell upon his knees. The Professor remembered that he had been much given to prayer during his lifetime, and supposed that he, with the characteristic stubbornness of the roundheads, held to it still, though of no avail, and smiled at the conceit; but when he saw Washington and his generals in the fine engraving on one side of the fire-place, and bluff King Hal, Queen Katherine and Cardinal Wolsey together with the gentlemen of the Court, from the companion piece on the other, all clambering out of their respective places to the floor, his astonishment knew no bounds, and he sat rooted to the spot, staring at the strange company attired in quaint garments, courtly robes and sacerdotal vestments, kneeling around old Cotton, who, with hands uplifted, and voice that trembled as from long disuse, began a prayer. The tongue that it was writ in, no mortal might understand, but the Professor's knees smote together as the unearthly sound arose, his blood curdled in his veins, and on his head, "each particular hair did stand on end, like quills upon the fretful porcupine."

Prof. Plumtree was not a coward, by any means. He came of a line, who, for conscience's sake, had taken the head of a king, ruled a disturbed kingdom, suffered hardship and dishonor and death, without complaint, and though the Professor could not be said to do much for the inward monitor aforementioned, yet he had never feared man — no, nor God, and was reputed the boldest of the bold spirits of the age. How did it come to pass then that the strange speech should so affect him?

As the voice went on, the heads of the kneeling company bowed lower and still lower, and when it ceased a silence fell, so dead and utter, that not a sound save the beating of the Professor's heart could be heard in the room. He was certain that he had not taken his eyes from the forms upon the floor, that no one could have opened the door and come in unobserved by him; yet now, in the midst of the group, there stood a man he had not seen before, haggard and worn, and travel-stained as if from a long journey, clad in a long mantle which, wet with the snow, clung closely to his form. How still they were, those prostrate ones! — for every one had fallen upon his face; no motion of garment or stir of limb, they lay as silently as they had lain in their tombs for so many long, long years.

With that close observation and attention to detail, that enables a man under the influence of the strongest emotion to note and remember the most trifling, as well as the most important objects, Prof. Plumtree saw that one of the stranger's hands was deeply scarred as if from a cruel wound; that a drop of blood had trickled from his brow and fallen upon the Cardinal's scarlet robe, and where it fell the scarlet had become white; that Cotton Mather — ever a bold man — had put out his hand, grasped the wet robe and held it tightly; the leaves of the old book that had fallen upon the floor shone like jeweled coronets, every letter upon them standing out in the varied hues of ruby, emerald, sapphire and topaz. so distinctly that he could read them plainly from where he stood, and upon every page he saw one word. How it stood out in amethyst and pearl, diamond and opal. Peter! His own name. As he looked at it in wondering amaze, he heard a voice calling him.

"Peter!"

It was many years since any one had called him by that name, yet the voice fell upon his ear with all the tenderness of a mother's love, a father's care, a friend's kindly solicitude. He felt his heart swell within him at the call, yet could make no reply, nor turn his head, nor stir a limb. Paralyzed, in his place he stood, burning with a wild desire to obey the call, to follow the voice whithersoever it might lead him, but held back by something he could not rend, and with an agonizing fear lest the call should not be repeated, lest the speaker should pass on and leave him. In his despair he remembered how long years before, when a child he had lain awake at night and wept over a story he had read, the story of a patient, a gentle sufferer; mocked and despised and put to death. How he had shuddered in sympathetic pain as he thought of the uplifting of that cruel cross, whereon was stretched the quivering form, how he had clenched his little hands beneath the coverlet, and thought of his tiny strength, that should have held back the murderous mob, if he had only been there.

Along the street came a party of young people from the church, who had been placing the last wreaths in their places for the morrow's festival, singing a quaint old carol, and as they passed, and their voices grew faint in the distance, the voice that had called to him seemed to mingle with theirs and to be passing away. Why could he not now

follow it? Why could he not move? He looked down at his feet; over them and about his knees, wrapped around his waist, and bound over his breast, draped from his shoulders, and thrown as a veil over his head, he saw a gossamer net, so fine in texture that it seemed a very cobweb to look upon. It was this that was holding him, only this!

But lo! when he would have set himself free from its silken toils, it held him fast as in an iron vice. As he struggled with it, a low murmuring cry took the place of the carol, a wail so unutterably sweet, yet so mournfully sad, that the tears coursed down his cheeks as he listened. "So the angels might bewail a lost soul," he thought. As he grasped the net again, a wild laugh rang out in the room, a yell of fiendish glee. "So the fallen spirits might give welcome to the lost one," he thought, tearing madly at the clinging meshes. It was tightening over his heart, around his neck, binding his wrists, and his frantic struggles were only drawing it closer. Choking, gasping, dying, with one last motion of despair, he sank upon his knees, crying out, "O, my God! Help!" Scarcely had the words passed his lips, when the voice he had endeavored so vainly to follow, rang out clearly by his side. "Unloose his bonds and let him go!" He felt the net loosening, unwinding, falling from him.

Half fainting and with dimmed vision he looked up to see the group that had knelt around the stranger, standing about him regarding him with such joy and gladness expressed upon their faces, that he smiled, and made as though he would have risen to greet them, but Cotton, who was still clinging to the travel-stained robe, stepped aside, and the stranger upon whose breast the head of General Washington had been resting lovingly, lifted it tenderly, and passing from their midst, bent over the Professor. "Did you call me, Peter?" The eyes of the dying man looked into the eyes of the weary traveler, and lighted with a bright but fading flash, as he murmured, "Aye, Lord!" "And I have come!" As the stiffening lips strove to frame the word "forgive!" the stranger lifted the Professor in his arms and held him to his heart.

Clasped in that close embrace, and looking into that face no longer strange, so familiar it had grown and so dear, the weary eyelids closed. The clock struck one! A burst of rapturous music swelled upon the air, then silence, and then darkness, and the falling snow, and the watchman's call. Over the whitened earth the Christmas bells rang joyously; like Oriental monarch, in golden splendor, the sun came up to keep the feast.

Dr. Grimshaw was standing by the window, when a servant from Mrs. Pritchard ran across the street, and motioned to him. Her face was white and frightened, as he went out, spoke to her, came back for his hat and went over. There upon the floor of the study, lay Prof. Plumtree, cold and still, grasping in his hand an old brown book, one frozen finger pointing to the words he had been reading.

"Whom say ye that I am?" Peter answered and said: "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God."

"Reading his Bible when he was struck, sir!" sobbed good Mrs. Pritchard. Dr. Grimshaw glanced at the papers upon the table. "Throw away those papers, madam, they are of no value," he said. "Stay! I will take them myself."

"Heart disease," pronounced Dr. Miller who had been hastily summoned. Aye, "heart's disease," he repeated, after a close examination. Dr. Grimshaw gathered up the sheets of the unfinished lecture, and carried them away with him.

"Reading his Bible when struck," he said to himself thoughtfully, "and for what? Yet I am glad it was near him when he died. I thank God that He is all merciful, and that He has not appointed me to be a judge over my fellows."

AUNT ELEANOR.

We had been watching for her all day, — although we knew that she was to come by the stage coach, and that the stage coach never reached the turn of the road which was its nearest point to our house until half-past five o'clock, yet we had watched all the same and were watching still. We had taken our stations at that turn in the road, that we might be the first to welcome her, determined that no stage coach should approach without our knowledge.

My father was a farmer, the owner of the finest hill farm in New Hampshire; a well-to-do, wide-awake, thrifty, enterprising man, who rose at dawn himself, and would have had every member of his household do likewise if my mother had not convinced him that for us younger folk, at least, a morning nap was conducive to health. My mother had been born and bred in the city, great New York, that wonderful spot which we had never seen, but which we were sure we should know all about if we might visit it, assuring each other that no one in the vast metropolis would ever think us country folk. My mother laughed as she looked at our sturdy frames and ruddy faces, and said, "And why should you be ashamed to be thought country folk?" and as we really did not know why we should be ashamed, we were silent. Aunt Eleanor was my mother's sister. She had not married a farmer as mother had done; indeed, she had not married anybody as yet, though she might have done so time and time again, if she had wished, my mother used to say, laughing across the table at my father, to which my father would reply, looking quizically back at her:

"Abie, Ekie, Ikie, I,
Peter, Bob, and Jasper."

We never understood what that meant, but it made Aunt Eleanor all the more interesting because of the mystery. Grandpapa Ray, my mother's father, was very rich; he had not approved of my mother's marriage with my father, but my father used to say that if she had not married him that farm would have been a howling wilderness, and my mother was never sorry that she had left the great city for a home under the shadow of Profile Mountain. We were always happy, but more especially so when Aunt Eleanor, wearying of Saratoga and Newport, would write a letter to my mother, on the daintiest of paper, deli-

cately scented, saying that she was so tired of brick hotels, horrid balls, and dreadful beaux, and could she come just for a week or so to breathe a little pure air and hug us all to her heart's content? How we loved her! It made no difference to us that she was a belle in the great city and at the famous watering places, nor to her when she was at the farm. She rode the hay loads, and waded in the brook barefooted, and went berrying, and tore her dresses, and burnt the tip of her pretty nose, and ran races with Archie and Will, and boxed my father's ears when he teased her about "Abie and Ekie," and helped my mother shell peas and string beans and make jelly, and gave us her lovely necklaces and lace ties, and romped and laughed and sang from morning until night. Ah! it was no wonder we were all glad she was coming, from my father, who did not care much for company, down to Mollie the old cook and Jerry the stable boy. But, stay! I must make one exception. I do not think that Mr. Cartwright was at all glad. Mr. Cartwright was the son of one of my father's old friends. He lived in Boston, and was Professor of something or other in Harvard University. He was a young man, and had lectured and written and studied so much that the doctors said if he did not leave all literary work, and go up among the mountains on a farm, he would have brain fever and lose his reason; and to save his reason he had written to my father, asking him to take him into his family for the summer. My father could not say him nay, of course, and consequently Mr. Cartwright had come early in June, and was with us still. We all liked him; he was so gentle, so quiet, so kindly; nothing ever annoyed him; everything on the table was just what he liked; his room was so pleasant, the air so fresh, the woods so beautiful, the mountains so grand. He was very pale and tall and slender, and he had very dark eyes with that far-away look in them which children so often have who die young. I used to think he looked into another world, and saw the seraphs and the cherubim— they grew so large and soft sometimes. He, and only he, of all the household did not seem to be glad that Aunt Eleanor was coming.

"He don't like folks around, I guess," said Archie from his seat on the topmost rail of the fence, as we discussed the matter pending the arrival of the coach.

"Perhaps he thinks she's like those silly ladies who stay up at the Profile," observed Cassie, shading her eyes with her hand, as she looked for the one hundredth time to see if the horses' heads were not appearing over the hill.

"Well, if he does he must be a ninny," said I tartly, "professor or no professor."

Will lifted his head from the soft stone he was using as a pillow, as he lay on the grass by the roadside, and said: "I'll tell you what *I* think about it. I think he'll fall in love with her when he does see her."

Archie burst into a loud laugh. "That's Billiam forever! What reason have you for such a preposterous belief, my romantic brother, eh?"

"Well, it just came to me somehow," replied Will in no way disconcerted by Archie's laughter. "I think he's been disappointed; laid his heart at some fair one's feet, perchance; — fair one false or mocking, perchance; — false one had more to do with that brain fever question than books, perchance; — came up here to forget her, perchance; — *will* forget her when Aunt Eleanor arrives, perchance."

"Then I should think, perchance, that he'd be glad she was coming, perchance, instead of glum about it, perchance," laughed Cassie.

"Ah, but stay," and Will rolled over upon one arm and raised the other impressively toward the heavens above him; "he may not pierce the veil which hides the future from his eyes; — he hath heard of Helen and dreads her approach, but ere another sun sinks into the waters of the western sea his doom shall be to look upon the maid for whom the world goes mad, and looking, to be distraught with hopeless love."

Will was the scholar of the family. He had just finished the *Iliad*, and we had it served up to us at all times and in all places, no occasion being too trifling to draw, for illustration, upon his classic lore.

"The coach! the coach!" shouted Archie.

It was that time of the day when the sun sheds his warmest glow over the land, mindful, it may be, of his going down, and wishing old earth to keep him in tender remembrance,— and out of the dust and heat of the old coach, into the light and fresh beauty of that summer afternoon, came Aunt Eleanor. As she sprang lightly to the ground, receiving us with outstretched arms, Mr. Cartwright came down the lane. The encircling arms could hold only three,— and I, being the fourth, while I waited for my kiss, saw him coming,— saw him start violently and put his hand quickly to his heart,— saw him stagger up to the fence and hold to it with his face deadly pale. "Will was right," was my mental comment; "he has gone mad already."

As Aunt Eleanor turned towards me, she saw Mr. Cartwright; the merry laugh died suddenly on her lips; she was surprised and embarrassed, and dropping her eyes to the ground stood quite still.

I ran to her. "I am very glad to see you, Aunt Eleanor," I said putting up my lips for a kiss.

"Dear Abbie!" she said, throwing her arms about me and hiding her beautiful face among my curls.

In the meantime Mr. Cartwright had recovered himself and advanced towards her. He was very, very pale, but he smiled and put out his hand. "It was such a surprise to me to see you here, Miss Ray," he said, "that I was not prepared for it. I have heard a great deal about Aunt Eleanor, but never thought of connecting the name with you, having altogether overlooked the fact that Mrs. Somers had been Miss Ray also. I have not been well of late," he went on as if in explanation of his former agitation, "and anything sudden confuses me for the moment."

She bowed and gave him her hand, but did not answer, and my mother coming up with little Nell in her arms relieved the embarrass-

ment. Mr. Cartwright went on to finish his walk, and Aunt Eleanor was borne in triumph towards the house.

Will pulled me aside to whisper: "Could Aunt Eleanor have been the fair one?"

"Perchance," I replied, laughing.

"And where did you ever meet Mr. Cartwright, Eleanor?" asked my mother.

"In Boston, last winter," replied Aunt Eleanor, adding almost reproachfully, "but why did you not tell me he was here?"

My mother had not seen the meeting between Aunt Eleanor and Mr. Cartwright, and answered laughingly: "Why, Nell! it never occurred to me that one quiet student being with us would make any difference to you."

"Oh, it doesn't make any difference," replied my aunt who had recovered something of her gay good humor; "not the slightest difference in the world. Pray, do not think so for one moment, Carrie."

My mother looked at her with a little surprise in her eyes, but Aunt Eleanor put out her arms for Baby Nell and we all went into the house. I went to the dining-room to set the tea-table, but long before tea was ready Aunt Eleanor came from her room. I shall never forget how beautiful she looked that summer evening, standing in the porch with her arms above her head picking a bunch of the full red roses from the vine that twined about it. Her dress was thin and white, and the soft lace sleeves fell away from her full white arms banded at the wrists by her gold bracelets. She called to me that she never could get enough of those lovely roses, and laughingly hoped I would not think her grasping for taking so many. I saw through the window that Mr. Cartwright had come through the gate and was standing beside it, watching her, and, leaving my pile of plates upon the table, I stepped forward to look out at her. She was picking still. "There," she said at last, "that will do for the present."

As her arms fell, Mr. Cartwright came on towards the house, and my father, who had come in from the field through the back door, surprised Aunt Eleanor with a hearty embrace and a kiss upon either blooming cheek, which caused her roses to scatter themselves upon the door-step and the gravel path beyond.

"Oh, you dear, rough, old John!" she cried, standing on tiptoe in order to box my tall parent's ears; "just see what you have done! My beautiful, beautiful roses!"

"Nothing the matter with them," replied my father, laughing; "Cartwright has picked them up."

Aunt Eleanor turned quickly; Mr. Cartwright had gathered the flowers she had dropped, and came up the steps holding them out to her. She took them and thanked him, but her cheek was as red as the roses as she did so, and the soft, warm color spread itself over her neck and even tinged her full white arms. One rose, broken from its stem, lay at her feet unnoticed as she fastened the bunch among the satin ribbons at her waist; but Mr. Cartwright saw it, picked it up and put

it into his button-hole, searching upon the lappel of his coat for a pin with which to fasten it.

"Here's one!" said Will, emerging from the shades of the honeysuckle vine which grew between two great trees, forming an arbor over a side path. The young gentleman in question had evidently been an interested observer of the above proceedings, and advanced, presenting to Mr. Cartwright a large shawl pin with a shining black head. Mr. Cartwright took it gratefully, spiked the broken rose upon it, and fastened it securely in its place.

"Spare the poor flower," said Aunt Eleanor, softly; "you have pierced its heart with that cruel dagger."

"I have not hurt it," replied Mr. Cartwright, softly also. "It was wounded to death when it lay at your feet; it is past feeling now."

Aunt Eleanor turned and came into the dining room. "I am starving, Abbie, dear!" she said merrily. "Is tea almost ready?"

"Quite ready," answered my mother, coming in with the tea cannister and the pitcher of hot water in her hands; "sit right down, for you *must* be hungry, riding so far since noon. Come in, good people, all!"

And the good people all, foremost among whom was Mr. Cartwright, obeyed the summons. But if Mr. Cartwright was the first to come in to tea, he was the last to eat of it. It was very evident that *he* was not starving; he toyed with his fork and ate a little honey, and nibbled at his biscuit; but he watched Aunt Eleanor all the time, and listened to every word she spoke, as if she had been the sibyl interpreting the oracle that was to decide his future weal or woe. And she, how she laughed and joked with my father about Abie and Ekie, and talked with my mother about Grandpapa Ray, and told us about the gay folk at Saratoga and Newport, and discussed boat races and college crews with Archie and Will, but said not a word to Mr. Cartwright, and we all forgot him too, in having so much to say to her,—so he sat silent among us taking no part in the conversation. He went to his room after tea, although he usually sat with us in the evening.

"Don't go away, Cartwright," said my father as he was leaving the dining-room.

"For a while," he said with a smile. "I shall come down by and by."

But though we sat long on the lawn, he did not come; and no light shone from his window when we went into the house.

I was to room with Aunt Eleanor, as our only spare chamber Mr. Cartwright occupied. She told me not to wait for her, but to lie down and go right to sleep, as she meant to sit by the window and watch the moon rise over old Profile.

"You can see it at any time, dear!" she said, putting her arms around my waist as I bent to kiss her good night; "and sleep is better for you; but the grand old mountain rests me more than slumber. If the lips of that stone face could open and speak to us, what do you suppose they would say?"

"Oh, I don't know, Auntie," I replied laughing. "You have such strange fancies."

"I think they would tell me," she went on, as if she had not heard my answer, "that if I were to die to-night I should not lie so quietly in my coffin as I might have done a year ago. It would be dreadful, would it not, to be restless in the grave? to turn and toss in that narrow bed, waiting for the morning that would never, never come."

I was so surprised to hear her talking like this, that I had no answer to make. She frightened me too, for it was late; there was no sound in the house and the night was very still.

"Don't please, Aunt Eleanor!" I whispered fearfully, "Why should you think of death and the grave to-night?"

"I don't know, Abbie," she replied drawing me down into her lap. "And I have frightened you. It is only my humor; kiss me and run away to bed."

"Promise me to think of nothing but the moon," said I, pointing to the streak of silver that touched the summit of the mountain, "and I will go."

She laughed and said she would promise, and I went away to bed.

I must have slept sometime, but not until morning, for when I opened my eyes the moon, very round and big, was shining brightly in at the window, beside which Aunt Eleanor still sat, talking softly to somebody outside. I could not see the face of the person, for the shadows of the trees were on it, but the slender form I recognized as that of Mr. Cartwright. Our room was on the ground floor, and one standing on the grass outside could easily rest his arm upon the window-sill. I was in that half-conscious state between sleeping and waking, from which it takes a little while to arouse; so I lay and looked at them, not hearing what they were saying; but before long I began to hear words, then sentences, then became interested in the conversation, and like a wicked spy eagerly strained my ears that I might not lose a word.

"It will not be necessary for you to do that," he was saying, "I shall go away."

"But the air here is doing you good, and you need the rest," she replied. "You must not go."

There was a long pause, then he spoke again. "It will make no difference; I am no better than when I came, and I shall soon have a long enough rest."

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"What any man would mean whose days are numbered," he replied quietly.

There was a long, long interval of silence. "I shall be glad to sleep without fear of awakening," he said at last. "The night will bring me peace."

Aunt Eleanor turned her head towards the mountains, — rising heavy and dark out of the moonlight about them, — her lips were a

little apart as if her breath did not come freely, but she asked calmly: "How long do you think it will be before *I* die?"

He turned his face toward her. Oh, how white and still it looked in the soft light! — like the face of the peaceful dead — without trace of pain or care. "Many, many years, I hope," he said looking into her face.

She did not look at him, but beyond him up to the top of old Profile. "Why do you say that?" she said bursting out as if in sudden anger. "You are cruel to wish to sleep yourself, while hoping that I shall live to suffer for long, long years."

"To suffer?" he asked gently. "Aye, I should be cruel indeed to ask years for you, if they are to bring suffering with them; how cruel I, who have known what such life is, can testify unto. But the time to come will bring you only joy. You are so young, so beautiful, so gay. I shall smile in my sleep and be glad when your feet come dancing over my head."

"They will never dance there," she said, and I knew by her tremulous voice that tears were in her eyes. "And, if I, with my lips close to the sod, shall call down to you, lying so still below, and ask you to forgive me, will there be any bending spray of grass or waving flower to tell me that you hear and answer me?"

A gentle wind arose and stirred the rose vines about the porch; it came in at the window, heavy with the breath of the roses. "I should hear you," said Mr. Cartwright with a glad sweet happiness in his voice; but for fear that I should not be able to answer you then, let me do so now."

"For if there were no such sign," went on Aunt Eleanor as if she had not heard him speaking, "I should never be happy again. No — not in Heaven!"

By the light of the moon I saw a radiant smile break across Mr. Cartwright's lips. He bent his head and said something to Aunt Eleanor, so softly that I could not hear; but I saw her lift her beautiful arms and put them about his neck. I knew that he kissed her, but I did not see him, for turning my head away I whispered to myself: "If ever such an hour comes to me, I shall not wish any but God and His holy angels to look upon us."

The old clock in the hall struck twelve. I heard Mr. Cartwright's step upon the gravel path, and knew that he had gone; then I turned to look once more at Aunt Eleanor. She was kneeling by the open window, with her face lifted towards old Profile. I saw her lips move — she was praying; and it seemed to me that the dear Christ was smiling upon her through the silver glimmer of the harvest moon.

The autumn came, and the mountains were all glorious in their broideries of many colors; the scarlet of the mountain ash, the gold of the goldenrod, the deeper red of the sumach, and the purple of the broom. The birds flew far to southward, and the brooks began to sing a melancholy tune. The winter came and capped the old Stone Hero in a glittering helmet, and the ways were white with the untrodden snow. The spring came and Profile put on a robe of light green;

the robins began to sing at early dawn, the streams awoke with a little gurgling laugh from their winter sleep. The summer came, and Profile's robe grew darker and thicker ; the grain, stirred by the balmy south wind, bent gracefully to give him greeting,—as once again we waited at the turn of the road for the stage coach. Two were coming this time instead of one, and the two were Mr. Cartwright and Aunt Eleanor. He was not buried under the daisies, but was coming with his bride to visit us.

"What shall we call him?" asked Archie, from his seat upon the lower limb of a "spreading chestnut tree." No one answered.

"It's strange," observed Will, at last, "that we never thought to ask him what his first name was."

"It begins with an A," said Cassie.

"Perhaps it's Adam," said I.

"Or Abel," said Archie.

"Or Abraham," said Cassie.

"Or Achilles," said I.

"Or Agamemnon," said Will.

The last supposition suspended our breath. "I *hope* not!" said Archie; "we'd never get it out, you know."

A shout from Will announced the coming of the coach. Cognomens were forgotten until after we had fervently embraced Aunt Eleanor and shaken hands heartily with Mr. Cartwright.

"Well, my dears!" he said, smiling upon us; "I hope that you are as glad to have me for an uncle as I am to have you for my nephews and nieces."

"We are very glad, uncle—" Will paused.

"Angelo," said Aunt Eleanor.

"Angelo," faltered Will.

"It might better have been Agamemnon," whispered Will to me, as we went homeward. "It's just as hifalutin and not so classic."

"I like it," I said, thinking of the night he had stood at the window, with the moonlight on his face; "it's heavenly if it isn't classic."

JAMES ROSEVELT GLEASON.

Mr. J. Rosevelt Gleason contributed articles to the amateur press in 1878. In 1879 he founded the *New York Pilot*, which he published for about two years. His poems were not numerous, but of high quality. His productions all bore evidence of most careful and studious revision, and were shaped and pruned to a remarkable degree. No crude or hastily constructed work of his ever saw the light. Most of his poems were in a reflective vein, many of them after the manner of Herrick. His workmanship was finished; all unnecessary words were excluded, all was smooth and polished, artistically arranged, and musical. His best lines possessed a

subtile charm of suggestion, and teemed with delightful faccies. He wrote some of the very best poetry in amateur literature. His best poem was "A Reverie," *Critique*, May 1883; and another beautiful effort, "Lines on Breaking a Clay Pipe," *Our City Boys*, September, 1881. He also wrote: To a Bayonet, *Sun*, March 1882; Shelley, *Telephone*, March 1884; Mystery, *Telephone*, Feb. 1884; Premeditation, *Sentinel*, March, 1884; To a Young Poet, *Sentinel*, Sept. 1883; To Miss Teresa, *Messenger*, Nov. 1884; To a Hash, *Athenia*, Jan. 1887; To My Lamp, *Epoch*, Feb. 1887; My Home, *Sphinx*, December 1882.

TO A HASH.*

Out wi' ye're airs an' feckless play!
Ye're fu' o' crowlin, silly say;
Ye used to be, but are na mae
A jolly birkie;
But wi' the faithless flunkie's way,
Ye're mean an' mirky.

The speech ye use is saft as bile,
Ye don ye're claes to meet the style,
An' a' ye do is light as pyle:
O weel my laddie;
Ye'd sit an' study mense a while,
Were I ye're daddy!

ON BREAKING A CLAY PIPE.

Alas! thy stem is rent in twain,
And I shall ne'er from thee again
Draw solace. What the joy or pain?
Poor little thing!
Thou surely served thy purpose well
Ere this sad happpening befell
Thee. Art thou more than worthless — tell?
Thou little thing!
A new one fresher is, I claim:
Thou hadst grown old (though not to blame),
But still, a new one's not the same,
And cannot bring
The joys that old companions share,
The pleasures long-formed friendships bear.
How sadly memories must fare,
That round thee cling!
Thy short existence seemeth not
Unlike unhappy mankind's lot:
Now honored, cherished — then forgot
By Time's swift wing!

*A snob.

IMPRESSIONS.

My pipe is peace to me
On languid summer eves,
When zephyrs steal with lazy flight,
Nor scarcely hymn the brooding night,
Nor wake the sleeping leaves:
Some sullen vagary
Encoils me in her pensive chain,
And knits me with the past again,—
I puff my clay,— the chain is broke,
And broken, passes off in smoke!

My pipe is peace to me
On wintry nights and chill,
As speeds the flaky tempest past;
When all without is soughing blast,
And all within is still:
In poet's company
I tread my several ways along
The verdant paths of vernal song,—
I puff my clay,— the song is done,
And puffing breathe a benison.

In prose Mr. Gleason exhibited the same painstaking care in composition. All roughness was smoothed over, and everything made compact and even. He carried this revision to such an extent that his sentences often were so polished as to seem somewhat artificial. His habit of thought was reflective and scholarly, and his essays sometimes reminded one of Charles Lamb. As, for instance, his

OLD PIPES.

I have a passion for old pipes. Who has not, that smokes? Yet I am told that there exists a class of persons which prefers the coil of leaf that is called a cigar, and still another which looks with disgust upon aught but the clean white clay or the pearly meerschaum and lucid amber tip. Such people do not know the delight of tobacco. They smoke for the reason that other men do; because they want to smoke, but not because the weed has a charming taste. They resemble my friend who refused some very old port which was drawn from the barrel, for fear it might be impregnated with a poisonous property of the wood. They resemble the being whom I met at Philaster's book stall recently. I was delving among some ancient volumes that stood upon a corner shelf when a person reached over my shoulder. I turned and beheld a man of about thirty years of age, clad in a bright suit of colored cassimere, patent-leather boots and brisk beaver. I snatched a small book and retreating a few feet, pretended to read lustily. Perhaps it is wrong to do so, but I have a peculiar habit of watching any new-comer at Philaster's. Such people always pretend they know precisely where any volume is lying. They never ask about

an author, for that would be an evidence of ignorance; and so they flounder among the huge stacks of printed lore, usually without purchasing. Thus I knew that the person whom I was watching was a stranger to the stall, for he groped aimlessly among the shelves, now picking out some calf-cover only to throw it down when a vellum-back met his attention. Full many a score were thus seized, glanced at and dropped, when he cast a look toward a shelf in the opposite corner. There lay a mass of late editions, bound in fancy cloth and gilt. They had been brought mainly from trade-sales and their gloss had not yet worn away. The stranger strode rapidly to those books and soon departed with a volume under each arm. Philaster looked at me, then smiled and said: "The contents were all the same to him—he wanted the cover."

So it is with many who feign delight in a pipe; they care only for a clean bowl and a clear stem. But I have digressed from pipes to books. Yet albeit, there is to me a certain degree of affinity between them. A good, old colored pipe always seems a fit companion when we are poring over the works of an early author. It seems to aid us in deducing any argument or weighing wit or reason. The thought, somehow, finds a ready channel through the brown stem, and flows into our head mellifluously with each puff. How much grander Byron is, how much happier Goldsmith, and how calmly beautiful is Shelley, when a cloud of smoke lingers like a benediction about their volumes, or weaves a host of curious forms as it rises slowly in the quiet air. Then, too, what a grand company, ourself, the pipe and the poet!

Just as men prefer different ages of pipes, so they like different kinds. As for me, I do not like a meerschaum. It smacks too much of the aristocrat. Like ornate chirography, it is less for use than display. It is a good thing to keep under lock and key, but is attended with too much danger to permit of any pleasure from its frequent employment. Corn-cobb pipes are not strong enough. Two fires are apt to crack them, and at the most, they burn through after a few smokes. Why they are in the market is a question which has not yet been fully determined with me, for their only recommendation seems to be that Andrew Jackson once used them.

But give me the large-bowled clay! Ah! there is a solace in that very word, clay. What a true friend it is! Let our feelings be high with some eminent hope or low with any dark despair; be we clad in the robe of wealth or in the ragged garb of poverty; whether we repose on the carved couch or sink down upon the road, a dusty traveler and weary with the way, there is ever a balm in the clay pipe. A lasting joy though we may have ten thousand. And then, the antiquity of the clay pipe entitles it to an uncommon share of our affection. Oh! the toil for bread that it has witnessed. Who in Grubb street was not possessed of at least one? Biographers have failed to tell us that Goldsmith puffed devotedly upon his clay pipe just before he began his clog and flute in the Inner Temple. It has not been written that Burns discharged his sallies of wit in the Chrochallan Club amid the fumes of tobacco, but still we cannot conjure them without their

pipes. We cannot picture the carelessly-clothed Nolly without a stem protruding from his pocket, any more than we can imagine a lake without ripples, or a beautiful plant without leaves or flowers.

How hallowed are those hours when we are seated around a cheery log fire in winter, when the windows are creaking with their weight of snow and the wind is groaning. How the wood crackles and spurts as we bend to light our pipes.

But Time has decreed that the log fire must be quenched, and Fashion demands that the circle and the pipe shall be broken. But Time and Fashion are wrong—both wrong to auld lang syne.

As a writer of sketches he was perhaps not quite so successful, though they all bore the same literary finish. He was fond of depicting personages of odd and eccentric appearance and manner, but within whom there bubbled and seethed the common emotions of humanity. He wrote Sol, *Nonpariel*, Sept. 1881 ; Dies Irae, *Critique*, Dec. 1883 ; A Relic of Eld, *Arnett's Phœnix*, Dec. 1882 ; By Nether Lands, *Paragon*, Dec. 1882 ; Aftermath, *Boys' Herald*, Aug. 1884 ; Marianna, *Bric-a-Brac*, Sept. 1886.

BY NETHER LANDS.

The eastern coast of Cape Cod ends in a series of netherlands. Perhaps only a few of those who visit the spot for pleasure are aware that that glad sea which kisses the white sands in summer and throws toward the smiling sun a crest of lucid spray, is the same mad sea which thunders in winter along the gloomy coast, thrashing restlessly, tearing great fragments from the unprotected shore and delving deep alcoves in the sand. When the sea is at the ebb a long and narrow bar protrudes above the waters several hundred feet apart from the main land. Twenty years ago that bar was the shore line, and many an old fisher remembers a modest hut that stood where now the finny members of the deep are rushing to and fro. How long that hut stood none knows, but many can tell about its two occupants who were two heroes in their way.

The terrible storm of '55 is a tradition among the folk of Cape Cod, and grey-bearded salts love to muse upon the awful story of its havoc. That night was a thief to one home. Bill Francis left home in the afternoon to raise his nets. None knew the coast better than he, and a merry sneer answered his wife when she cautioned him that a terrible gale was brewing. "Squalls of late rise very sudden, Bill," she said. "Yes, jes so ; thet's why I want them nets hauled."

On the morning of the morrow they told her Bill was dead.

Mrs. Francis was not a woman, either corporally or spiritually. She had toiled from her early Berkshire home until her cottage on the white sandy shore. Work ! That was her father's law and her mother's, and it had descended to her an inheritance for which she was thankful. Work ! That was the lesson of her life. For a week the

little green shutters of the cottage were closed. For a week the honeysuckles and the daffodils that grew about the porch were uncared for of her hand. Then Mrs. Francis resumed her usual daily toil as if she still believed that the light of her life would again appear in the low door-way while the light of day was fading beneath yon western sea. To him who had not seen Mrs. Francis before she was a widow she could not have appeared to be pining under any great affliction. Indeed there was naught in her manner or her speech to indicate that the calm tenor of her life had even been disturbed. Perhaps she was more sedate than she used to be,—but that might readily have been attributed to her increasing years, to her wiser view of life that everyone insensibly assumes with age. Her eyes seemed as bright as ever. A scar-like furrow across her forehead that was not there before Bill died was all to show that he had ever been. Mrs. Francis had few visitors. Miles Elbridge had been a friend of her husband's and a partner in his business, and he had proffered his services to deliver her sewing every Saturday to the folk of Hampden. "Remember Miles if I should die," Bill had often said, and Mrs. Francis knew that Miles was always pleased to do her kindness, and she accepted his services. Occasionally she lingered on Sunday at the little church of Hampden to converse with Mr. Thorne, its pastor, and occasionally some passing friend would tarry at the hut to exchange a greeting with Mrs. Francis, but save these she often saw no one from the Saturday when Miles called until the following Saturday when he came again. And still, she grew not weary of her lonely toil. The world to her now was not what it had been. One short season before her heart had no need to live without the pale of her little home, for then all the love she knew and all she sought was centered in one being, one being of flesh and blood, and now when that was gone she neither cared nor wished to venture in an outer, alien life. Yet she was an unwritten heroine, for all that. The sun shone as brightly as it did on her wedding day, the flowers smelled as sweetly as they did when she was young, the sea-song had the same sad melody that it used to have, and the hut where she dwelt was still her beloved home. A void in her life, that was all!

So the summer passed.

One evening in October, as she was putting aside her work, several heavy raps upon the door fairly shook the little building. Perhaps Mrs. Frances was not a brave woman, but then she knew nothing to fear, and answered in swift response. Her neighbor, Thaddeus Tucker, strode smilingly in.

"Good evening, Mr. Tucker," she said, softly.

"Good evenin', marm," he replied, and walked into the room. "I came, marm, fur—" then he paused and looked shyly about him. "Ahem!" he ventured, then he played nervously with his weather-worn cap and gazed intently at his rough, red boots. The silence of a minute. Then he began again. "I have came, marm—" and then paused once more.

"Sit down, Mr. Tucker; what is the matter?" and Mrs. Francis looked inquiringly at her bronze-visaged visitor.

Mr. Tucker seemed to have regained some portion of his courage, for he seated himself, and said in a formal way, "I have came here, marm, for two reasons; an' one is to know if I can do anything fur ye, an' t'other 's to know if ye 've seen that sea this afternoon?" Thaddeus Tucker seemed to have lifted a heavy burden from his mind, for he gave a long sigh and crossed his legs.

"No," rejoined Mrs. Francis, in her usual tone, "no, Mr. Tucker, you can do nothing for me now; and as for the sea, I am trying to forget it altogether. But you have been kind in coming, and I thank you."

Then there was a long interval of silence which was finally broken by Mr. Tucker.

"Ye hev a fine carpet," he said, eyeing the rag-stuff carefully, "an' I can do nothin' fur ye!" he exclaimed, as he raised his eyes. "But the sea war beautiflar nor I ever see it, an' them what-ye-calls-em in the garden 's grew powerful this fall. How 's them beets ye spoke of? Oh! no, not beets, either, cuss it!" and Mr. Tucker gave his right knee a smart rap with the right hand. "Them, them turnips, I guess, eh?"

Mrs. Francis looked vexed. She frowned severely, but only replied, "Yes they were turnips, and I had a good crop, too."

"Ha, ha, ha, he, he, he," suddenly burst from Mr. Tucker. "Ha, ha, ha, he-e-e." His countenance beamed with a jolly laugh, and he wriggled in his seat.

"What are you laughing at, Mr. Tucker?" asked Mrs. Francis.

"Ha, ha!"—then he straightened himself and gazed abstractedly out of the window. "Wall, cuss it! I was goin' to tell ye su'thin' odd, but tar me if I can think on't now. Anyhow, marm, I see ye 're kind o' busy, an' I'll heave round here again. O'day, Mrs. Francis, O'day." Mr. Tucker strode hastily out of the hut.

"What did he mean?" she mused when he was gone.

Miles Elbridge called as usual on the following Saturday. Mrs. Francis was standing on the porch when he drove up. She greeted him with a cordial welcome, and Miles responded to that welcome as he was wont to do. But she noticed the absence of his common merry mood, and that he was more sedate than usual.

"Miles," she said, "you act strangely. Everyone seems to act strangely of late. Thaddeus Tucker was here the other day and he was *so* queer."

"He war? he war?" asked Miles, and he nodded slowly.

"What is the matter with him?" questioned Mrs. Francis, abruptly.

Miles raised his eyebrows and shrugged his shoulders. "Oh! nothin', nothin'," he said.

Her bundle of sewing was ready. She brought it from the house tucking as she came, the edges of the wrapper.

"There, Miles, is the result of a week's work," she said, as she handed him the bundle.

Miles surveyed it carefully; then replied, "Yes, an' a week's *hard* work, ye might say."

"No," rejoined Mrs. Francis, and she smiled, "I can't say that, for I idled some of the time."

"Oh! it's rough for some; rough an' *lonely*." Miles gave a peculiar accent to the last word and looked into her eyes. They twitched slightly; then their wonted beauty, calm and soft, and their wonted expression of firmness was all he read in them. They gave no other token. But Miles perceived the force of his remark, and he saw in it just one poor ray of hope—just one. He turned and looked toward his horse, and then said sympathizingly,

"I've been thinkin', marm, fur a long, long time, thet ye might be lonely here."

Then a gust of wind filled the air with particles of sand and made the little windows of the hut rattle in their casements. Perhaps it was a shudder, perhaps some tremor which we do not know, that made Mrs. Francis' voice tremble as she answered,

"Yes, I am sometimes."

"It's gettin' dark, good-bye," said Miles.

Mrs. Francis looked over the broad field of underbrush that fretted the shore, and then at Miles. "Good night," she said, and the fluted sea seemed to murmur in response, good night!

Mrs. Francis watched Miles as he rode away. Smaller and smaller grew his retreating figure; still her eyes followed him. Dimmer and dimmer in the gray twilight until he faded entirely from her view. "What did he mean?" she asked herself, as she entered the hut. "What did he mean?" was the only response she could conjure. When the great yellow moon shone from the full height of its aerial path, Mrs. Francis was thinking for an answer to her question; when the grey mist of morning chased away the stars she was yet weaving and raveling and weaving and raveling the warp and woof of her thoughts.

When the good pastor of Hampden had ended service on the following Sunday, and the congregation had left the church, Mrs. Francis entered the vestry. Mr. Thorne was standing by the window, but turned quickly when the door was opened, for it was a thing unusual for any of the parishioners to intrude into that sacred apartment.

"A good day to you, my friend," he said pleasantly, but she only replied, "Oh! Mr. Thorne," and then sank wearily into a chair.

"What troubles you so?" he asked quickly, for he saw her eyes and read them.

"A great deal," she sighed. He paused for her to continue. "I remember, Mr. Thorne, how kindly you used to speak to Bill, when he was alive, and how you sort of showed me how a good woman ought to be, when he was dead, and I know that you can advise me now. I am not the being I once was, Mr. Thorne. I know that and you do. It has been only once in my time that I have had to stand

on the porch of an evening when dinner was ready and waiting, and say, "he will not come to-night,—and, and—" but her heart overflowed. Mrs. Francis wept.

"Don't, don't take life so hard, my friend," said Mr. Thorne, slowly.

She dried her eyes and spoke on. "Mr. Tucker has been visiting me, and he acted very strangely; and Miles Elbridge who takes my sewing to Hampden came on the next Saturday, and he acted stranger still. I don't know why. But somehow, I guess— I guess," here her voice faltered, "they wanted to marry me." Then she wept again. Mr. Thorne looked at her steadily, when she began once more.

"I've often worked hard to get along, since Bill died—often very hard, but it seems as if I had nothing to live for. Do you think I would be doing wrong to marry now?"

For ten years Mr. Thorne had been the pastor of that parish. For ten years he had nobly fulfilled the great duty which was his. In their darkest hours, the simple folk of Hampden had always come to him for consolation, and in their brightest for joy. Children he had christened, maidens he had married, and fathers he had buried. And naught had turned him away from his road of righteous toil. Some children used to say that he was godly, but he knew and we know that he was only man. Is it strange then that he was not forever guarded against that something that conquers all men at times? Is it strange, is it strange that he should have loved? or that she whose heart he once had buoyed should return that love?

On the Sunday after, a wedding chime trembled the bells of Hampden.

A RELIC OF ELD.

"Other times are come, and other men."—*Emmet.*

"It was not so when I was a boy." Those were the first words I heard him utter, and he accompanied them with a slow shaking of the head, while a melancholy smile dispossessed his former expression of sternness. I believe he referred to a telegraph dispatch, which some guest at the hotel had received.

I shall never forget that man as he stood upon the piazza, leaning on a crooked cane, and cautiously peered over his shoulder at me. He was the living image of the pictures in an old book which I used to read hour after hour with unabated interest when a boy. Many a time my father came after me to that musty attic room, to go of an errand, and he always found me crouched upon the floor, lustily reading aloud from that ancient volume. Oh! how well I remember the last time I turned its leaves, aged and yellow, wearied and worn! School was just out, and I had thrown aside those day-companions that I loathed,—perhaps because their every page seemed to bear the imprint of a huge, birchen ferule—and had betaken myself to the attic room, where I assumed my wonted position. I was reading about the seers and sages of this nation: about Washington, Adams and Jefferson, the great and good. A large picture of the latter, clad in the

primeval costume of the country, was before me. Long and attentively I gazed at it, until I fell into a sort of reverie,—a day-dream as it were. There came to my mind all that I had read about that wonderful man: his struggles, his victories, and his benisons to posterity. I was lost in pathetic reverence when the door was suddenly opened by my mother. She had come to tell me that I was to be sent to a school in Massachusetts, of which my uncle was director. All the bright dreams faded, and the glory. I gave that page a parting glance; then closed the book forever.

I had quite forgotten that incident in thirty years, but when I saw that old man standing upon the piazza of the hotel at Richfield, it all returned like a lost line in some poem. He seemed attired in the same frock coat, the same velvet vest and ruffled shirt, and the same queer collar and stock which were worn by the hero in the old, grey picture. His thin and long white hair fell carelessly over his forehead as if to slyly tell us he was old; yet when he spoke, a keen look shot from a pair of small blue eyes, while his lips moved harmoniously with the clearly-cut features. His words rolled slowly out in a deep, melodious voice—a voice pure as youth and bold as age. All that he said seemed to echo and re-echo in the heart.

I marvelled at his buoyant step, when he walked across the uplands, and wondered why he used a cane. Some one else may have thought the same, for when he had returned, a gentleman who was seated near me asked his reason for carrying the crooked stick. He accepted a proffered chair, and replied: "My son, this cane was given to me, when I was young, by Hickory Jackson. My father called upon him once, and took me along. When their business was finished, Mr. Jackson took me on his knee and plied me with some curious questions. I do not remember what they were, but finally, he arose and going to a closet, brought out this cane. 'Keep that, my boy,' he said, 'and carry it to remember me.' That was the last time I saw him. When I grew old enough, the stick was given to me. I have carried it ever since, and expect to always."

As the old man finished, he drew the cane across his lap and examined it carefully. Then, stamping with it upon the floor, he arose, and whistling a merry tune, walked sprightly into the house.

I saw him at supper that evening.

A bill of fare was handed him. He hastily threw it aside, cast a look of disgust toward two young men who sat opposite eating a third course, and ordered a bowl of milk and crackers. He was not a precisian at the table. His cane lay at his feet. He drummed audibly with his knife while awaiting the fulfillment of his order. He leaned backward in his chair, and cast a perspicacious glance at every one about him. When he had eaten, he carefully folded his napkin, pushed the chair quickly to the table, and picking up his cane, walked nimbly from the room. I believe that the two young men whom he had so severely scrutinized keenly felt his sarcastic glances, for they looked shyly at each other when he was gone.

I had come to Richfield to sketch, rather than for the purpose of rusticating after a winter's onerous labors in a small studio, and arose on the morrow as the first rays of the sun wandered through several rents in my curtain. No one in the hotel had arisen save the cook and waiters. A clock struck the hour of five when I left the house, carrying a case of canvass and colors and an umbrella. I had been recommended to Eagle's Point, from which, it was said, a sublime view of the surrounding country could be obtained, and I trudged along the solitary road for perhaps three miles, when I arrived at the intersection of several paths. I knew not which would lead me to the Point, and sought in vain for guide-posts. Feeling there was but the recourse to some passer-by, I prepared a seat upon a fallen tree, but had hardly done so when I was arrested by sounds which seemed to issue from an adjacent orchard. I hurried to the fence, where could be seen the form of a man among the branches of an apple-tree. "Sir," I said, "can you tell me which road I shall take to reach the Point?" The figure slowly descended. He reached a ladder that leaned against the tree as I looked up. There stood the old man I met at the hotel. He smiled in recognition and said: "You are up very early." "And you?" I replied with surprise. "Oh! I am always up with the sun. 'Early to bed and early to rise,' has always been a maxim of mine." "A most proper one," I rejoined. "But," he continued, "folks generally think different now-a-days. The times have changed since I was young," and the words froze into that melancholy smile he wore when I first saw him.

I scarcely know how I reached the Point that morning. I could think of nothing but that queer old man. He seemed beside me at every step, tall and erect as he stood upon the hotel piazza, or bending between the branches of an orchard tree. The breezes may have been freighted with the mingling perfumes of a thousand flowers, but I gave it not the meager blessing of a thought. The trees along the roadside might have been eloquent with the melody of aerial choristers, but the only sound I seemed to hear was that mournful, dreary laugh.

The view from Eagle's Point was charming. On every side the scenery was ideal. To the north, a series of mountains and hills and valleys reposed in formidable grandeur, fading into the misty distance like a dream. To the south lay a succession of undulated farms, which were nourished by an idle stream that bubbled, yet a spring, between the rocks beneath me. Cattle were scattered at graceful intervals, lazily browsing on rich pasture, or standing along the cool margin of the winding river. It was all, all living poetry, but I was without the halo of its charm, for wherever I looked, the figure of the old man posed before me. I prepared my canvass and endeavored to draught a sketch, but my hand was unsteady, and my mind wandered far away.

I had grown weary with myself, and hastily collecting my paraphernalia, walked rapidly toward the hotel. As I approached the Court House, I noticed an unusual gathering of men and women and children about the door. The former were discussing in loud tones, while several ragged urchins who had climbed up to the tall, narrow

windows, peered cautiously in. I divined the reason of this unwonted assemblage, and questioned a fellow who stood with his hands in his pockets, leaning against a wooden column. A young man was about to be tried for arson. My listless curiosity was awakened, and I entered the court-room. The room occupied the entire building save the cellar, which paid the double service of a store-room and a jail. The walls of the room had received, at some time, a coat of kalsomine, but it had quite worn away and left a dirty, greyish surface, and upon this had accumulated the dust of many summers. It was palpable that more attention had been paid to the platform, for that was carpeted with a well-swept and somewhat worn rag stuff, while it was enclosed by a low, wooden ballustrade. A long, narrow table that had experienced much service, evidently served as the juridic desk, for it was covered with books and bundles of papers. In the center was a huge bottle of ink, and in this, at uneasy angles, stood several quill pens; these were in fact all that gave the place the appearance of a forum. There was but one case awaiting trial, and when counsel had signified their willingness to proceed with that, the prisoner was brought in and placed upon the platform.

I have read of the unconcerned and roguish look worn on every occasion by the Artful Dodger; of Fagin's bloodless grin, and the painless countenance of the pirate Corsair Chief, but I used to consider them gross perigraphs,—wanton delineations. I never knew, until the day when I looked upon that young prisoner in the Richfield court, that one *could* have

"A laughing devil in his sneer."

The accused was probably not twenty-three years of age, but his thin, white lips, his small, black eyes that wandered like an exile, and the one straight row of hair that served for eyebrows made manifest that he was an old man in crime. His uncombed hair was black and long and matty, but not sufficiently so to hide a narrow and retreating forehead. The clothes he wore were rough and ragged and filthy, but not from the dirt of the field or the dust of the shop. He looked an outcast as he stood upon that platform, a felon in a felon's garb. Still, he had some sympathizers, and a jury was paneled with difficulty. They were a contrast to the prisoner they faced, those twelve men good and true, all neatly attired, and I was cogently reminded of Hogarth's history of the apprentices.

I had, however, already tarried longer than I intended, and left the court at this juncture.

As I descended the low, wooden stoop, a familiar voice sounded behind me. "Did you reach the Point?" I turned. There stood the old man, wiping his brow with a large, red bandana. "Oh! yes, thank you," I replied, and continued, "Have you been attending court!" "Yes, my son," the ancient said, "and when I saw the hardened features of that young prisoner, my mind was fully made up that he is guilty of the enormous crime with which he has been charged. Think of arson, sixty years ago! Awful." I glanced intuitively at the speaker. His head swayed slowly and he sighed heavily, but did not conquer that woeful, lachrymal smile!

HENRY FRANCIS DONOHUE.

One of the sweetest singers of amateur journalism was Henry F. Donohue, who was known as "Nettie St. Clair." Mr. Donohue was an invalid from birth, but he was possessed of a true poetic spirit of a most joyous, though not light, type. He entered the ranks in 1878, and was an associate editor of several papers, his last position being on *Young Nova Scotia*. He died September 20, 1883. As a poet he earned his greatest laurels. His poetry was simply expressed, but grand in its conception and movement. He had what few amateur poets have exemplified — a pure and sincere religious spirit. A fine example of this was "The Bard," published in the March, 1883, issue of the *Paragon*, of which the following is the last stanza:—

God always sets along the way
Of weary souls some beacon ray
Of light divine;
And only when my spirit's wings
Are weary in the quest of springs
Of Song, I pine;
If I could always heavenward fly,
And never earthward turn my eye,
Bliss would be mine.

There was an air of sincerity about all his work. His poems seemed to come forth from him of their own accord, and not as though they were drawn out against their will. They were, therefore, fresh and natural — unlike the manufactured verse of some of his contemporaries. His principal works were: "Spirit of Song," *Blade of Grass;* "To Nature," *Youths' Enterprise*, July, 1882; "To a Miniature," *Wise and Otherwise*, November, 1882; "Shakspere," *South Easterner*, Oct. 15, 1882; "The Sailor Lover," *Magnet*, December, 1882; "Love's First Kiss," *Western Amateur*, December, 1882; "The Enchanted Isle," *Caprice*, August, 1883; "To Charlotte," *American Youth*, November, 1882; "The Sunbeam," *Golden Moments*, January, 1883; "Lines," *Lark*, July, 1883; "The Stars," *Nugget*, June, 1886; "Cultivation," *Will o' the Wisp*, September, 1883.

THE SPIRIT OF SONG.

Eternal fame! thy great rewards,
Throughout all time shall be
The rights of those old master-bards
Of Greece and Italy;
And of fair Albion's favored isle,
Where poesy's celestial smile

Hath shown for ages, gilding bright
Her rocky cliffs and ancient towers,
And cheering this new world of ours
With a reflected light.

Yet, though there be no path untrod
By that immortal race—
Who walked with nature, as with God,
And saw her face to face—
No living truth by them unsung–
No thought that hath not found a tongue
In some strong lyre of olden time;
Must every tuneful lute be still
That may not give the world the thrill
Of their great heart sublime?

Oh, not while beating hearts rejoice
In music's simplest tone,
And hear in Nature's every voice
An echo to their own!
Not till these scorn the little rill
That runs rejoicing from the hill,
Or the soft, melancholy glide
Of some deep stream, through glen and glade,
Because 'tis not the thunder made
By ocean's heaving tide.

The hallowed lilies of the field
In glory are arrayed,
And timid, blue-eyed violets yield
Their fragrance to the shade;
Nor do the wayside flowers conceal
Those modest charms that sometimes steal
Upon the weary travelers' eyes,
Like angels, spreading for his feet
A carpet, filled with odors sweet,
And decked with heavenly dyes.

Thus let the affluent soul of song—
That all with flowers adorns—
Strew life's uneven path along,
And hide its thousand thorns;
Oh, many a sad and weary heart,
That treads a noiseless way apart,
Has blessed the humble poet's name,
For fellowship refined and free,
In meek wild-flowers of poesy,
That asked no higher fame!

Yet, not for these alone he sings;
The poet's breast is stirred

As by the spirit that takes wings
  And carrols in the bird!
He thinks not of a future name,
Nor whence his inspiration came,
  Nor whither goes his warbled song;
As joy itself delights in joy—
His soul finds life in its employ,
  And grows by utterance strong.

THE ENCHANTED ISLE.

Far in the ocean of the night
  There lieth an enchanted Isle,
Within a veil of mellow light,
  That blesseth like affection's smile.

It tingeth with a rosy hue
  All objects in that country fair,
Like summer twilight when the dew
  Is trembling in the fragrant air.

And there is music evermore,
  That seemeth sleeping on the breeze,
Like sounds of sweet bells from the shore
  Lingering along the summer seas.

And there are rivers, bowers and groves,
  And fountains fringed with blossomed weeds,
And all sweet birds that sing their loves
  Mid stately flowers or tasseled reeds.

All that is beautiful of earth,
  All that is valued, all that's dear,
All that is pure of mortal birth,
  Lives in immortal beauty here.

All tender buds that ever grew
  For us on hope's ephemeral tree,
All loves, all joys that e'er we knew,
  Bloom in that country gloriously.

There is no parting there, no change,
  No death, no fading, no decay;
No hand is cold, no voice is strange,
  No eye is dark—or turned away.

To us, who daily toil and weep,
  How welcome is night's starry smile,
When in the fairy barge of sleep
  We visit the Enchanted Isle.

All holy hearts that worship truth,
  Though dark their daily pathway seems,
Find Treasure and immortal youth
  In that fair isle of happy dreams.

But, if the soul have dwelt with sin,
It landeth on that isle no more,
Though it would give its life to win
One glimpse but of the pleasant shore.

There joys, which have been thrown away,
Or stained with guilt, can bloom no more,
And o'er the night their vessels stray
Where pale shades weep, and surges roar.

CULTIVATION.

Weeds grow unasked, and even some sweet flowers
Spontaneous give their fragrance to the air,
And bloom on hills, in vales, and everywhere —
As shines the sun, or fall the summer showers —
But wither while our lips pronounce them fair!
Flowers of more worth repay alone the care,
The nurture, and the hopes of watchful hours;
While plants most cultured have most lasting powers.
So flowers of genius that will longest live
Spring not in mind's uncultivated soil,
But are the birth of time and mental toil,
And all the culture learning's hand can give:
Fancies, like wild-flowers, in a night may grow;
But thoughts are plants whose stately growth is slow.

SHAKSPERE.

Oh! minstrel monarch! the most glorious throne
Of Intellect thy Genius doth inherit.
Compeer, or perfect rival thou hast none —
O Soul of Song!—O mind of royal merit.
Is not this high, imperishable fame
The tribute of a grateful world to thee?
A recognizing glory in thy name
From a great nation to thy memory.
Lord of Dramatic Art—the splendid scenes
Of thy rich fancy are around us still;
All shapes of thought to make the bosom thrill
Are thine supreme! Many long years have sped,
And dimmed in dust the crowned and laureled head,
But thou!—thou speakest still, though numbered with the dead!

ELLA FERRÉ.

Miss Ella Ferré, known exclusively to amateur journalism as "Hannah B. Gage," was the prominent representative of amateur literature on the Pacific coast. Besides contributing very freely to the press, she in 1881 published in pamphlet form a novel in verse, entitled "Jack's Mistake." In 1884

she made a collection of her poems which was published in book form under the title of "The Land of the Sunset Sea and other Poems." It was published by P. I. Figel, of San Francisco, and ran through two editions. She was not one of the greater poets. Her best work was in telling a story in verse. In this not very high order of poetry, however, she had not many equals. She attempted other forms of verse, but she did not here reach so exalted a position as in her narrative poetry. Poetic imagination and feeling seemed to be absent from most of her work. Her best effort was "Winding up Time." Much of her verse seemed to give evidence of a lack of care in its composition, and contained many errors and crudities which careful revision might have excluded.

JACK THORNTON'S MISTAKE.

"Come in, Ned, old boy — take a chair; on that shelf
Are cigars and a meerschaum — fill up, help yourself.
'Tis an age since you lent me the light of your smile.
Come! tell me, I pray, where you've been all the while.
Been 'courting,' I hear — if report tells me true,
There'll soon be one less in our 'Bachelor Crew.'
You'll tell me the name of the lady, old boy?
We've been cronies too long for you now to be coy.
You can trust to Jack Thornton; come, tell me I say —
Quick! Out with it, Ned! without further delay."
"Well, the truth is, my friend —'tis, as yet, but a bet —
In fact, to be frank, Jack — I haven't asked yet;
But there's no use denying her dark, tender eyes
Play the deuce with my heartstrings — or, as it all lies
In a nutshell — you see, I am madly in love.
There! the murder is out. Let me tell you — above
The Park, there's a road to the right, that winds round
The mountains, and on to the sea — there I found
My fair Dulcinea — in a garden of flowers,
Replete with rude arbors and picturesque bowers.
Chancing once in my walk to stray down this same road,
I came, unsuspecting, upon this abode —
O'ergrown with white roses and shy passion vine,
While over the windows bright nasturtiums twine.
And flitting about, 'mongst the flowers, a maid —
Ah, Jack, boy, words fail me — enough that it paid
Me well for my walk there — one 'wildering glance,
Half startled, half shy — how it made my heart dance!
By Jove! I had lifted my hat, 'fore I thought —
And, slight though the act, to her sweet face it brought
A blush, then she turned — and an oak tree soon hid
Her light form from view — but the meeting undid

My nerves for that day and I walked slowly home —
That was two years ago, Jack — while you were in Rome.
Well, my friend, after that, I was not to blame
I am sure, if my steps bent that way, and I claim
'Twas but natural to cast furtive glances within
That lovely inclosure. But ne'er did I win
Since that day, one glance from the beautiful eyes.
No, try as I might, not a look could surprise.
'Tho' I saw her quite often — but, always her face
Was hidden beneath a broad-brim, but the lace
Encircling her throat, was in sight 'neath the rim.
But Jack, even that filled my cup to the brim.
Well, it went on this way for a year, till one eve
I attended a soiree — quite grand — Mrs. Reeve
Was the hostess. I stood near the door, beating time
To the music that floated about in sweet rhyme,
And listlessly watched the rainbow-hued throng
That poured in. How stale it all seemed; before long
I was sated with color, and perfume, and chaff,
And the insipid smile, and the soft, made up laugh —
And had almost decided to make my adieux,
'So sorry to leave — and the pleasure to lose'—
For those months had conspired to awake
A thirst that these flimsy world joys could not slake.
But, all thoughts of leaving in an instant fled far,
'Fore the vision that burst on my gaze, as a star
Bursts through the blue vault, and enchains the rapt eye,
So my vision was chained; I could scarcely help a cry
Of delight — for, my friend, to be plain — in the door
Stood my fair Dulcinea. Ask not what she wore —
But — your're laughing, old boy — ah, well, never mind,
Just wait till you feel it, and *then* you will find
I have not enlarged on the truth. Well, I stayed —
But, 'tis no use rehearsing the progress I made
Suffice that I called at her home — and the end
You can guess without aid, for to-morrow I wend
My way to her side — and, if love reads aright
She will not say me nay — and 'fore this time next night,
I'll be, Jack, the happiest man in the town.
Her name, boy? By Jove! I forgot — Clara Brown."
"Great Heavens!" Ned started, and gazed in surprise
At the pallid white face, and the fierce, blazing eyes
Of his friend, as he sprang from his seat, with a bound.
"What ails you, Jack Thornton? have the wild witches found
Your senses? What means that demoniac yell?"
"No less savage way would begin, Ned, to tell
The depth of my sympathy — Your hand, Ned, old boy;
May your life be one season of unalloyed joy;
May your wife never handle the broom the wrong end,

Nor missiles like irons or frying pans send."
Jack suddenly burst in a light teasing laugh,
Echoed loudly by Ned. "Come! enough of your chaff!
I'm off." "Luck attend! May the Fates turn the wheel
In your favor. Good night, boy — good luck in your deal!"
Jack fastened the door and returned to his chair
With a look on his face of the saddest despair.
"Oh, Clara, he murmured, "my darling — must I
Relinquish the struggle, and let all hope die?
Oh, the fool that I've been to imagine I e'er
Could win her from men Nature fashioned so fair!
Ah, Ned! with your supple young limbs and those eyes,
That can melt into tenderness, laugh, or look wise,
And that air of unconscious protection, and all,
Must have done execution, the night of the ball.
What madness to hope to be first in the race
With men like Ned Dayton! But I cannot face
His light-hearted happiness—no, I must go
Away from it all, or, by Jove! well I know
I should *hate* him!" and rising he strode down the room,
Then back to his chair—the bright face agloom
With the thought that is hard for the bravest to bear
That the one the heart held as its holiest care
Has flown. And we look 'round the tenantless room,
And shrink back in dread from the silence and gloom.
Dead to me! and my best friend, Ned Dayton—Oh, Ned
There are hundreds of girls you could have in her stead.
Yet, fool that I am! were she free, would she take
My heart and hand. No! this serves to awake
My slumbering senses—we never could be
Ought dearer than *friends*—but she shall never see
How the cruel wound bleeds, for to-morrow I'm off
To the mountains—in hunting, this dead weight to doff
If I can, yes, *if*—but before, I must say
Good-bye to her—then for my grand holiday?
Let's see what's the time? Eight o'clock—not too late
To say a few words—well, here goes! Come ye fate!
I can baffle you now—and Clara, dear one,
Your heart shall not ache, that I am undone."
Let's view him—our hero—as standing before
The grate. It is plain to the very heart's core
He feels this new sorrow—the sword has cut deep;
The white, tightened lips show how hard 'tis to keep
Down the passion that swells in his breast like a sea
Lashed on by a hurricane. Gladly and free,
Spring up the red flames reaching out their long arms
And whispering low of the Fire Fiend's alarms
Then cower and crouch in a corner, and then
Burst into wild madness—then cower again—

Like the love, hate, defiance, and self-pity too,
That looks from his eyes—though he strives to subdue.
"Ah well! So it be! I am not the sole one
Who is bidden his own deep heart teachings to shun,"
And leaving the room, he strode down the stair,
And out through the night, till the street-lamp's dull glare
Grew dimmer. On still, to the flowery nest
Surrounding the home and the one beloved best.
He paused before entering the low wicket gate,
Paused a moment, to let his heart beatings abate.
Thus standing his gaze wandered slowly around
The picturesque garden—the tree—till a sound
Broke the stillness; the softened and low murmured hum
Of voices, low spoken, and seeming to come
From the parlor, close by—and his heart gave a leap—
"It is Clara," he murmured, "one look! I will creep
To the window, and view her bright head, bent low o'er
The book she is reading to 'Father,' before
I make known my presence—" and scaling the wall
He crept to the window and peeped in—but all
His bright pictures vanished—a dull glow o'erspread
His face, slowly changing to ash gray instead.
'Neath the gas stood a lady, robed wholly in white.
Her dark eyes uplifted and bathed in the light,
Were met by two more—and the small hand was clasped
In another—Ned Dayton's! Jack breathed thick and fast—
And crouching, he watched with a fast beating heart
The two—then he sprang back a step with a start—
Ned Dayton had caught the slight form to his breast
And pressed his first kiss to her lips—But the rest
Jack stayed not to see, but, with long rapid stride,
Disappeared down the walk—on! on! near beside
Himself in his agony, knowing not where
His footsteps were straying—until the red glare
Of the street-lamps aroused him, and wending his way
To his room, he prepared his valise. The next day
The city was minus Jack Thornton. Folks said
He had "gone to the mountains"—and this report led
To no speculation, except by a few—
Clara Brown and Ned Dayton, of these, being two.

* * * * * *

Jack wandered about for a good year and more
Trying, vainly, to drown all remembrance that bore
Such sadness for him. And one day in his room
He was smoking and musing—enwrapped in his gloom.
Could this be Jack Thornton, whose once ringing laugh
Was loudest and gayest—whose light, teasing chaff
Caused the gravest to smile? What a powerful thing

Is this love, that subdues, be it peasant or king!
While thus he was musing a tap at the door
Came soft, but it failed to arouse him; the sore
Heart had not found the relief that it sought,
And refused to obey the injunctions he taught.
Thus lost in his reverie, naught heeded he
The turn of the latch, nor as yet did he see
The tall form that softly approached him behind,
Till the words "Jack, old fellow!" made known to his mind
A presence. He sprang from his chair with a bound—
His eyes fiercely blazing, and teeth tightly ground
Together. Recovering himself with a start,
He offered his hand, and a chair—for his part
He must play, to defraud the cold world's cruel eye
Of the sight of his anguish. Not one broken sigh
Should it hear. "Well, old boy! too late, I suppose
For well wishes. No doubt, by this time, it all grows
Monotonous—greetings, best wishes and all,
And how is your wife? Or does that question pall
Already? "My wife is quite well, thank you Jack.
She is longing to see you—and you're to go back
On a visit, my friend. Marie surely would make
My life a long torment—should I fail to take
You back home with me." "Marie? Why do you call
Her that, Ned?" "Why, Jack, you are crazy and all?
'Tis her name—What else should I call her, my boy?
I've exhausted the lists of 'my pride' and 'my joy'—
Long since." "But, good Heavens! her name 'fore she wed
You told me was Clara—I'm sure that you said
It was. Don't act like a fool—What's the row?
Say, what are you laughing so wildly at now?"
Jack glared at his friend, half believing his mirth
Was because he'd discovered how little was worth
All else to Jack Thornton, now Clara was gone—
And his teeth clenched, in thinking how plainly he'd worn
His heart on his sleeve. "Come, Jack, boy, don't act
In that tragic way. Don't! I'll tell you—the fact
Of the case is: I did ask Miss Clara, but she,
Quite foreign to all I had hoped, refused me.
Well, Jack, at the moment I thought my heart broke
And, clasping her wildly, I ravingly spoke
Rapid words of mad love, and I swore that I would
Ne'er relinquish her; for—I was stung—in the mood
For rash vows. But not six months from then at the Lakes
I met a most beautiful girl—Marie Drakes.
But the rest you now know, and we have been wed
For two months. Miss Clara is buried and dead
For aught that she enters *my* thoughts. Well, old man,
You'll come back with me? We'll do all that we can

To make your stay pleasant—good-bye for to-day
To-morrow we leave—Come prepared for a stay."
But the door had scarce closed on his friend ere the key
He had turned—Shot the bolt, and was down on one knee
'Fore his bureau and trunk, with his big valise out,
And began, in man fashion, to toss things about.
"The train leaves at four—and 'tis ten minutes walk
To the station, from here—there's no time for talk—
It is three o'clock now—There! I guess that will do.
Now my overcoat, ulster, cigars, one or two,
And now I am ready—Good-bye to the hills,
To the pines, and the woods and the murmuring rills.
Oh, Clara—dear heart! I shall see you again,
And forget, in your presence, this past year of pain.
We can never be more than just friends, that I know,
But we used to be that in the days long ago.
When you called me 'Old Jack' and teased me till I
Was forced to hit back, and at last you would cry
For 'quits'—there's the whistle. Ye hills, once again
I bid ye farewell!" and he sprang on the train.
That night found our hero once more on his way
To the cottage, and wondering what he would say
In excuse for his absence; just then shone the light
In the window, Jack leaped o'er the fence at the sight
And crept to the casement, peeped in, no one there
But Clara, intent on her book—her bright hair
Falling over the hand that supported her head
And her great eyes all dark with the words as she read.
Jack stealthily mounted the steps—tried the latch.
Ah, good! 'tis not fastened—and now but to catch
Miss Clara, before she has seen him—and see
Her start of surprise—then her innocent glee
To welcome the truant. Jack opened the door,
And softly approached her, a board of the floor
Betrayed him by creaking beneath his light tread,
And Clara had lifted her sunny-crowned head.
For a moment her dark eyes grew large with affright,
And she half started up, as if ready for flight.
But, turning, she fled to his arms like a dove
Will flee to its mate. "Jack! Jack! here above
The earth! I thought you were dead, and—and—and"—
The sobs choked her voice, and unable to stand
The look in his eyes, she sank down to the floor,
With her face in her hands, and her hair falling o'er
The small, slender hand—and the sobs shook her frame
In their power, like a reed—All the while 'twas *his* name
She murmured. His heart beat so wildly and loud
He could hear its mad throbbings—then tenderly bowed
His head over hers—parted back the bright veil—

The surprise, scarce believed, turned his face ashy pale,
But she sprung from the floor, with a low cry of shame,
"Oh, Jack, 'tis because you so suddenly came
Upon me. Now, truant! and where have you been!"
And she laughed, trying vainly her spirits to win
Back again—but Jack's eyes had been opened too wide
To be closed very easily. "Put that aside
For the present. I'll tell by and by, Clara dear,
Do you know why I've stayed from your side all this year?
To try to forget your sweet face, but—no use—
The boy with the arrows resents all abuse.
So I'm here"—But enough! Neither you would, nor I
Thank reporters, if into such scenes they should pry
So we draw down the curtain, and after an hour,
Feel safe in again stepping into "Love's Bower."
"But, why did you try to forget me? Say, Jack,"
She pouted—"and if so, what made you come back?"
Then he told her it all—how he thought she would wed
Ned Dayton. "Oh, Jack, what a stupid old head
Yours is, to be sure! Had it not been for—well
Somebody, you know—oh, I never shall tell?—
I might have—but—Jack, you don't half deserve
To be happy, to fly off like that—I should serve
You right, if I took back each word I have said,
And then—well, it wouldn't be *me* you would wed.
You—" but for some reason best known to the two,
The sentence was cut off quite short at the "you."
"Oh, Clara," Jack's eyes grew round with affright,
"I must go by to-night's train, straight back—yes, to-night,
I've promised Ned Dayton to meet his young wife
To-morrow. By Jove! I would not for my life
Have him know this and so I must leave in an hour
But, I'll bear it—there'll be no dark cloud now to lower—
I can face him—Ned Dayton—to-morrow I guess
With as glad eyes as his. But time's up! Heaven bless
This sweet face! Good-bye, love—One more, only *one*,
Dear heart! Come, please Clara—and then I am done.
There! I'm off to Ned Dayton. I wish he were here
To save me this journey away from you, dear."
"No cause for the journey, old boy! Thought you'd need
My presence—so followed you here with all speed."
And, in through the window a mischievous head
Crowned with dark, curling locks, thrust itself, but instead
Of relief, one would think Jack was facing his doom.
And, with one frightened look, Clara fled from the room.
"Well, Jack, boy! So *this* is the meaning of all
The months you have hidden away from our call!
You must have thought, man—I was greener than green
When I told you of Clara, not then to have seen

How dear was her name—But I chose to ignore
It all, then—when I too bowed down to adore
Your idol. . Enough! it is late, we must go.
I'm off to my wife. Jack, I swear that I know
No more than a baby of aught you have said—
I had just reached the place, when I thrust in my head,
Good night, boy—I wish you all joy—may your wife
Never scold more than mine—and no happier life,
My friend can I wish you—good night—I appeal
To your own words, some time since, "Good luck in your deal."

RALPH METCALF.

Mr. Ralph Metcalf, one of the most gifted of New England's amateur journalists, entered the ranks in 1877. His paper, *Pandora*, was published at intervals until 1883, when he became associate editor of the *Mercury*, and shortly after, in conjunction with Mr. M. H. Shelp, he issued the *Brilliant* from St. Paul, Minn. This magazine was one of the largest and most attractive periodicals published, and was always filled with literature of the highest class. While Mr. Metcalf was connected with it most of the literary, as well as the editorial, contents was the work of the editors. Mr. Metcalf was elected president of the New England Amateur Journalists' Association at its Hartford convention in 1882, and he was a prominent candidate for the presidency of the National Association in 1884, but declined the nomination. Mr. Metcalf's literary efforts were somewhat fragmentary and scattering. He wrote a few poems of much sweetness and music, and also several poetical translations from the French. Among them may be mentioned: "A Fragment," *Pandora*, February, 1880; "Unrest," *Brilliant*, December, 1883; "Chanson," *Ibid;* "The Golden Age," *Dart*, October, 1883; "Chanson," *Trifler*, April, 1884. But his undoubted poetical triumph was a production in blank verse, entitled "The Way," published in *Brilliant* for January, 1884.

THE WAY.

Deep silence held the peaceful earth in sleep;
From out the depths of heaven's dome above
The stars shone bright and silent; all was still.
Upon the summit of the path of life
Two figures stood, and each with eager gaze,
That spanned the chasm vast that rolled between
Across the broad expanse the other saw.
The one at heaven's gate of shining gold
Had paused ere realms of bliss eternal won

Shut from his sight for e'er the things of earth.
Nirvana's height, still unattainable
To human toil, the other's steadfast goal.
"My brother," 'twas the earnest Christian's voice
That pierced the ether like a meteor flash,
And woke the echoes of the silent night
That whispered soft that sweet fraternal word.
"My brother, turn before it be too late,
Retrace your steps adown the path of life
And follow mine. The church's expansive fold
Your soul can shield and life immortal give."
Fuller and clearer came those earnest words
Adown the aisles of all-extending space.
The mountains heard them and the silent groves
Upraised their lofty tree-tops as more free
To catch the echoes of that silvery voice.
"Nay, brother, nay," the waves etherial rolled
The answer to the Christian's listening ear.
"Your church, your creed that gives immortal life,
For me its thralling chains too heavy bind.
I wish no creeds. Your immortality
Is but a phantom shadow of a dream.
You live as best you know. You praise your God
And follow priests you make almost divine.
Unto what end? That immortality,—
That precious boon you deem the priceless meed
Of years of toil and worship,—that it be
Forever yours. That time's eternal round
May find you in the heavenly fields of rest.
I too have lived e'en as Guatama bade,
My life is virtuous and my actions pure.
But while your God omnipotent you praised
And prayed your prayers and raised your hymns of laud,
Into the study of the world I plunged
And gained a knowledge of great Nature's self.
I studied and you prayed. You live for e'er;
I die and soul and body pass away;
But from the knowledge that my karma wins
Mankind shall rise. And thus through endless years
E'en higher shall the race of man advance,
Till wisdom's self shall bow before his shrine.
And he, that final being, sapient sage,
Evolved through ages of a ceaseless train
Of minds that added each its little store,
And studied deep and labored for his sake,
E'en he shall strive the never ending strife,
The end: advancement of a nescient race."
In silence heard the Christian. Then he spake,
And moved by all his spirit's boundless faith,

His pity changed into a righteous wrath,
Poured out the burning words of scorn and blame:
"Oh man of error, blind in unbelief,
Unworthy, faithless, daring to deny
The God of love before whose face thou stand'st,
How long thy wanton race shall heaven spare?
Oh man of darkness, sin and perjured shame,
For centuries the peaceful face of earth
Thy priests have buried 'neath the darkening weight
Of crimes committed in the name of Buddh.
In massive temples decked with shining gold,
The devil's price for souls therein destroyed,
Thine idols stand, before whose horrid bulk,
Bedimmed by prophets of a murderous creed,
In thousands do the ignorant people bow.
While from the fair throat of the virgin maid,
Beneath the sacrificial knife of death,
The bright blood issues, and each drop shall bear
Fell witness 'gainst the murderous hand they stain.
Within those horrid temples, in whose shades
No man may enter and call soul his own,
What awful rites, what mysteries of death,
What sickening deeds of bloody pagan crime
False Brahma's priests have done no tongue may tell.
But God above shall break away the seal
That from the light of day their horror hides,
And his own hand shall punish. Quick and sure
On head of priest shall fall his vengeance dread,
And hell's dark depths their meed for aye shall be."
Fiercely the Christian hurled his wrathful curse.
In sadness lowly bowed the Buddhist's head,
And welling from his very soul within,
The hot tears poured adown his burning cheeks.
Faint words he murmured, for he fain would speak,
But shame and sorrow held his utterance mute.
At length he spoke: "Oh Lord of peace and love,
"Wast thy pure life for naught? Thy sacrifice
In vain, and those long years of mortal pain
And mental torture worse than living death?
Too true, alas, too true the Christian speaks;
False priests, false prophets, pride, ambition, lust—
What darkening stains upon thy spotless name!
What matters that for thrice six hundred years
The priests of Christ have held the world in chains;
They too are guilty and a myriad lives
Unto their jealous God have sacrificed;
Of ignorance the conflict has been theirs
And theirs the war 'gainst every gleam of light;
The rack, the torture and the horrid death

Have been their weapons. In the name of Christ
To-day the conflict is 'gainst clearer thought.
And yet, what matters? Whereunto should I
Upbraid thee, Christian, for thy church's crime?
My people have been guilty, and I weep;
My heart leaps forth to aid them. Oh our Lord,
Gautama, prince of purity and truth,
Hear thou and teach us. Lend thy blessed grace,
Imbreathe thy spirit in our sinful hearts,
Show us The Way. Shall we then ask in vain?"
The Buddhist ceased, but ere his earnest tones
Into creation's depths had died away,
With sudden crash the firmament was rent;
The mountains shuddered and their towering peaks
Shrank backward from the awful voice of God.
A dazzling light shone round about their tops,
While startled from their placid orbs of space,
Their silver paling in the heavenly sheen,
The stars fled frighted the celestial fire.
And through the awful silence, clear and calm
And deep and thrilling, He who all things made
Breathed forth his message to his children's call.
Upon his knees the trembling Christian fell:
"Ah mercy, God, thy mercy I implore."
"I hear, great Brahma"—and the Buddhist stood
With eager ear the words divine to grasp.
"My children,"—'twas the message that the winds
Bore from the heavens to the hearts of men,—
"E'en as ye best have known ye best have done;
Seek not the future's awful depths to pierce —
The way before you certain lies and plain.
Thy Christ has taught it thee. Before thy soul
Gautama's precepts all have shown to thee."
And as the awful echoes died away,
Before the kneeling Christian's fearful eyes,
All radiant with grace and love divine,
And stretching forth that hand still sadly gashed
With cruel nail, and bleeding, wounded side,
The form of Christ appeared. A heavenly smile
The features wreathed of that face divine.
"Come unto me,"—and all creation heard
And drank the heavenly sweetness of that voice,
"And I will give you rest. Come unto me,"
And sobbing with the joy that knows no end,
The Christian fell before those blessed feet,
At peace at last. Before the Buddhist's eyes
That princely form e'en as 'twas wont to roam
Among the groves and fields thrice blessed of earth,
Gautama stood and heaven's own smile divine

Enwrapt the features of the holy Lord.
One hand extended e'en as that of Christ,
The other upward pointed. "Onward still,
"Brave toiler in the weary task of life.
Still onward. Know that sure shall come at last
That which thou seekest. Labor still and strive.
Nirvana is for thy race's ultimate."

In prose, Mr. Metcalf was an easy and graceful writer, with a ready command of words and phrases. He wrote several comments on the characters of Shakspere, of which the following gives a good idea of his prose style:—

OPHELIA AND DESDEMONA.

Of those creations of maidenly loveliness that owe their being to the genius of the bard of Avon, the sweetest, purest and most innocent, and withal the most unfortunate, is the fair lily of the North. We see her image in our mind's eye and look upon her with that compassionate feeling of tenderness that sweet innocence and helplessness always awakens. Poor Ophelia! we can but pity her. Her lot was cast among thorns indeed, and death came none too soon to remove her from the darkness of this life to the radiance of that to come. She was the very essence of maidenly sweetness and purity. Just the link that was needed to bind Hamlet to the earth. Messrs. Clark and Wright do not err when they say, "Ophelia is sensitive and affectionate, but the reverse of heroic. She fails Hamlet in his need, and then in turn becoming the sufferer, gives way under afflictions. We do not honor, we commiserate her." This is entirely correct, but who can depict a woman that would fill the gap these critics leave? Must she be the reverse of Ophelia: heroic, clear-sighted, brimful of action? Such an one might indeed not "fail Hamlet in his need," she might awaken our admiration, but she could not touch our hearts; that innocent purity, that ineffable sweetness that are co-existent with and interwoven in the name of Ophelia would be lacking.

And yet, fully as we appreciate her innate loveliness of character, it is extremely difficult to formulate our thoughts and give them expression. As Shackey says: "There is more to be felt than to be said in the study of Ophelia's character, just because she is a creation of such perfectly feminine proportion and beauty." We look upon her with a feeling somewhat akin to that with which a spectator standing on an eminence overlooking the sea might follow the fortunes of a tiny sail that, far away in the midst of eddies, rocks and shallows, is struggling against the constantly increasing rage of the gale. He watches it with compassionate interest,—now eluding a hidden reef, now riding in triumph a mighty billow, until finally a jagged rock meets its slender keel, a sudden mighty blast rends its slight spar, and the delicate shell is crushed in an instant and buried amid the waste of waters. With some such feeling, but more deep, more tender, more heartfelt, do we watch the course of this frail vessel floating among the rocks

and dangers of a corrupt court. More aptly might we liken her to a lily which, slender and fragile, nods in the gentle breeze in some deserted garden. Around it noxious weeds in rank abundance are springing up to choke its fair young life. We tremble for its future. Round about it we see where brutal feet have trampled upon its companions and feel that any moment it may suffer a like fate or be snatched from its parent stem by some ruthless hand but to be flung to the ground a moment later to exhale its sweetness in neglect, to breathe out its fair young life broken and dishonored. Ah, Ophelia, young, beautiful, tender; protected only by the thin film of your innocence, living in a world far too cold and unworthy of you, we gaze upon you with tender sympathy, and breathe a sigh of relief when you lay aside this robe of mortality which was the only thing that made you "a little lower than the angels."

With all the warmth of her innocent heart she loved the young prince, yet so shrinking was her nature that she dared not acknowledge it even to herself, and in the words of Hudson, "the truth comes out only when her sweet mind which once breathed such enchanting music lies broken in fragments before us and the secrets of her maiden heart are hovering on her demented tongue."

I would prefer to leave Ophelia without touching upon her insanity, but it is too important a point to be overlooked. For once Shakespeare has sacrificed all to dramatic effect. How great a sacrifice he has made and how much he has erred I leave to the judgment of each to determine. The state of mind in which Ophelia is introduced is an offense to the highest moral sense. It is a spectacle at which we shudder and turn away our eyes in silent pity,—a spectacle never to be paraded and forced upon observation. If there be depths of immorality hidden away in the deepest recesses of the mind of the purest and most innocent, he who would bring them to light, even though urging as an excuse the highest need of poetic and dramatic effect, is himself guilty of a crime against purity. Even from the standpoint of realism the poet has gone too far, for he has led so thoughtful a critic as Tyler to infer that there are those who believe the poet purposed to paint Ophelia as debased. To correct this impression Tyler says: "It must not be for a moment supposed it was Shakespeare's intention to depict Ophelia as singularly depraved, notwithstanding that in her aberration she could sing verses of a somewhat questionable character." Mrs. Jameson goes out of her way to defend the poet, evidently believing him as infallible and unerring in judgment as the Supreme Wisdom itself. She says: "That in her madness she should exchange her bashful silence for empty babbling, her sweet maidenly demeanor for the impatient restlessness that spurns at straws, and say and sing precisely what she never would or could have uttered had she been in possession of her reason, is so far from being an impropriety that it is an additional stroke of nature. It is one of the symptoms of this species of insanity, as we are informed by physicians. I have myself known one instance in the case of a young Quaker girl, whose character resembled that of Ophelia and

whose malady arose from a similar cause." Mrs. Jameson gives her readers but little credit for reasoning, or is herself slightly lacking in that quality. I think our first impulse is to consider the case of which she speaks. Was this young Quaker a pleasing spectacle? Did her friends take pains to expose her infirmity to the rude gaze of every comer? Did they not rather restrain her in solicitude and watch over her in tender pity, concealing from the vulgar eye so pitiable a malady hidden away in the purest and most secret seclusion? I think Mrs. Jameson entirely wrong. For my own part, the utterances of Ophelia are a shock to my higher nature, and I can but blame the poet for what seems to me so gross a misjudgment. Rather should the gentle maiden have suffered a violent death in her own virgin purity than ever have exhibited a condition so repulsive and abnormal.

It were better, perhaps, for Ophelia had she never entered this world of strife, but nothing can be truer than that she died not a moment too soon. Her mission on earth had failed. No longer could she be to Hamlet the one fair oasis in the grim desert of his pessimism. No longer could he turn from his gloomy meditations, from the inevitable struggle 'twixt hope and fear, to seek rest and sympathy in the angelic purity of her fair young heart. No longer, ah no longer, could she go to him bearing calmness and serenity; 'neath her fair young face no doubtful thoughts of the future, but a sweet and perfect faith. For so filled was his soul with the burden of his terrible life task that all softer feelings were driven out and each day he became more and more a stranger to a feeling of tenderness. His mind was wrapped in grim forebodings, no longer was there an abiding place for love. And she, poor girl? The one dream of her young life blighted, her hero and god so false and unworthy—what wonder that her gentle heart could not survive the shock? In one last supremest agony it burst, reason fled, and soon life departed with it. Ah, gentle sacrifice on the altar of criminal ambition, thou wert too sweet and fragile for this world. Farewell, sweet maid, and "flights of angels sing thee to thy rest."

The character of the ill-fated maid of Venice is perhaps not as attractive an one as that of other of Shakespeare's heroines and yet there is that in her unfortunate life which touches the secret chords of pitying sympathy. Around her the hidden embers of an awful passion smoulder, and at a breath from the fiend that awakened them, burst forth into an all-destroying fire that the death of the pure victim alone may extinguish. A fair picture, is this love of the Moor. A heart of immaculate purity has she, a mind of perfect innocence, knowledge of the good and pure alone. Less frail in nature than Ophelia, weaker far than Hermione, with a wider knowledge of the world than Miranda, yet clothed withal in that purity from which all things evil are repelled and leave no slightest stain. Dire Misfortune that smiled inauspiciously upon her mésalliance was present an uninvited guest at her fireside during the few days of her wedded life, and brought as a companion Calamity, so fell, so mournful, so undeserved, as to wring a tear from a heart of stone. And through all she passed calm and

sweet, strong in her consciousness of innocence. I have never read a finer simile than that of Drake: "Amid this whirlwind and commotion of hatred and revenge, the modest, artless, unsuspicious Desdemona seems in the soothing but transient influence which she exerts, like an evening star, that beams lovely for a moment on the dark heavings of the tempest and then is lost forever."

Ulrici describes her as of an "enduring, strong nature, of an independence bordering upon obstinacy, emotional, energetic, true to herself and capable of great impulses and actions." I think he entirely mistakes her character. Rather than enduring and strong is she weak and yielding; the reverse of obstinate, and energetic only through the impulses of love. That her actions can be laid to a strong nature is amply disproved by the sequel. Nor do I see how she can be capable of great actions; for at a word or even a glance from her lord her timid spirit seeks the safe retreat of silent acquiescence. Is this the mettle of which strong women are formed?

Her love for Othello, for which many commentators find difficulty in accounting, seems to be the natural issue of the circumstances and surroundings. These critics affirm, and, I think, wrongly, that it would be against nature for a girl as was Desdemona to love a Moor. That argument would be unanswerable now, but they forget the circumstances and the times. Desdemona is not a damsel of the nineteenth century but a Venetian maiden of thirty decades in the past. Venice, the great mart of trade, thronged with foreigners from all parts of the globe. Much of its commerce was in foreign hands and the army and navy entirely mercenary. Fearing lest a Venetian should acquire such power as to endanger the liberty of the state, if permitted to control the army, it was a principle of the government of Venice to allot the charge of its wars to aliens, subject of course to the order of the senate. Turks, Moors, strangers of every race, crowded the streets and held high offices of trust under the state. Nowhere were representatives of so many different nations, nowhere so little prejudice against color or race. See, then, Othello, of noble and majestic mien, so high in power as to be almost the idol of the state. The hero of many adventures of which he loved to sing—what wonder that the young girl should be captivated, admire, love? His dusky skin did not prevent his leading the armies and protecting the state, it was no obstacle to his occupying a superior position in the council hall,—why, then, to his marriage with a maiden of the state? And the inception and progress of this love is easy and natural. Picture to yourself the gallant Moor, "of stature, form and strength divine," renowned and celebrated, his praises sung through the streets of the town, honored and respected by all. See him a guest at the house of Brabantio, who delighted in his wild, strange tales of adventure and daring, of suffering and perils and hairbreadth escapes. See then the timid maiden, leaving her light tasks to hang upon his words, her innocent mind filled with wonder, with sympathy, with admiration. At first the Moor scarce notices the daughter of his host, but her deep interest, only too well depicted on every feature, and her eager questionings as she grows

more bold, find in his heart an answering chord. The seeds are sown, the fruit is sure. It is not a case of love that beauty of face or form awakens, this passion that puzzles the critics, but an ever increasing affection; at first a spark of half-wondering interest that constant attention association nourishes and soon fans into a flame of something dearer than friendship, more powerful and enduring than admiration.

"If she loved not with the most instructed heart, she yet loved purely and with tender devotion. And because her love was so entirely that of the heart and of the imagination, Desdemona felt the tawny face and mature years and half-barbarian origin of Othello only as dim under-chords enriching the harmony of her love." How fit a subject was she for Iago, this marvel of love and innocence. And when the outburst came, how fair a victim upon the altar of jealous rage. Poor Desdemona! More even than Ophelia is she to be pitied, for she lived to know her purity suspected, and died a guilty creature in the eyes of him she loved.

FRED. METCALF.

Mr. Fred. Metcalf, a younger brother of Mr. Ralph Metcalf, entered amateur journalism at about the same time. His principal publication was *The Dart*, which he issued more or less regularly for about seven years. Most of this time it was an all editorial paper. Mr. Metcalf was elected president of the New England Association in 1885. He only wrote one poem of note, but it was genuine poetry. This was entitled, "Lines to my Waiting Love," and was published in *Our Compliments* for May, 1890. It was entered for the laureateship, and was probably the best entry of the year, but no awards were made at the Indianapolis convention of 1890, through some misunderstanding.

LINES TO MY WAITING LOVE.

I think of thee when the red twisting spire
With cross of fire bids good-night to me;
Then is my hour of dreaming, here by the flickering fire,
Watching its fitful gleaming, thinking of thee.

I think of thee, as first I saw thee standing
On the old landing, glancing up at me;
There by the worn log fender, framed by the old stone landing,
Once more the sunset splendor transfigures thee.

Once more with thee, beneath the old oak lolling,
Or idly strolling, slips my heart from me;
By pathways fringed with flowers, or through the pine woods strolling,
Strong grows, through happy hours, my love for thee.

I think of thee, amid the quivering rushes,
When tell-tale blushes first brought hope to me;
Light swung the trembling dory, while love kissed off the blushes,
Whispered the word old story softly to thee.

I think of thee, the glistening tear half starting,
While words of parting tremble faint to me;
Still in my hours of dreaming, those tender words of parting
Angels of comfort seeming, bind me to thee.

With love for thee, the home-bound breezes freighting,
With toiling, waiting, pass the months to me;
Love grows by years of yearning, but time shall end the waiting,
And speed my long returning, darling to thee.

Mr. Metcalf also wrote a few sketches, the most important of which was his entry for the laureateship in 1890, published May, 1890, in *Our Compliments*, and entitled:—

SISTER AGNES.

For some three years before entering college, I was employed in a large thread-mill, doing such work as came to hand, and gaining such knowledge of the business as I was able. One morning a bright little Irish girl, who had just left the parish school to work in the mill, caught her hand in some of the gearing and was painfully though not seriously, injured. I had taken some little interest in the child, who worked in a room temporarily in my charge, and toward night found a chance to slip over, for a few moments, to the tenement house where she lived.

I stumbled up the dark, dirty stairs and knocked at the door to which I had been directed; then supposing her to be alone, opened it and stepped in. In one corner, on a pine table, stood a kerosene lamp, which shed a dim light over the small, stifling room. On the bed lay little Maggie, her great eyes staring me full in the face; by her side knelt a black-robed nun, with white hands crossed and head bowed in silent prayer.

Soon the black figure rose and turned towards me inquiringly. I stammered an apology and turned to go, when Maggie broke in with a highly novel introduction: "You're Sister Agnes," she said, "and you're Mr. Harry, the new, little boss." Sister Agnes laughed a silvery little laugh and held out her hand to me. "I am glad to meet Mr. Harry," she said pleasantly, "Maggie has told me of you." One could not long be ill at ease in her presence if one tried. Words came quickly then, and when, after a few minutes, I left them again together, Sister Agnes and I were firm friends.

* * * * * * * *

Some miles out of my native city of New Bedford, surrounded by beautiful grounds, formerly the possession and pride of a once wealthy family, stands the Elm Grove Seminary for young ladies, under the charge of the Sisters of Mercy. It is widely and favorably known in

Catholic circles, and gathers pupils from all parts of North America, including a considerable number of Protestant girls, attracted to the school by its reputation and convenience.

During the school years of 1876–77 and 1877–78 a small monthly magazine was published by the pupils of the class of '70, in which I chanced to have several friends, and through them I obtained the position of business manager of the new enterprise.

How she came there I do not know, but eight months after I had known Sister Agnes in a poor parochial school, teaching the catechism and the multiplication table to the village ragamuffins, I found her the leading teacher in French, and in English literature, in one of the most fashionable convents in the East. She it was who was the guiding spirit of the little magazine, and with her, in my semi-official capacity, I was not infrequently called upon to deal.

Sister Agnes was slightly above the medium height, slender, straight as an arrow. Her features were regular, her mouth wore a perpetual smile. A warm red glow that told of Southern blood, lingered still in the round, full cheeks that for years the sunshine had never touched. It was, however, in her eyes that her great beauty lay. Theirs was the blue of a mountain lake, clear and transparent. One could almost see her pure soul mirrored there, like the distant hill-tops softened and sweetened by the quiet air; then would a merry, freshening breeze spring up and the bright eyes dance with happy fun. Once I saw them when the storm threatened; the lightning flashed about; dark clouds hovered near. Then the sun burst through; the god of wrath was vanquished and withdrew his forces; the far-away look came once more into the uplifted eyes. Sister Agnes was praying.

It was her love of music that first drew her to the church. I have heard that her voice was strong and full, though inexpressibly tender, but I myself never heard her sing. All the children loved her; to the older girls she seemed rather a comrade than a teacher like the rest. Of matters of business she was ludicrously ignorant; she put implicit confidence in everybody, nor did I ever know of its being misplaced. The little children, to whom lying seemed second nature, never dreamed of deceiving her. She was quick to think and act in an emergency, she had a certain independence and decision of character that contrasted oddly with the life and sisterhood she loved so well.

She was full of fun and not above a little harmless mischief. One Saturday afternoon I called at the convent, and having finished my business with Sister Agnes, ventured to enquire if I might see my friends. With an alacrity that ought to have warned me she assented and left the room. Presently she came in again with five young ladies two of whom I had met but once, and re-introduced me to them, ALL IN FRENCH. It was the hour for French recreation, in which the pupils were forbidden, under penalties, to speak any other language. They knew a little French; I, at that time, as Sister Agnes probably suspected, knew none at all. I never repeated the experiment.

Hard work, coupled, I suppose, with much fasting, told rapidly

upon the once robust health of Sister Agnes. She caught a severe cold, which clung savagely to her, and finally settled into a consumptive cough. She became weaker, until the spring of 1878 her friends grew alarmed about her, and secured her transfer to a smaller convent in the same diocese, situated on a green hillside overlooking the blue waters of Buzzard's Bay. Here her work was easier, and took her more into the open air, which, it was hoped, would effect her cure. Soon after, the publication of the little magazine was abandoned.

About the middle of August the mill shut down for a two weeks vacation, and feeling the necessity for an entire change, I started off alone with canoe, rod and blankets, provisioned for a three days' trip. I paddled, sailed and drifted, fished a little, picked berries on the shore, swam about a great deal too much in the cool, clear water, and above all, breathed the soft, fresh air to my heart's content. Night found me near Gull Island, where I landed, rolled myself up in my blankets and slept. The next morning a fresh breeze was blowing straight up the bay. I let it carry me where it would, and, in the early afternoon, found myself abreast the convent where Sister Agnes was stationed. With no very definite object in view, I paddled towards the shore.

The hill on which the convent stands is cut off from the water by a railroad track. Near the center of the curve is a rocky headland, hardly an acre in extent, lying beyond the railroad. A few cedar trees grow upon it, and in some strange way the coming of the railroad has made of its rough summit a bed of grass. The channel sweeps along the rocks at its outer side, and the tide flows very swiftly by.

A few small children, boarders at the convent, were playing about the rocks, watched by two Sisters of Mercy who were sitting in the shade of the trees above. Suddenly one of the little girls slipped into the water and was quickly carried away from the rocks by the tide. She struggled and kicked, but before I could get to her, sank out of sight. A man came out from shore in a row-boat, and between us we got her out. The sun was shining down, bright and hot. I had eaten nothing since early morning, was weak and tired, and in diving about had swallowed a good deal of salt water. For the first time in my life I fainted.

There was no sudden awakening. I remember dimly the jarring of the wagon that took me to the convent. Then they lifted me out and laid me down on the broad piazza. Then one sister came and then another, and they tumbled me about and poured more water over me. Then Sister Agnes came and leaned over me, and, though my eyes were closed, I knew her. "Mr. Harry!" she said in her gentle way, "are you much hurt, Mr. Harry?" Then I opened my eyes and was myself again. "No, sister," I answered.

All that long summer afternoon I lay in a canvass hammock, slung across the piazza, and Sister Agnes sat by me and fussed over me. I must not talk, she said, and as I would not sleep, she sat and talked to me. First of the little girl we fished out, who was little the worse for her experience. Then she told me stories, old as the church

itself, but new and strange to me; beautiful legends of the old saints drawn from that grand treasury of superstition and tradition, which is the heritage of the Romish Church. Then, at last, she told me of herself, her happy childhood, the overpowering grief at her father's death.

Much more she told me that burned deep into my heart. For I had known, years after, the friends she knew and loved in her free young life. I had heard from them her simple story, and never dreamed that it was Sister Agnes of whom they talked. Her great heart overflowed with love for all creation. Best of all things spiritual she loved her music, and best of all things human she loved Basil Wayne. Long and hard was their struggle for supremacy, but in the end the all-grasping church stepped in and claimed her for its own.

The convent bell was ringing out the evening Angelus when I rose from the hammock, strong and well as ever, and Sister Agnes gave me a last good-bye.

For three years she lingered on, growing feebler day by day, pursuing her daily round of duties with a resolution brave and beautiful in its unswerving devotion. Then the doctors sent her to the mountains of Eastern Tennessee, where my wife's sister called on her to renew their old-time friendship. Then I heard of her at the dear old Elm Grove Convent once more, forced to abandon her teaching, unable to speak above a whisper, still rising with the sun to her daily prayers, and darning the stockings for the entire seminary.

We grew accustomed to the thought of losing her, my wife and I, but the shock came suddenly at the last. It was Easter Sunday, clear and warm, when, at one leap, earth seemed to shake off the clutches of a long hard winter, and nestle lovingly in the arms of spring. We were standing in the open doorway of our little, old-fashioned, semi-country home, enjoying to the full the new-born springtime, and watching the first venturesome robin, that was hopping saucily about on the smooth lawn, already tinged with green.

A carriage drove up to the gate, and a tall, angular, over-dressed young lady of painfully evident Celtic lineage, alighted and approached with a most overpowering smile.

"Have I the pleasure of addressing Mr. Williams, et uxorem?" she inquired, with an attempt at a courtesy, and a voice that was a cross between the music of a growling bear and a hand-organ. I assented with well preserved gravity. "Then Mother Superior assigned to me the sad duty of announcing to you the death of Sister Agnes, and the funeral Tuesday at two o'clock, po-meridianus." With another jerking courtesy and another beaming smile, she retired to her carriage.

My wife reeled back as if she had been struck a sudden blow. It was not so much the news of her death that upset us. We had expected it daily for years, but the announcement, incongruous as it was, came with shocking brutality. As Ella said, between her sobs, "The idea of Mother Leo sending that maniac to bring the news to us! Why, she hasn't been out of the convent grounds before in six months and all she ever did was to write Latin Prayers and pay their bills for them."

My wife attended the funeral of her old teacher, held at the convent with all the pomp and ceremonial of the Roman ritual. I doubt not that there was a genuine depth of feeling below the placid exterior of the kneeling sisters, lending a deeper meaning to the grand old Latin hymns. But I prefer to think of Sister Agnes, working ceaselessly to the last, when, unable longer to drive the toiling fingers, her soul slipped the light bonds that held it to its beautiful prison, to join the older saints in that glad Heaven she brought so near to earth.

ELIZA D. KEITH.

Miss Eliza Douglas Keith, of San Francisco, began to contribute articles to the amateur press in 1879. These were principally poems, and were signed "Erle Douglas." The following is a fair sample of their quality.

A FRAGMENT.

Be strong, my heart, no longer moan and cling
In weakness to what thou shouldst fast forget,
But in thine agony of spirit fling
The shattered hopes far from thee; let
The past, now dead, be buried. Thou must bring
Thy youth, thy love, fond hope and sad regret
To cast within its fears; but let it wring
From thee no cry of pain, no groan, and yet
The sacrifice is hard. The cruel sting
Which memory thrust into thy quivering flesh
Doth rankle. Thou wilt pierce the wound afresh,
By vainly struggling to escape thy fate.
Be calm and patient, though thy pain abate
Not of its force. Be reconciled, for thou
Must suffer; to the rod in meekness bow.

But her best work in amateur journalism was in the form of extended sketches. Her first production of this kind, entitled "Through a Thermometer," was published in pamphlet form by P. I. Figel in 1882. The story was interesting and well told, but was not equal to her later sketch, written in 1886, entitled, "Did She Care For Him?" also published by Mr. Figel in pamphlet form. This was a love story of a not very original order, but the method of telling was more than ordinary. The best work was, perhaps, in the descriptions, but the characters were well brought out, and the plot of the story skillfully unfolded.

HUGH L. ELDERDICE.

Mr. Hugh L. Elderdice, a brother of James, entered amateur journalism some years after his brother. His notable

productions, which were few in number, were mostly in the form of poetry. He wrote "Shadows," in *Golden Moments*, September, 1882, and "Joan of Arc," in the same paper for February, 1883. But his best work was "Life's Fitful Fever," published in the *American Sphinx* for April, 1883.

LIFE'S FITFUL FEVER.

"An infant crying in the night."

A youth awakens from his sleep
And sees a pathway high and steep;
But yet he smiles at the weary miles
To climb in future years.
The curtains of the night arise
And bring to view the Eastern skies,
Where, dim and far, through gates ajar
The early light appears.

Beneath the noonday sky and heat
A strong man climbs with tireless feet
The summit of Life's hill
As if his life-hope rested there:
No moment is he still,
For here and there before his eyes
Bright shining bubbles gently rise;
But when he quickens pace
And reaches for the cherished prize,
Before his grasp it quickly flies
And vanishes in space.
Pleasure, Wealth and Fame, each in turn
Make him to fret and fume and burn
In uncontrolled desire:
A fire glows within his breast
Which bids him never pause for rest
Till he has mounted higher.
He, greedy, feeds on empty praise
And revels in the wondering gaze
Of gaping multitudes;
They, for a moment, shout applause,
Then lapse into a painful pause
As suits their varying moods.
His smiles soon melt to scalding tears,
While hopes give way to doubting fears
Within his anxious breast:
For as he mounts the loftiest place
And wins the crown designed to grace
His proud exalted crest,
His fond ambition withering dies,

And his soul, long weary, sighs
For calm repose and rest.
He now descends with rapid pace
While turning step and care-worn face
Toward the silent West.

An old man tottering in the night
Cries out with feeble voice for light.
The light dawns on his sightless vision!
His spirit soars
To distant shores
And sleeps in fields Elysian.

HAROLD EDWIN BATSFORD.

Mr. H. E. Batsford dates his connection with amateur journalism from July, 1877, when he issued the first number of *Our New Enterprise.* In June, 1878, he started the publication of *Our Choice*, which was published for six months. In 1882 he revived it for a short time, and was afterwards an editor on *Critique.* Mr. Batsford at times attempted to write in verse, but here he was a failure, producing nothing of this kind worthy of preservation. As a sketch-writer, however, he stood in the very first rank. He was a graceful and even writer, and his conversations, though often long, were seldom strained or forced. His descriptive passages were not remarkable. His sketches were usually original in conception and execution, and interest in the story maintained to the close. But his strongest point was in the delineation of character. Selfishness was a favorite theme, and he has left some vivid pictures of the embodiment of this trait. His characters were clearly drawn, the outlines carefully shaded in, and each stamped with an individuality all its own. In the analysis of character and motive, however, he sometimes failed. In other words, his portraits were well drawn, and the acts of his personages consistent and logical, but when he attempted to analyze and define the motives and the processes which produced the depicted results, he failed. There was also about much of his work a certain air of mystery, which, while not a serious fault, was not of such a nature as to add to the interest of the story. His best short sketch was "Testy Hewlett," in *Athenia*, January, 1887. He also wrote: "To Gain Experience," *Junior Press*, November, 1883; "Wesley Widgate's Wife," *Messenger*, No. 3; "After the War," *Buckeye Herald*, March, 1884; "A Modern Circumstance," *Bric-a-Brac*, January, 1885; "She Loved Him Truly," *Youth's Enterprise*,

December, 1882; "Lost Todkins," *Athenia*, April, 1887; "The Fall of Penate Liddell," *Highland Breezes*, April, 1887; "From a Weak Strength," *Our Free Lance*, November, 1888; "Who Joe Was," *Leisure Moments*, May, 1887; "Gilby Gillett," *Red Letter Days*, October, 1890. But his greatest work was the serial, "Doctor Dick." This was started in *Our Choice*, but not finished. The first chapters were again printed in the *Dart*, but the story was again left incomplete. Finally it was begun a third time in *Leisure Moments*, and this time carried to completion. Each time the chapters were greatly revised and improved, and Mr. Batsford says the plot of the story was different in each case. It is one of the very best sketches in amateur literature.

TESTY HEWLETT.

I.

There sounded a peremptory knock on the door.

Lion Bedell laid the magazine he was reading carefully upon the table, the face of the open leaves downward to preserve his place. He glanced with a semi-quizzical yet troubled look at his wife.

"Will you remain in the room, Corry?" he asked.

The young mother gathered her sleeping child to her breast and arose from her chair. With a little sigh, however, she resumed her seat.

"Yes," she said, quietly.

The front door opened into a little box-like lobby, into which the snow and wind rushed as Lion drew back the barrier that had shut them out; and seemingly upon the wings of the storm came a little square figure. The young school-master said, "Good evening!" and was answered with a grunt from the figure as it shook itself to free some of the snow flakes that clung tremblingly to it. With Lion's help it gradually developed itself. Off came a huge pair of seal-skin gloves, a thick, heavy, fur-bound coat, a seal-skin cap that covered head, face and shoulders, a pair of leather leggins, and an enormous pair of cloth-topped rubbers. It was then that Testy Hewlett stood forth a dapper, little, well-dressed man, clean-shaven, sharp featured, with large parroty nose and keen black eyes. He had a habit of compressing his lips and arranging his brows by means of his facial muscles into two oblique lines that stretched in opposite directions downward from the knot just above the bridge of his nose to the outer corners of his eyes, giving him an expression at once ferretty and ferocious. This expression he assumed now as he glanced around and saw that his various encumbrances were properly distributed to the many hooks and corners of the lobby, and the light in the lantern which he had carried was put out to prevent an unnecessary consumption of oil during his stay, however short it might be. Satisfied with his survey he preceded the school-master into the neat, comfortable sitting-room, throwing a keen glance about him as he entered.

It was a warm, cosy, well-furnished room; all the furniture was

new, but the stiffness of newness taken off by the many tasty, gracefully-hanging tidies that bedecked the chairs and sofa. On one side of the stove — an open-grate stove exposing its wealth of red coals,— stood the school-master's little writing-desk; on the other side, in a low, wicker rocker, holding the sleeping baby on her lap, sat Mrs. Bedell, while off to the rear, almost behind the stove, were the three older children, golden-haired youngsters of five, four and two years of age. They were amusing themselves with a large picture book, upon which fell the rays from the student-lamp on their father's desk.

The school trustee, for such was Testy Hewlett, gave a sniff of dissatisfaction as accompaniment to his jerky nod to Mrs. Bedell. It was his first visit to the home of the young man whom he had engaged six months previously to teach the district school, and he had not expected to find his sitting-room as well furnished as his own and much more comfortable. Testy Hewlett boasted that not a house in the district could compare with his in its furnishings and spic-span cleanliness. He lived alone, and did all his work himself, and did it with a scientific thoroughness that would have astonished an ordinary housewife. He had a thorough contempt for all women and women's ways, asserting that they were the enemies of cleanliness, orderliness and true domestic economy. He could boast. with the school-master of Adam Bede, that never was one baking of his bread different from another. Domestic science was his study, domestic economy his virtue; both of which he firmly believed were alien to all womenkind. And against all women he took his stand — women and children — for what were children but the offspring of women, which, though they might promise well, were always spoilt in the rearing.

"Well, young man," the trustee began as he comfortably seated himself, "I s'pose you expect some money?"

"I did flatter myself that some such fortunate stroke might happen to me," replied the school-master. "I am very much in need of the money or, believe me Mr. Hewlett, I should never trouble you about it; I should be willing to wait until the State appropriation is made."

"Humph! yes, I s'pose so. I don't see why you need the money though; you seem to be mighty comfortable here."

"Oh, as far as that goes, we are. The tradesmen about here seem to know the district better than we do, and our daily wants are fully supplied on the strength of expectations, although, 'tis true, not to my satisfaction, for they are continually growling for money, though they do not really expect it. Then a man in debt is never treated with that fairness and courtesy that is due the ready cash customer. But, as I said, our daily wants are satisfied and it is not for these that I want the money; it is for another debt."

The mouth of the trustee compressed, and the obliquity of his brows became so terrible that the three children, who were naturally much interested in examining the visitor, retreated in haste behind the pages of the picture book.

"Debt! debt!" he snarled; "a man has no business to have debts!"

The school-master's face flushed hotly. He was instinctively a gentleman and this bluntness struck harshly upon his sensitive nature. Bluntness is not honesty; it is vulgarity. He was about to make some hasty reply, but a glance from his wife arrested him. The keen eyes of the trustee also discovered the wifely glance, and he laughed audibly.

"I am, Mr. Hewlett," the schoolmaster commenced, speaking slowly and deliberately so as to better control his feelings, "of the same opinion as yourself in regard to debt, although I am willing to allow that at times there are good reasons, extenuating circumstances, as it were, for men assuming debts; but I cannot say there are any in my case. I suppose it was a reckless piece of extravagance of mine in contracting the debt I have reference to; however, had I been paid my salary in a proper manner and at proper times I should have experienced no trouble from the debt whatever. I know that it is not your fault that my payments are irregular; I know that it is the fault of those who have to do with the appropriations; but it seems to me that the trustees should see that some arrangements are made for the regular payment of a teacher; I should imagine they would consider it their duty to do so."

"Probably! probably!" exclaimed the trustee sarcastically. "I've no doubt a school-master's imagination goes a long way. If they had their way, in all probability, they would do away with the trustees and run the school themselves."

"Oh, as far as running the school goes the trustees in Hayfield are absolutely unnecessary, for it has been made plain to me since I have been here that the scholars themselves do more in that direction than anybody else. They are the ones who sit as critics and judges of their masters, who go forth to their little world and deliver their opinions presumably freighted with the wisdom of patriarchs, and believed in by their parents and neighbors more implicitly and with less questioning than the counsels of the wisest judges. During the first months of my teaching, these young wiseacres reported me as being a perfect fool of a disciplinarian because I chose to bring into the school-room the manners of a gentleman instead of the swaggering airs of the bully and blackguard. Understand me, I do not blame the children; it is not their fault, but the fault of their home influences. The bullying and ill-temper they received at home they expected to experience in a more concentrated form at school, and I confess my ways must have appeared strange. They are beginning to understand me more, but their parents — well, it seems to be human nature to be prone to tell of bad things rather than of good, and it seems to take longer for a good report to spread than a bad one. I suppose I am still a praiseworthy fool." The school-master ran on, avoiding the glance of his wife, of which the trustee was secretly conscious. The little man washed his hands dilligently with imaginary soap, seeming to enjoy this tirade against children and especially against home influences.

"Home influences!" he ejaculated. "Bah! what can you expect them to be when women have the management of them?"

"If women only did have the management of them," replied the

young man bravely, "I should expect much better results from them. There is not a man in the world, I implicitly believe, but who is more or less indebted to the good influences of womankind, however sarcastic a cynic he may be. Even you, I venture to say, at some time in your life have felt something of their love and power—" The school-master stopped. He had gone too far. The trustee turned on him like a tiger.

"What do *you* know about me?" he gasped in a voice choked with anger, his thin lips white as he pressed them together, and the obliquity of his brows threatening to totally eclipse his little blazing eyes.

"Nothing," answered the young man.

Without another word the trustee left the room.

Soon after the front door closed behind him.

II.

Testy Hewlett trotted along the road from the school-master's house down towards Hayfield Corner, where he turned into Freshwheat Road. He was entirely closed in from the storm; locked within his furs; penned in along with his bitter thoughts. The snow—the blinding storm—seemed to throw back the faint glimmer of his lamp just as his awakened recollection turned his eyesight along the optical nerves back upon a retina long ago transferred indelibly upon his memory. He felt very bitter indeed as he viewed in all its awakened vividness the incident that had shattered his pride, sundered his fondest hopes, and left him with the sting of a wound from which he felt he would never recover.

He had been young once (there are some people who seem never to have been young) and could well remember the exciting, unsettled days of his struggles against the trainings of his youth; the rebellion against his mother's reins before he was old enough to take the lines safely in his own hands; the gliding away from her influence, confidence and love, and the consequent drifting away from the religion that she had taught him; his bitter, unrestful triumph at spurning his simple evening prayer, after many nights of trembling struggle; his agnosticism; his infidelity; his atheism—when he had triumphantly propounded the learned problem, "If God made the world, who made God?" All this he could remember. And then came a change—when life seemed like a dream. Slowly and gradually a broader and a deeper light seemed to develop in his existence. A peaceful, tranquil, yearning spirit wrapped his soul in its influence—a yearning that seemed to stretch out its invisible hands towards some one to share this spirit—toward whom he knew not. He had lost his mother's confidence—something once lost, never to be regained. Had he lost the confidence of his God? In the secrecy of his chamber he had knelt and prayed "to that omnipresent Spirit of Goodness, Purity, Love and Peace that reigns throughout the universe; that Inspirer of men's souls, that Poet of men's true lives, who has been so wronged, so distorted, so misrepresented under the name of God." This seemed to bring him a certain degree of rest; but the yearning of his soul, deep and secret, proud and passionate, went out to another being and had

been wrecked. He could hear again her bitter, mocking words as she flung aside his dearest gift, and memory's echo of them in his ears as he battled through the whirling snowflakes aroused him from his thoughts.

He was still on the Freshwheat Road, and looking around, the rays of his lantern fell upon the barn-like structure that the inhabitants had known as the school-house for the past sixty-five years. Testy Hewlett paused at the door and looked up abstractedly. A gleam of the present came into his mind. He remembered that the school-master had told him that another piece of the plaster ceiling had fallen, and he thought he would step inside and take a survey. The key was in his coat pocket, and taking it out, he fumbled it in the key-hole, and thinking he had turned the lock he pushed the door open. For a moment the shadows within were indistinct, the rays of light from the red-hot stove that stood in the center of the room meeting and battling with the glimmerings of the lantern. Then the light dissolved itself into the surrounding space, and the shadows became distinct substances. He could see the double row of long, dirty, scratched, carved, ink-stained, split-lined desks and benches, bearing the rudely-dug initials of three generations of Hayfielders. But he could see something else that was more likely to attract his attention. Before the stove, snugly ensconsced in the school-master's chair, sat the form of a woman, apparently young.

No look of surprise mounted the features of Testy Hewlett. He thought himself too much a man of the world for that. His brows merely biased his eyes with their usual obliquity, and a look of bitter victory, as if in triumph over the iniquity of some fellow-mortal, overspread his face. There are some people who think evil of all men and all actions, no matter how much they have to distort circumstances, murder facts, smother reason or create motives; they seldom sin themselves, but balance their lives by the sins which they create in the lives of others.

The trustee paused a moment at the door, while his thoughts turned slowly towards that neat, comfortable, well-furnished room, where the wife sat before the open-grate fire and the three golden-headed youngsters on the floor behind it; then they came back as his eyes rested on the solitary figure that bent forward to the school-room stove. He coughed loud and harshly. The young woman started up from the chair, pressed a bundle she had in her arm to her bosom, and turned towards him. He made a step forward, putting out his hand. She raised her arm as if she would strike him, seemed to balance herself for an instant, and then sped past him through the door and out into the storm.

Testy Hewlett peered out after her and saw the bent figure speeding down the road. He made one exclamation of bitter reproach against the man whom he named not, the world, and even, he thought, against himself. Then he turned back to the school-room.

He took his lantern and walked back and forth along the rows of benches, every now and then stopping to read over some almost indis-

tinct initials. At one bench he sat down, the bench creaking and bending under him, and with his fingers he traced among the many marks and countèrmarks the initials, T. H. and G. A., linked together by a fantastic arrow.

It had been a long time since he had been inside the school-house, years and years since he had been there alone, and a myriad of recollections rushed in upon him as he gazed about at the cracked walls, the one faded map, the broken globe, as much damaged as his own small world, the speckled blackboards, which were nothing but a coat of slating spread on handy portions of the cracked wall, and the shaky stovepipe with its chronic curvature of the spine. Everything to-night seemed to be freighted with the past, and under these influences the bitterness that had habitually dwelt within him was beginning to melt into a lonesome sadness.

When he left the school-house he raised his lantern and peered ahead to see if he could perceive anything of the young figure that had gone down the road before him. There was nothing in sight but the winding sheet of snow and the far-off light of the stove that glittered through his own dining-room window. His head sank down against his thick, fur-bound coat, and he did not raise it again until he was within his home.

Home! This dull, lonesome place so prettily and comfortably furnished! As he stripped himself of his heavy wraps, it came to him that something more than nice furniture, warm stoves, exact cooking, and absolute spotless cleanliness constituted the realms of home. Again his thoughts turned back to the pretty sitting-room with its golden-haired mother and its golden-haired children, and he thought how his own home might have been if—oh! Grace, Grace, why did you blast it!

His hand trembled as he opened the dining-room door and held the lamp which he had just lit, above his head to light his way. He paused on the threshold, and a strange, cold feeling came over him. He seemed to feel rather than hear the soft regular breathing that disturbed the deathlike stillness of the room.

In front of the blazing fire in the open grate, seated in a low rocker, her head reclining back, and her eyes closed fast in sleep, was the same young creature that he had seen a short time before in the school-house. He recognized her not by her face, which he saw for the first time, but by the gaudy shawl which had wrapped the bundle that she had clasped to her breast. That bundle now lay discovered in her lap, sleeping as peacefully as its mother, its little dimpled limbs robbing the fire of some of its warm glow.

Testy Hewlett set the lamp on the table and seated himself in a chair near the young woman, He stretched out his hand and touched her gently on the shoulder.

"Gracie!" he called in a low, hoarse voice.

The stranger opened her eyes and gazed in a dazed manner at the man.

"The door was unlocked and I came in," she said, closing her eyes again, not seeming to realize where she was or what she was doing.

"Who are you? Where did you come from?" he asked.

"I am looking for my father," she said, not answering the questions he asked. "My husband died and left me alone and destitute, and I came to Hayfield to find my father."

"Where is your mother?" This question was asked in a low tone full of suppression emotion, that struck the young girl with enough force to make her open her eyes and look inquiringly at the little man.

"She is dead," she said simply.

The little man seemed to age as he sat before her, his form stooping forward, his hands clasped tightly together, and his head drooping pathetically.

"Twenty years ago," he said, in a low trembling voice, "you were born in Brooklyn. Your name is Grace Hewlett."

"Who are you," she cried, leaning eagerly forward.

"I am Testament Hewlett. Why did you come to me?"

The young woman clasped the baby to her bosom, and falling on her knees drooped her head in his lap.

"Because you are my father," she sobbed.

III.

The winter had passed away and the spring had just begun to stretch forth her smiling hands to the summer in the early days of June.

Hayfield had been shaken to the foundation with surprise, and the whole district had been awakened from its long sleep to stand aghast at the march of progress that was to be suddenly hurled at them.

"Gentlemen!" Testy Hewlett had said at the special meeting of the trustees of District School No. 2, Town of Hampstead, "Gentlemen, I know well enough what this meeting has been called for. You want to get rid of Bedell. There is some of you that has a hankering after some one else. I know who it is and I know what durned fools you'll find yourselves after you've done the job. You've never had and never will have a better teacher than you've got now. Of course you can get a cheaper one. What good will that do you? As it is now, the district don't pay a darn cent of the teacher's salary. It's a mean, dirty shame for a district worth a hundred thousand dollars to rely entirely on state and town funds to run its school and educate its children. And look at the school house. Not fit to pen a hog in. I know a good many of you will say that it was good enough for you and it's good enough for your children. I used to say so myself one time, but—things have changed since then." His voice had changed, and his lips trembled slightly as he drooped his head. Then he raised his eyes and looked around defiantly. "Yes," he continued, "things have changed. You know that as well as I do. Now, gentlemen, I have a proposition to make. I am a rich man. Who knows me and doesn't know that must be daft and blind. I propose, if the district will find a new and more suitable place, nearer the center of the district, to build, free of cost to the district, a first-class school-house,

and besides to supply it with a stock of books and supplies that will enable the teacher to properly instruct his pupils. Bedell has complained to me that he has had great trouble to get parents to supply their children with the necessary books. This will be done away with, as I shall give a special fund to supply books and utensils to all the scholars, those that can afford them and those that can't. But, gentlemen, there are three things that I want the district to do. First, they must keep Bedell; second, they must raise his salary; third, they must raise a fund by a special tax, so that the teacher's salary can be paid regularly, as it is done in other districts. Now, gentlemen, you've heard my proposition, what do you think of it?" And they had sat and discussed it till the clock had marked the unseemly hour of three in the morning. They had agreed to it, and before the cock crew the next morning Hayfield stood aghast with wonder.

"'There is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune,'" said Lion Bedell to his golden-haired wife the next day when he heard of the great speech of Testy Hewlett. "And I suppose my flood tide has come. Our friend Hewlett has taken it for me. Whether it will lead on to fortune, I don't know."

"It is very strange," said Mrs. Bedell, "what an alteration has been made in the life of Mr. Hewlett. Women can accomplish wonderful things. Ever since his daughter came back to him he has been a new kind of man."

"I confess that he has. But we must remember that a woman made the first Testy Hewlett that we knew as well as the second."

"Do you know the true story of his grief?"

"That is something that the most insinuating and prying village gossip has failed to find out," replied the husband, knocking the ash from the end of his cigar. "The most I can divine from the many stories afloat runs something like this. About thirty years ago a city family hired Wesley Martin's place up on Freshwheat Road with the intention of starting into the chicken raising business, but finding themselves unsuccessful, as dozens of other city families have done, they returned, after a year of country life, to Brooklyn whence they had come. Ashley was their name, and their only child, a proud, imperious little miss of twelve, they called Grace. This young lady caught the eye of a lad as proud and as imperious as herself, young Testament Hewlett, the son of the richest miser in all the country round. For one short year their childish courtship lasted. This part is clear, but the rest is all dim. For, shortly after the departure of the Ashleys, old Hewlett died, and Mrs. Hewlett and her son left Hayfield behind them, so the gossips knew them not. It is surmised that later in his life, when the down had begun to make a perceptible appearance on his young cheek, Testy Hewlett again met the imperious Grace, and they were married. He loved her passionately,—that all concur in. That she did not love him, but had given her heart to another, is also universally agreed to. Whether she was compelled by her parents to marry him for his wealth, or whether it was some queer freak of her own is not known. They lived together un-

happily until their child was almost a year old, when suddenly, one night, after a violent quarrel with her husband, Mrs. Hewlett disappeared, taking the baby-girl with her. It is believed she went off with the man she loved. Soon afterward Hayfield again knew Testy Hewlett. He came to live among his former neighbors, a young man it is true, but as sour and crabbed as an old cynic. And here alone in his house he has lived ever since. In the meantime, his wife, deserted by the man with whom she had fled, died in misery and poverty. His daughter, grown to young womanhood, had married the school-teacher of the place in which they lived. The young woman's husband compelled to teach in a miserable, broken-down building, and for a miserable pittance, only survived a year after his marriage. The young wife and mother found herself destitute. Her last penny she spent to come to Hayfield in search of her father. These are all the facts we can gather; let us imagine the rest. What have we here? The story of a human life? Hardly. Only the simple sketch of a human character. A proud, selfish, tyrannical man, who came to feel his pride torn and shattered, his tyranny broken, and his selfish will crushed. His life became a mass of cynicism. But it was false, false as all cynicism is false. He felt this when he came to our house and saw our happy home. He felt it when he looked down the line of school-benches that same night. He felt it when he saw that young figure go speeding down the road from the school-house. What can we imagine he felt when he saw, seated at his stove, apparently the figure of his long-lost wife with the sleeping baby in her lap, just as she might have sat twenty years before. Yes," he said thoughtfully, "'Testament Hewlett is a changed man. It seems that little things have more to do in accomplishing great results than greater things. It was not his great grief that so much altered his life, but his simple awakening from the falsehood of his existence."

"Well," said Mrs. Bedell, clasping her baby to her breast as she rocked gently to and fro, "I always did like the New Testament better than the Old."

DOCTOR DICK.

CHAPTER I.

"Human eye hath ne'er beheld
A shape so wild, so bright, so beautiful."—SHELLEY.

A bright, beautiful, dreamy hot day in midsummer; only the lightest of breezes wafted salt zephyrs up from the sea, causing the leaves of the oak and the hickory and the chestnut to tremble drowsily on their branches, as if even they had been robbed of half their activity by the August sun.

The sea was just rumpled with rounded waves that made their way slowly and heavily to the shore, where they touched their wet lips to the hot sand, and then rushed back with a sullen murmur to the ocean's bosom.

Almost to the water's edge the village road ran down; this road which left the shifting sands, and mounted higher, always higher, lost

itself between green trees, and its sandy appearance in the yellow dust of the quiet village. Just where it turned around to the east to sweep past the few pretty houses with their flower-gardens and vine-clad porches, their peaked roofs and dormer windows, their picket fences and latticed wells, stood that most important of country places—the village store. The store where there were dry-groceries, stuff-goods, candies, boots, shoes, ship-supplies, and nobody-knows-what-not all mixed up together; a veritable bazaar all packed into one case. The store for the latest news, either city or country, the post, the ballot box, and all other matters of interest to the villagers who were wont to gather there to chat over the prospect of good crops, or "agree" over the county election.

On this hot and sultry day, probably on account of the extraordinary stroke of heat, there was nobody in the store but young Dr. Dick Lennard, who sat lazily reclining on a chair in the back of the place as far as he could get from the sun-dried, dusty road without, and old Uncle Seesum, the proprietor, who stood behind the counter vainly endeavoring to disengage some brown, greasy-looking sugar-sticks from a paper of smoking tobacco to which they had become as inexplicably attached as the Siamese twins.

Dr. Dick felt the weather in every muscle of his big muscular frame. He lay back in his chair with his eyes half-closed in drowsy languor, and his feet elevated to a point on a level with his broad white forehead, from which his hat was pushed back, displaying his curly black hair with the parting almost in the centre.

Mary, or Mollie Seesum as she was more often called, was softly trilling the notes of one of those old-fashioned love-songs that seem so well to fit the lips of a country miss. The low tones of her sweet voice floated dreamily out from the room behind the store to the ears of the young doctor, who listened, or half-listened to them with a contented smile upon his face.

"Thar be thet little gal o' mine a singin' an' a singin' away as if thar be no sich things as hot days," remarked Uncle Seesum, beginning a new point of attack on the sugar-sticks.

"Or candy and tobacco," murmured Dr. Dick.

"Yaas," replied Uncle Seesum, dubiously, "or canny an' terbacker, blame it!" Then suddenly, "D'ye know Doctor, thet little gal be jist as happy as she kin, a-singin' an' a-singin' day arter day, a-goin' about her work as if thar beant a drairy place in all the wide worl'. She be a happy little bird, she be. Wen the store's closed up an' I sets down to smoke the las' pipe afore goin' to bed, thet little gal ull set down by me an' lay her cully head in her ole daddy's lap; and wen I axes her wot makes her so happy, she'll on'y take my ole wrinkled face in her han's, an' kiss me onct, twicet, an' three times, an' ax me if there be anythink in this worl' to make her onhappy, an' I says, 'God forbid.' It mebbe onreasonable to think as thar be any speshul reasing, but I keant help it, it do come over me."

The old man paused, and looked intently at Dr. Dick, and the expression of earnest inquiry on his face deepened as he noticed the

smile that flitted about the mouth of the young man, who kept his eyes fixed on the scene without.

"Wen I war a-courtin' of the ole woman," he continued, brushing away an obtrusive tear with his sticky fingers at the recollection. "I used to be happy — allus happy. She beane a courtin' — but — but I think she *be* in love; blame me if I don't!"

"Very likely, Uncle," replied Dick, with a cool little laugh, "it is quite natural for a young girl — in fact, nothing more than we expect."

"Yaas!" said the old man, his face flushed with anger. "Yaas," he said, the anger dying into sadness, "I s'pose so, cuss it!"

The doctor looked up quickly.

"Cuss this terbacker. This canny sticks so fast wen it knows it oughtenter. It is like some folks, they will cling to other folks wen they oughter see they don't want 'em."

The young man shifted uneasily in his chair.

"D'ye know, Doctor, I be a strange, selfish old man, all wrapped up in that little gal o' mine, jist, I s'pose, cause she be part an' passel o' meself, an' if anythink was to happen to her, we'd hev to say goodbye to ——"

The old man was interrupted by the entrance of Molly, and in lieu of finishing his remarks, he bestowed a broad, bright, though somewhat sad smile upon his "little gal," while Dr. Dick lowered his well-polished shoes with their contents from the pile of boxes on which they had rested.

"You did not give us an opportunity to applaud," remarked the Doctor, facetiously.

"No?" said Molly, with a quiet questioning that seemed to regard the matter quite seriously. "Well, perhaps it was too hot for any such exercise."

"Never! A sweet voice breathes zephyrs through the sun's warm rays."

The quiet smile on Molly's face could not hide the delicate flush that slowly came and then disappeared, and Uncle Seesum, noticing it, frowned dejectedly.

"You don't seem to be enjoying the heat, Doctor," she replied with simple, serious calmness.

The Doctor could not repress a smile. He had once told her that her calm, quiet seriousness contained more sweet humor to him than a dozen Bret Hartes.

"I don't know whether you mean that for a reflection upon the truth of my compliment, but, to the contrary notwithstanding, I am exceedingly comfortable, Molly."

"Yaas," said Uncle Seesum, grimly, "and so be the canny."

"Ah! well," said Dr. Dick, "it is a hot day. Ninety-two in the shade over in my sanctum, and that is not the hottest place in Billford by any means. Ah-h!" he yawned, stretching his arms lazily above his head, "one hardly knows what to do with himself this weather, Molly."

"I wonder you are not out on the water," replied Molly.

"The water? Oh, the water! One gets sick of the water now-a-days; don't you think so, Uncle?"

"Shouldn't a wonder, Doctor, shouldn't wonder! You young chaps wants so much change now-a-days. When we be young, we be glad 'nough to get all the time we could outen the water. I tell you, boy, them war the days when the sea war full of fish. No steamers then to swap 'em all up like there be now. Well, I s'pose thet be one thing thet keeps you young chaps offen the water. I tell you, Doctor, the gov'ment oughter put a stop to them steamers a-comin' down from the city and swappin' up all our fish, an' a-grindin' 'em inter oil. Blame me, they oughter!" And Uncle Seesum gave such emphasis to his remarks that the candy and tobacco suddenly severed their connections and flew off in opposite directions.

"Well, I don't know," replied the Doctor, dodging the molasses sticks as they flew past in dangerous proximity to his light hat, "I suppose they do good in their way; almost everything does, only we are not always able to see it."

"Mebbe they do, an' mebbe they don't; but give the fisherman, the honest village fisherman, a chance to live, thet be wot I say." And Uncle Seesum, gathering up the candy and tobacco, entered upon what bid fair to be a long discourse upon the despicable wickedness of the fishing-steamers, for Uncle Seesum never knew when to stop when once he got started upon his favorite theme. He was, however, interrupted by the hurried entrance of the slim, delicate figure of a girl. Her face was flushed, and her eyes, which peered from beneath a large sun hat, sparkled with an unnatural excitement. Her breath came quick and feverish, as if she had ran some little distance. She flashed through the doorway like a startled sunbeam.

"Can you tell me where I can find the doctor?" she gasped

"I am the doctor," said Dick, stepping forward.

"Quick, quick!" she exclaimed, seizing him wildly by the hand and pulling him toward the door. "Save him if you can — my father — he is dying!"

And before another word could be said they were gone.

"Who be thet?" asked Uncle Seesum. Molly shook her head. She did not know.

CHAPTER II.

"This broken tale was all we knew,
Of her he loved, on him he slew."—BYRON.

A wide, low-built house which might have been painted a short period before the War, and probably occupied about the same time, stood back off the Billford road, surrounded by the dying embers of garden vegetation—dying in the same way that a man's love and honor dies, by being slowly and gradually smothered beneath a burden of rank and hateful weeds. Every garden-bed, or what was once a bed, was surrounded by shaggy box-borders, whose naturally distasteful smell was made more obnoxious by the rankness of their growth, imparting to the atmosphere that odor of mustiness that seemed appropriate to

the aged, dilapidated house. It seemed to Dr. Dick as if he had the burden of a hundred years suddenly thrown upon his broad shoulders by this odor, as he was hurried through the garden by the strange little messenger of death, who had so suddenly come to life in Uncle Seesum's store.

The child — she seemed hardly more — clung to his hand with frantic energy untill she reached the door and had to release it to push open the creaking barrier between the two odors — musty vegetation without, and musty furniture within. She led him into a small room off the hallway, where, overcome by her excitement, she sank into a sitting posture upon the floor by the side of an old-fashioned bed that stood in one corner. Beneath the curious coverlet of patchwork lay the form of a man of about forty years, although his haggard and well lined face might have marked him twice that age. He turned in the bed and looked at Doctor Lennard with his great black eyes.

"You are the doctor?" he said faintly.

"Yes," replied Doctor Dick, going close to the bedside.

The man smiled faintly, that unhealthy, unlooked for smile that seems to deepen instead of relieve the sad lines upon the face of sickness and sorrow, resembling the trembling moonlight that quivers through the swaying branches of the willow and falls with caressing sadness upon the white face of a marble tomb.

"It is of no use, Doctor," he said wearily. "My time has run its length. I know that I am dying, and that nothing can put away the grim, black spectre who is stretching out his arms to receive me. But Annie — she means well enough — she thought she ought to go for you and see if anything could be done. But I know, Doctor, I know!"

He stared up at the ceiling and again the ghastly smile spread over his features as he murmured in a tone of almost exultation the Latin words, "*In articulo mortis.*" Then he shifted about in his bed, and after letting his fast-failing sight wander aimlessly about the room an instant, he drifted off in another current.

"There is nothing for me to live for now, and I feel so weary, so terribly weary of the long, long days that I have fought the world that the last struggle bears to me more joy and relief than pain or regret. Mine has been a terrible life — a terrible life! and yet so simple. I was once so young and strong, and thought that such a great future lay before me. I went into business a mere boy — a clerk at first — and worked and slaved, pushing everybody aside to make way for me. Friend and foe alike fell beneath the axe of my ambition. I felt that I held the world in the palm of my hand, and its every movement commanded whatever I desired. From clerk I rose to manager; from manager to junior partner; and then I played my senior so well that I soon pushed him out of the business. Then it was mine, mine, mine — all mine! But still I slaved, money I must have — money and fame too. *My* house must be the best known, the most powerful house in the world. *My* name must be on every lip. Oh! I was smart! I was clever! business circles rang with wonder at my rapid ascendance over everyone with whom I came into contact. I threw out money

right and left, venture after venture, until I had all my own, and all that was not my own out in great speculations. For they trusted me, the fools! Who would not have trusted the brilliant, the gifted, the fortunate Allan Farncliffe! Widows and orphans, and business men ruthlessly swept themselves into my toils. Oh! how I worked! My brain was on fire and I was happy."

He paused for a moment to emit a deep, racking cough that was painful to hear, and then resumed in a lower tone.

"Then the tide changed. After the flood — the ebb! One venture failed; and through that another, and another, and another. I passed six months of agony such as man never passed before. In my dreams I used to see my creditors as huge bloodhounds dashing at my throat, trying to tear the very flesh from my bones, while behind them, crouching, starving, naked and homeless — the widows and the orphans. Oh! what terrible, terrible months they were! And then came the crash — and such a crash it was. Ruined? ay, and blasted in the eyes of every honest-thinking human being! Did I stay to meet my creditors? Did I stay to meet something worse? No, no! wrapped in my pride, all that was left me, like a sneaking cur I fled — fled only that I might die outside those prison bars!"

The dying man had raised himself half up in bed, but dropped back heavily now, scarcely able to breathe.

Dr. Lennard gazed into the haggard face and could read there, better than words could tell, the terrible struggle through which he had passed. Every line seemed to mark the course of some dreadful night passed in agony. His eyes, bright — brighter because they were so black — seemed to speak of the visions he had seen in those frightful dreams.

"You must be calmer," the Doctor said; "you are hastening the end."

"Hastening the end," the man repeated, that unwelcome smile again flitting across his pallid face. "Ah, you do not hear the thunder of their pursuing footsteps, your ears are deaf to the clanking of the chains! It matters not; they will never reach me, and the sooner I leave this world behind the better. It is a great world and a good world, but it has nothing left for me now."

He lay quiet for some time, and then suddenly shifting himself, he made an ineffectual attempt to raise himself.

"Selfish — bitterly selfish to the end!" he gasped. "Annie — my child — I never thought of you. Oh! merciful heaven! What will become of Annie?"

"Have you no friends in the city?" asked Dr. Dick.

"Friends!" he cried, bitterly. "Friends! No! No! No! What does a man like me want with any friend beside money! money! money! Ah, no!" he said falling back in bed. "She will have to go; let her be the only thing on which the world can wreak its vengeance — the last monument to a wicked life! She is all that I have left, and all that I ever cared for beside money. Now I leave her to the mercy of strangers, nay, to the mercy of those whom I have ruined,

for she may fall into the hands of those whom I have wronged. If she does I say to them: wreak your vengeance you cowards — you hounds — she is unprotected — she is alone in the world — no crafty father now to drag her away with him — do her all the harm you can — he never spared you and why should you spare her!"

It was terrible to hear him rave, and Dr. Lennard, as he recoiled from him, could not keep his eyes from wandering to the place where the girl had crouched when they first entered the room. She was on her knees, one delicate arm outstretched across the foot of the bed, and her head with its wealth of brown hair drooped upon it. Feeling that his eyes were upon her, she raised her face. It was a beautiful face — he saw that for the first time — but the great, dark eyes that looked up at him had a hard, stony look in them that was terrible to behold.

Without any indication of intelligent conception of her movements, she arose, and walking to the solitary window that was the only relief to the sombre aspect of the ancient room, she stood there apparently looking out across the musty garden to the road beyond, her petite, delicate form clearly outlined by the bright, dazzling daylight.

She seemed only a child, appearing not to have seen more than fifteen years of life, although she was remarkably well-formed for so little a creature. Her ways, her appearance, her very motions showed evidence of the influences of a refined, educated and fastidious existence. The evidence was conclusive that she had been reared, not only in the lap of luxury, but also in the lap of intelligence. How such a delicate, helpless creature would stand the rough walks of a desolate journey in a sordid world it was inconceivable to imagine. Her intelligence and education would be a hindrance, her refinement would be a stumbling-block, and her beauty would be but an invitation to wickedness. Her course would be over rocks and breakers, her field would be of tares and thistles. Who could conceive a sadder, more heart-rending monument to crown the wicked, selfish life that was passing from existence in that house of mustiness.

Dr. Dick sank down on a chair by the bedside, and resting his elbows on his knees, he sat, with his chin resting in the crotch made by his upturned palms, staring at the figure framed by the outside glare. His thoughts recurred to himself; in fact, Dr. Dick had a frequent knack of thinking to himself, and not often with such good intentions as now found birth in his thoughts. He was wondering if it would add to his comfort or convenience to take this child into his own home. He had long ago marked out for himself a certain course of literary pursuit, and to keep himself rigidly to it, had convinced himself that it would not only be an inconvenience but an absolute danger to have any woman about his household. He was unwilling at any time to take women seriously, generously conceding however, that they were at times a pleasurable diversion, which, if capable of being totally dismissed when serious thoughts were under consideration, might not interfere with the proper enjoyment of life. But to have them about him incessantly was a possibility so remote that he had never before considered it. To have them intrude upon the sacred

precincts of his study, his *sanctum sanctorum*, was a conception so abstract that it required deep pondering. His life was a lonely one he was willing to admit, for he was the sole occupant of his modest cottage, not even having the comforts that a servant could bring. Would it interfere with his purpose in life, or make the results of his labor any less satisfactory, careful, studious or valuable, if he should take this young creature to his home? She was not a woman, only a mere child. Then she was beautiful. That was a point, a long point in her favor, for his refinement was delicate enough to make him appreciate everything that was beautiful. She was intelligent and well educated, and might be useful to him as a sort of amanuensis; that was another point. Could she do cooking and house-cleaning? He seriously regretted that the surrounding circumstances debarred him from putting the question to her, for Doctor Dick had not for a moment any intention of taking to his home a useless toy or a pretty singing bird.

A movement of the dying man at last attracted his attention, and turning to him, he found his eyes fixed upon his face.

He essayed to speak, but failing, made a slight movement of his emaciated hand toward the figure in the window.

"Rest easy," said Doctor Dick, "I shall see that she is cared for."

The man looked up with a puzzled look as if he did not quite realize the import of the doctor's words, and then smiling wearily, closed his eyes.

It was fully fifteen minutes later when the doctor again looked at him, and saw at once that he had passed away as quietly as any good Christian. So ended a life that is almost as common as in the great cities as the life of any simple needle-woman or modest shop girl.

Dr. Lennard arose, and going over to the window where the beautiful girl still stood motionless, he laid his hand on her shoulder.

"Your father is dead," he said.

She only cast a blank look up in his face. Taking her by the hand, he led her to the bed-side. She silently stooped, kissed the forehead of the dead man, and then stood gazing at the still, haggard face.

Dr. Lennard knew that if he took the girl at all, he must take her now. He could not leave her alone with the dead. With gentle fingers he pressed the weary lids down over the glazed eyes, and taking the girl by the hand, turned his back on the dilapitated house and rank-smelling garden.

CHAPTER III.

"The word had just begun to steal
Each hope that led me lightly on,
I feel not as I used to feel,
And life grew dark and love was gone!"—MOORE.

Doctor Dick could hardly say that he was satisfied with the good action which he had done. He was a young gentleman exceedingly fond of ease and self-comfort, and it could not be said that he was satisfied to have his usual equanimity disturbed by the little ghost-like figure that moved silently from room to room.

She seemed to know just exactly what was to be done, and went about the simple cooking with that professional steadiness that betrays the finished pupil of a ladies' cooking school. It was of little use for the Doctor to endeavor to do serious work on his manuscript, for that little figure with its refined mysteriousness had too great an attraction for him to permit his thoughts to wander long from her. It was pleasant to watch the beautiful face, even while the vacant look puzzled him and the solemn quietness repelled; but the whole affair had a depressing effect on the doctor's spirits.

Two days after the death in the house of mustiness, the simple funeral left the door of that decayed dwelling, and the hearse and single coach set off on a trot for the little country cemetery. In these quick, fast days of the nineteenth century we hurry our corpses as fast as possible to their graves, impressing upon the minds of even these naturally slow-going country folks, the fact that time is valuable and *tempus fugit.* It is only the funerals of the great that are those slow, solemn affairs that used to be thought necessary and appropriate. Even the ministerial portion of the ceremony is cut so short, that, on this occasion it even struck through the thick worldliness of Doctor Dick that there was something very inappropriate and unfunereal in this despatch. He had only time to notice the little groups of village folks that stood a little way off from the open space that was to be the last resting place of Allan Farncliffe, Merchant, to be cognizant that they were all women except one, a tall, massive fellow, who stood with head uncovered, his soft hat crushed in his hand, and his eyes fixed on the girlish figure that stood by the Doctor's side. To be aware that the beautiful girl looked upon the ceremony with the same vacancy which she had exhibited in the death-chamber, and returned to her new home without shedding one tear, or losing the wild brightness from her eyes. And then it was all past like a fitful dream, and only the silent memento of the whole affair was left to move noiselessly about his rooms and distract his attention from his work.

"Perhaps," said Doctor Dick to Molly, afterwards, "if I had prosecuted my studies as a physician to any great extent I might have been able to solve the mystery of her ways. As it is, I give it up. It would be a pity to have to put her in an asylum, she is too beautiful — I might almost say too heavenly."

"Oh, poor girl!" exclaimed Molly, "You don't think she is insane, do you?" "N-no," hesitated Doctor Dick, "but she acts very much like it. You see, she has evidently been brought up under all the care and affection that her father could lavish upon her, and knew absolutely nothing of grief, pain or sorrow until this terrible financial trouble overtook him, and he made her probably the only companion of his wild struggle. I am of the opinion that she fully realizes everything that has happened, but it was so frightfully unnatural for her to be taken, a child of wealth, and thrown upon the world, alone and in a strange place, a penniless, friendless waif, that it has absolutely and literally dazed her. I am not a student of human nature, especially in hot weather, but I venture to say that she is one of

those violently hysterical people who let grief, love or joy carry them away to heaven only knows where."

"Yes," said Molly, simply and seriously. And she wondered if such a thing would ever be said of her — her with her deep, burning heart full of love that seemed to fill her whole being, and yet left her mind free to run on in its quiet channel. Love! Molly Seesum would love — would die of love, if such a thing could be, and smile on the man that had killed her.

But there came a day when the clouds that had spread themselves over the intellect of Annie Farncliffe, probably disturbed by some new emotion, were rent asunder and dissolved in the hot tears of awakened reason.

It was a cool, pleasant afternoon in September, and Doctor Dick was walking along the road, leaving behind him little curls of smoke that wandered in perplexing circles from his lips whenever he had the fragrant segar snugly tucked between them. He was not plunged deeply in thought — he seldom was, except when bending over the massive desk in his sanctum, yet he started perceptibly when a wagon drew up almost against the hand that held his segar, and a rich heavy voice pronounced his name. Perhaps it was because he was thinking, never so lightly it may be, of the great broad-shouldered man that stood in the cemetery with his head uncovered and his hat crushed in his hand, and the voice that pronounced his name told him that the very person was at his elbow. He looked up coolly into the heavy, stern handsome face, the very expression of which firm, convincing and commanding though it was, at once gave you a conviction that he was one of the mildest, gentlest and most tender creatures the world possessed. "Air you going East, doctor?" Asked the man in the wagon.

"Yes, Joe; and I don't mind if I do," he said, as he climbed in to the wagon, and settled himself comfortably on the little that was left of the backless seat.

"I saw you at the Cemetery the other day," remarked Dr. Dick, after a moment of silence.

"Yes," replied Joe. And he whisked his whip lightly across the ears of the off horse setting the team off in a gentle trot. "Yes," he repeated reflectively, "I was thar." As a usual thing, Joe Seesum did not speak in the broad nasal dialect common to the Billford folks, his early schooling having had some lasting effect upon him, but he still said "thar," with that peculiar twang and prolongation of the final letter common to the Yankees, pronouncing the word to rhyme with the first syllable of the word "parrot." "You see," he said slowly, looking straight ahead at the ears of the grey nag, "I thought I ought to be thar, being a sort of first acquaintance. I brought them down from the depot the other night when they came to Billford." The Doctor nodded understandingly—not that he had known this fact before, but because it was the most natural thing in the world, for Joe was always riding somebody somewheres. "And then," the big man continued slower than before, "I thought I'd like to see the ceremo-

ny." And he bent his large stern eyes upon the Doctor and frowned with such a benevolent ferociousness that he laughed audibly.

"Yes," he said, sententiously.

"Yes," the other remarked, slowly and ponderously.

And they rode along in silence until they were opposite the village cemetery, when Joe pulled up suddenly, almost careening the Doctor over onto the horse's backs—

"Look over thar," the big man said, pointing with his whip over the grave-yard. Doctor Dick craned his neck and saw a well-known figure crouched on one grave, that was freshly covered with grass and flowers. He climbed down off the wagon, stood a moment in the road looking doubtfully at his segar, and then with a sigh for the loss of such a good friend, threw it away.

"You may go on without me," he said.

The big man bent his head silently in response, and keeping his gaze fixedly on the grey nag's ears, drove off.

In a few minutes Doctor Dick stood by the side of the bent figure that had its face buried in the grass of the grave. He felt quite soft and motherly as he gazed down on the girlish creature, having perhaps unconsciously sapped up some of the womanly tenderness from the great fellow with whom he had just been riding.

"Annie," he said, laying his hand softly on the mass of brown hair, "come, get up, child! you must not grieve so. We must believe it is all for the best."

He lifted her to his feet. Her head dropped against his breast, and gread, heart-rending sobs burst from her lips. He pressed the poor little creature in his arms and whispered soothing words of comfort, wondering at the same time what he should dub this new affection that was tugging at his heart-strings. It could not be motherly—perhaps it was fatherly.

"Come," he said at length, "it is almost evening. You must go home."

They turned toward the cemetery gate, he whispering encouraging words to her as they walked along, while the big drops still fell from her dark, lovely eyes. As they went down the narrow lane between the long rows of earthly beds, he had his arm around the frail form and his eyes averted to the little brown head that lay pillowed against his side. When they reached the gate he raised his eyes, and started as his gaze rested on the figure of Molly Seesum. She stood just outside the fence; her face was pale and frightened, and her hand was tightly clenched around the spar of the fence. He pushed the gate open and they stood face to face with old Uncle Seesum's daughter.

"Molly," he said, stopping, he knew not why.

Molly drew a long deep breath and smiled faintly.

"Good evening, Dr. Lennard," she said. "This is your new—"

"Yes; my new charge. This, Annie, is my friend, Mollie Seesum. I want you to be good friends for my sake," he said in a low earnest voice quite different from his usual light bantering tone.

Annie put her small hand into Mollie's and looked up into her

face with her soft, dark eyes. Mollie wavered for an instant, the blood rushed back to her face, and she trembled with a strange new feeling. She looked into the eyes of Doctor Dick silently and seriously, and then down into the beautiful tear stained face. There was a great, strange struggle in her heart. She choked back an aching sob, and made a movement as if to kiss the little hand that she held, but, stooping down, she pressed a kiss almost motherly, upon the quivering lips. She was such a small, delicate little creature with a face so fascinating in its sorrow, even had she been Mollie's rival in love she could not have helped pitying her, and pressing upon her lips the warm imprint that stole into the little girl's heart like the most soothing balm.

Turning from the cemetery, the three walked down the road together, Molly consoling the orphan child much better than the words of man can console. When they reached the door of Uncle Seesum's store, she kissed her again and promised that she would come down and see her.

Molly stood on the step and watched them until they were hidden by a bend in the road, then turning, she opened the door and passed slowly in.

Uncle Seesum noticed that his little "gal" was thoughtful and silent when she entered the store. The lines at each side of her mouth were slightly drawn down and a faint frown wrinkled her pretty forehead. She looked tired and weary. He looked at her sadly, almost startled.

"Who be thet?" he asked. "Be thet Dr. Dick's charge?"

"Yes," she replied thoughtfully, "she is only a child." And she passed into the room behind the store.

Uncle Seesum walked around the counter and going up to the front door, looked out upon the road, up and down, and then off to the West where the sun had gone down, and left tracks of orange and gold that stained the whole western sky, and touched the tops of the green trees with fantastic colors, making everything look so bright and beautiful—making the great world look as if it never harbored on its surface a thought of wrong.

For many minutes the sorrowful old man stood framed in the doorway, apparently studying this scene, the red light playing about his well-lined features and crimsoning the troubled frown upon his forehead. Streak after streak changed from gold to orange, from orange to red and then died away altogether, leaving nothing but the night's chill darkness behind.

With a sigh he turned from the door. "She be on'y a child," he said.

CHAPTER IV.

"For certes, ye now make me heavy chere,
What were as life laid upon a bere."—CHAUCER.

The sympathy of Molly acted as a perfect balm to the troubled heart of Annie Farncliffe. As Doctor Dick had said, she was of an hysterical nature. She had no will beyond the sway of her passions.

Be they good or bad, like her father, with them she went. When her sorrow came it filled her whole life, it numbed, it almost turned her brain. Now that she had felt and seen the sympathy of a fellow-being, it filled her heart, and brought her a rest and peacefulness that was almost wonderful in its suddenness, and offered the Doctor another period of semi-facetious surprise and perplexity.

"I give it up," he said at last. "It is useless me trying to solve this wonderful little creature. My best solution is, she is a thing of passion and — and — a joy forever."

The days passed by one by one, that great golden king rising and falling, scouring away this worldly life.

Uncle Seesum seldom had occasion to visit Doctor Dick's house with the groceries now, Annie preferring to make a daily pilgrimage to the corner store with her neat little basket hung jauntily upon her arm. Very often when trudging along she would hear a deep, rich voice call out in its most tender tones, the always welcome greeting:

"Going East, Miss!" And she would climb into the wagon and feel quite proud to sit on the backless seat by the side of the great, massive fellow who always kept his eyes on the gray nag's ears, except when he turned upon her that benevolent frown which she had learnt to regard as his most tender expression. But it was not for this that she went to the store, her chief pleasure was the companionship of Molly Seesum.

"I like so much to come and talk with you," she said to Molly. "You are so good and strong. Your companionship, your sympathy, makes me forget my sorrow, or that I have any sorrow left to think of. You convince me that I am not alone in the world." "No," replied Molly, with her quaintly serious air, looking reflectively at her. "You are not all alone. If Doctor Dick takes any fancy into his head he is pretty sure to carry it out. You have a friend indeed, dear Annie."

"Yes, Molly," he is a good friend — a loving friend; but it seems so strange that he should take me as he did, so very strange."

Molly started, and scanned her face searchingly while she was looking out of the window.

"Annie," she said, her voice seeming to be more impressive just because it was so calm and quiet, "don't say it was strange. It was nothing — nothing but right. You are an orphan child — only a child, Annie, thrown homeless and friendless on the world. Who would n't have taken you? No, it was n't strange, it was natural — only natural.

Annie left her in deep thought. Again that struggle swept into Molly's heart. Battle as she would she could not keep those distressing thoughts and fears from stealing into her brain and poisoning her mind. What could they mean? She could not tell. She only felt that now she had been able to stand a little distance off from Doctor Dick she knew him better than she had ever known him before. She recognized now as hard bare truths, cold facts, which were but dim shadows in former days, and seemed then to be capable of being washed away by her love. Now, her love would never be a factor in

his life. She recognized this. She knew that another had unconsciously stepped between, not her love and his love, but her love and its object. She was a strong, cool, sensible girl and she always was aware of the great influence her love had wielded over the character of the selfish young man. She could tell, as plainly as signs could speak, that he had been gradually succumbing to its sway, and it would have only been a short time before he would have fallen a prey to her goodness, her pureness, her nobility. But now it was all past. She was not jealous. She could not be jealous if this little child should win his love, his pure love. But fate had robbed her of a grand victory. She realized — she knew that this child's love would never be to him, could never do for him what her pure unselfish devotion would have accomplished. And she was afraid of it. Afraid that if this child should love him in her wild, passionate, hysterical way it would not be for the best. They were bitter thoughts to her, and she did all she could to crush them.

When Uncle Seesum came up from the shore she pulled him down to a seat by her side, and twining her arms about his neck, laid her head on his broad shoulder.

"Daddy," she said, "are all selfish men wicked?"

"I hope not, Molly; your daddy 's too old to be very wicked, an' he 's selfish."

"Selfish? daddy?"

"Yes, Molly; he wants his little gal all to hisself; he don't want no one to take her away from him. He 's seed her heart a-seeming to slide away frum him, an' a dark 'an selfish cloud have gathered under here where yonr head be resting. Molly, darlin', your daddy 's a selfish ole man, he wants you all, he do n't want nobody to take you."

"It 's all over, daddy, now; I 've come back to you. I am your's, all your's, daddy, now. But I didn 't mean that kind of selfish; I meant — I meant — oh! what did I mean?" she asked in despair.

"If I was a young man with a cold heart an' a smooth tongue an' a han' some face; if I stole into a young gal's pure life with smiles an' soft words an' tender ways; if I knew that a pure an' innercent gal, whose heart is more precious than pearls an' rubies an' di' monds, loved me, an' I made her love; if I turned away from her, threw her aside without one glance to see how I 'd burned her heart and withered her life, I 'd be a selfish man, Molly, a selfish man, an'— an' wicked!"

Molly clung to his neck and buried her face in his bosom. "No, no, daddy!" she cried. "I don 't mean that — not that!"

When she went into the room behind the store he stood with his back to the fireless stove, and his hands underneath the tails of his old-fashioned coat, while a sullen frown settled down over his face.

"Dum it! dum it!" he said.

A few days later, when Annie came into the store only Uncle Seesum was there, arranging the candies as usual.

The old man sighed as he gazed down on the beautiful girl, her deep, luscious eyes of rich soft brown seeming to brim over with her every passion, her rich brown curls falling low down over her rounded

shoulders, her plump cheeks touched with a delicate autumn tint, her red lips almost always apart in a catching smile, except when they trembled with the shadow of some deep, inward current, her graceful form incessantly swaying with emotion. Even he, old man that he was, his mind crowded and dimmed by the recollections of nearly four score years, saw how unfit she was for him who needed a stronger, firmer, nobler love to make him a better, truer man. Why were mortals made so weak that they should all be swept into the innocent toils of this child's love, so passionate, so weak, so frail! The old man sighed again and then answered back her shining smile.

"Wal, little gal, here you be agin," he said.

"Yes, Uncle, I 've come down for some more groceries; the tea is out and the sugar is nearly gone."

"No wonder! child, no wonder! Doctor Dick does drink a pile of tea. I shud think he gets pretty narvous sometimes, don't he?"

"Yes, sometimes. You know he is writing a series of papers now for a New York magazine, and when he gets thinking he wants tea, tea all the time."

"Ah! Doctor Dick be a smart man; too smart bein' he 's so young. Jist to think, a chap on 'y twenty-five years old next winter, a writin' big articles for the magazines. An' he be a good young chap, too; hey! little gal?"

"Good? Uncle! I don't know what I would have done if it hadn 't been for Doctor Dick."

"Ah! yes," the old man said slowly.

Having given Annie the sugar and tea he took his customary attitude with his back to the stove, and his hands under his coat-tails, while the girl sat looking over a paper that had come by the last mail.

He could see right down the road to the white sands of the beach, far out on the wharves of the great sea whose billows rose and fell lazily under the warmth of the early September weather. The great ocean was placid now; to-night it might be tossed and thrown about in mountainous waves by the furious wind, dashed on the beach in long angry breakers, fretting and foaming and tugging at the shifting sands, a din that is grand, while it is awful to hear.

Perhaps even he thought, ignorant though he was, that life is like unto this vast body of waters. When it all seems so calm and quiet, the tempest gradually comes, an eddy here and an eddy there; one wave and then another.

It was while he was standing in this position, and while Annie was still deep in the paper that Molly crossed the threshold. Her footsteps were so light they did not disturb the two. She stood still there, between the back room and the store, and gazed silently at the curly brown head bent over the paper, and the sweet girlish face so deeply interested. Ah! yes; she was only a child, a mere child.

Doctor Dick must know that she could not be more. Then why did she feel so faint and sick? Why was that strange struggling, those bitter unjust thoughts still swaying her mind?

"I s 'pose you think a good deal on Doctor Dick," said Uncle

Seesum, suddenly; so suddenly that it made Molly start, and the hot blood rush into Annie's face as she looked up quickly.

"Yes — yes," she stammered. "I love — I care more for him than anybody else now." Then she thought a moment. "Except Molly," she added.

"And he," and the old man's voice was husky as he asked it, "and he cares more for you?"

"I — I don't know; more than I deserve."

"Ay, little gal, he's fond o' thet. An' you be on'y a child," he added almost pleadingly.

Annie placed her basket thoughtfully on her arm, and opening the door, was about to pass out, but hesitated.

"I don't know, Uncle," she said slowly, "perhaps I am older than you think."

Oh! Molly, is your greatest stronghold to be destroyed? Is this central pillar of the main arch to be lightly torn away, and leave the structure of your doubts, your strange struggle your heart tottering on the verge of conviction?

"Daddy! daddy!"

The old man flew to his little "gal," and caught her just as she was sinking to the floor.

CHAPTER V.

Now let me say good night, and so say you;
If you will say so, ye shall have a kiss.—*Shakespeare.*

The day had just begun to wane when Annie left the store, and the robins, that were silent all the day when the sun was high and strong, now began to take up their song commenced so early in the morning trying to finish it before bed-time.

The sun had not yet set, but shed its autumnal brilliancy slantingly across the tops of the trees, causing Annie to tilt her red parasol very much to one side, so that she looked like a tiny craft with a red sail creeping along against the wind.

She was thinking deeply of the events that had so rapidly crowded themselves into her life when she suddenly became aware of the sound of a deep, tender voice.

"Air you going West, Miss?" it said.

She looked up and smiled brightly at the big man. "Yes, thank you," she said. And handed him up her basket while she scrambled up the wheel and into the seat.

"Why, I declare!" she exclaimed, "you have put a back to the seat."

"Yes," he said frowning as he whisked the whip over the ears of the off horse.

"You never used to have a back to it, did you?" she asked.

"No," he said, slowly. "I never used to have young ladies sitting on it."

She smiled at him brightly, even gratefully.

"Do you mean me?" she asked.

He nodded his head slowly.

"I am glad to know that there is one person who thinks I am a young lady. It is very annoying to always be looked upon as a child. But I never thought that you would think me any bigger than a baby. You are so large, you know."

He again nodded slowly, withdrawing his eyes for a moment from the grey nag's ears and looking down with his benevolent frown at the little creature at his side.

"So large—and strong—and noble," she said, pausing after each adjective reflectively, as she looked straight ahead over the horse's heads.

He actually laughed; a deep, rich, mellow laugh that sounded like the distant roll of the sea, and then checking himself, frowned deeper than ever.

"You are noble," she said. "Molly has told me of the many, good, noble things you have done."

"Molly is prejudiced," he said.

"No," she replied slowly, "I wish she was." Then after a pause. "You are so much alike, you know."

"We're cousins," he said, sententiously.

"Yes," she said. "But that does not make you so. It is because you are both earnest and unselfish and thoughtful. I often wished that I could be so. I should feel so much stronger. You do not know how miserable it is to feel frail and weak—to feel that every little circumstance is just going to float you where it wills. It must be pleasant and resting to know that you have your life, your mind and your passions fully under the control of your own will."

He shook his head slowly and thoughtfully.

"Nobody has," he said. "People may think they are big and strong and cool-headed, but when they are put to the test, they find how little their reckonings count. If folks could get their passions thoroughly under their own control, even the wisest of persons, I think this world would be a mighty different place to what it is"

"But they are stronger than I am," she said persistently.

"Folks are made differently," he replied. "Some are all passion while others are cold—cold-hearted." And he smiled grimly.

"No," she said hurriedly, "not cold-hearted but cool-headed. And some who have the coldest heads have the warmest hearts."

"How do you know?" he asked.

"You ask me that because you think people judge by themselves, and you know that I cannot judge thus by myself. No; I was thinking of Molly. I know that she has a heart anybody might be proud of winning. I only hope that she will get some great, strong, earnest man that will be worthy of her." She looked intently and meaningly up into his face, but he kept his eyes so straightly directed at the grey nag's ears that she thought he must be looking cross-eyed. She laughed at the thought, a rippling little laugh that made him turn his face toward her gravely.

"I cannot imagine," she said, "what you see between the grey horse's ears."

"I could not tell you," he replied, "all that I do see thar. But it helps me to think."

"I suppose," she said, "it is like having an object in life. It is something to aim at. I know my teacher in school used to warn me not to let my gaze wander about all over the room when I wanted to recite the multiplication tables, but to select the door-handle, the tap-bell, or some other object on which to fix my eye, and then the tables would slip off my tongue as easily as a hasty word."

When they arrived at Doctor Dick's cottage and Annie had dismounted from the wagon, she looked up quizzically at the big man, and took from her neck a knot of blue ribbon.

"May I fasten this between the grey horse's ears?" she asked.

He nodded.

"It will remind you of Molly," she said after she had made the grey nag bend down his shaggy head, and fastened the knot of ribbon to the head-gear of the bridle. "It is her favorite color."

When he drove on down the road she watched the wagon for a few moments, and then turned with a little sigh and went through the doorway. She had enjoyed the short conversation she had had with the big man, and it occupied her thought the rest of the evening. She thought how nice and fitting it would be for Molly and Joe to come together, and drew all sorts of fancy monograms with the letters J and M intertwined when she had her pencils out after the supper was cleared away, and her simple house-wifery was done for the day. It always made her feel stronger and nobler, and yet more tender whenever she had been in the presence of the big, handsome fellow, and as she bent over her childish amusement many a sigh spoke for her thoughts. The letters made a pretty monogram, but she recognized how frivolous was the task, for when Doctor Dick came out of his library and stood behind her chair to see what she was doing, she quickly slipped the paper out of sight with a guilty blush.

He laughed quietly.

"I don't want to pry into any of your secrets, little girl," he said quizzically, "but I should like to see that paper. It has cost you one of the prettiest blushes that I ever had the fortune to behold, and anything that could accomplish such a thing must be worth at least a transient glance."

"No, Doctor," she said softly, "it is a lot of childish nonsense."

"Annie," he said, thoughtfully, "don't call me Doctor, call me —call me—you cannot call me papa," he said quickly, looking quizzically at her delicate well-formed figure, "that would sound too ridiculous. Call me Dick."

"Dick!" she said, almost under her breath.

"Yes; call me Dick. It will sound much better than the other. Everybody calls me Doctor, and you—you are nearer than *everybody*. Do you know, little girl," he added facetiously, as if to make amends for his moment of tenderness, "when you call me Doctor, I always feel as if I was neglecting my duty in not writing out a prescription."

She looked up into his face.

"Do I need one?" she asked.

He looked down at her laughingly. "No; unless it is one to make you grow," he said.

"I know I am small," she said quite seriously, as she bent down her head, "but, Doctor——"

"Dick," he said, smiling.

"Dick," she repeated in a slight confusion at the familiar sound of the name. "I am not a little girl—that is, not a child."

"No!" he said, sententiously.

"It is my birthday to-morrow. I am eighteen."

His face grew grave an instant, and then he smiled. Lifting his hand he laid it tenderly on her soft brown hair.

A short time afterward Annie came to the library door with a small lamp in her hand. She had come to say good-night.

"Annie," he said, laying down a large volume he held in his hand, "come in a minute."

She crossed the threshold, and half closed the door.

"Come here, Annie," he said.

He stood near the window, and placing the lamp on a side table, she crossed over to him. He took her two hands in his.

"You say this is the eve of your birthday; you are eighteen?"

"Yes," she replied.

He drew her to him and put his arm around her waist, while her little brown head rested against his breast and the soft, dark eyes looked happy and wondering up into his face. A moment he held her, and then stooping, kissed her red lips fondly.

"Good-night!" he said.

And she moved like a spirit from the room.

CHAPTER VI.

"Why may it not be done?
Dark clouds bring waters, when the bright bring none."—BUNYAN.

It is generally supposed that the grave is a place of sorrow. But the matter ends in supposition. More true peace, joy and tranquility enter into the spirit in the presence of the little mounds that mark the resting places of our loved ones, than in any other one place. We do not put seats and settees of rustic wire-work alongside of those graves for the purpose of affording us resting places while we weep out our soul in sorrow. They are for us to gently sink upon, close our eyes and bathe our souls in the air of tranquil calmness that seems to spring from the graves themselves. We are with our dead. We can feel our spirits hovering about us as plainly as we can feel the soft south wind that flutters over the tiny flowers and kisses our cheeks never so softly as here.

Annie Farncliffe had determined to spend a part of her birthday at the grave of her father. Not because she felt any return of her past sorrow, but because her heart was so full of a new-found joy. The good-night kiss had lingered on her lips, and the soft breeze as it came up from the sea seemed to fan it into newer, fresher life. She watched

the pale yellow butterfly as it flitted from grave to grave, joyous, restless, silly thing, without an object and without a love. She looked far out onto the great ocean, discerning the distant tiny sails each bearing along its freight of human passion. She gazed up into the sky, so broad, and bright and blue, and followed the fleecy clouds along their northward journey. She recognized what a bright beautiful, lovable world creation has made, and resting her hands upon the white tombstone that marked the dead merchant's resting-place while she sat in the rustic chair at its side, she leaned her head down upon them and thought of her own world that she was building. We would be queer persons if we did not have an innate desire that somebody should share with us our grief and our joy. We are vain, shallow, frail beings, always desiring and thirsting for that vaguest of all things called sympathy. Where is the joy if none other knows it? Where is the grief if none other can feel it? It was natural for Annie to wish that she could share her great happiness, her first girlish secret, with some sympathetic companion. It was natural for her to think of Molly Seesum, but the very thought of Uncle Seesum's daughter brought back to her a vague presentiment that there was some sadness about Molly which she had not been able even to ask her about, much less to fathom. It was sacred to her because it was so vague and indistinct. If Molly would only find her happiness as she had found hers. If she would only turn to that great strong, handsome man, and rest her head on his broad bosom, she doubted not that she would find peace, and rest, and happiness. She wished that she, herself, had seen him that morning; if she could only have listened to his voice a few moments, have watched him glance off at the knot of blue ribbon between the grey nag's ears, she felt that she would be strong and calm now, instead of so weak and silly. She burst into tears, and a little, short sob struggled up from her bosom. She heard footsteps at this moment, and looking up, she saw Molly coming toward her.

"Annie," she said, noticing the big tears that were coursing down the girl's face. "Haven't you stopped grieving yet? Has anything gone wrong?"

Annie rose from her seat by the side of the grave, and putting her arms about Molly's waist, laid her head on her shoulder.

"No; nothing has gone wrong, Molly," she said, "all has gone right."

"All has gone right," she echoed. "Then why do you cry?"

"Oh! I cannot help it! I am so happy! My heart is so full!"

"Child! child! do talk sensibly!" she cried, her voice made unavoidably sharp by the vague fear that fluttered in her breast.

"Not child, Molly," she said, smiling up through her tears. "I came here to-day to spend part of my birthday at my father's grave—my birthday, Molly. I am eighteen."

"Eighteen!" she exclaimed in dismay. Her heart beat violently, and her mind grew confused. "Does Doctor Dick know?" she asked, and felt the foolishness of her question.

"Yes."

"What did he say?"

"Nothing." And she hid her face in her friend's bosom. "He only kissed me."

Molly laid a hand on each of Annie's shoulders and held her back from her, while her face grew deathly pale, and her eyes stared vacantly past the brown head of clustered curls. A scene, a memory, a recollection passed before her strained vision. She saw again, as from the window of the corner store, the last deep glow of the April sun-set, the long, warning shadows of the twilight hour when this same Doctor Dick had said a few low tender words in a laughing tone, had put his arm lightly about her slender waist, and bent down his head to kiss her pure, unsullied lips. She had merely put her little hand against his broad chest and looked up into his face with her large, soft, serious, honest eyes. It was a short, painful, awkward laugh that he emitted as he stepped back from her and turned away, and it sent a pang of grief to her heart; but it was her victory. As the vision passed before her, she did not need the childish cry of Annie to tell her how different this was and would be.

"Molly! Molly!" she cried, "you are ill! What has gone wrong."

"Nothing has gone wrong," she replied, vaguely. Then by a strong effort she recovered herself. "I must be sick," she said, passing her hand wearily across her forehead. "I have been restless and weary and tired lately, and it is telling on me. Come, let us go away from here."

Together they passed from the cemetery and down the road, not pausing until they came to the corner store.

Annie looked with wondering silence up into her friend's face, and her red lips quivered. Molly took her by the hand and stood for a moment looking down at her. She looked so childish, and beautiful, and innocent, her large soft brown eyes filled with tears. She clasped her in her strong, young arms, and repeated again that almost motherly kiss that she had impressed upon those lips before.

Uncle Seesum, who was standing in his customary attitude before the stove, saw his little "gal" enter the store. Saw the suddenly haggard, old-looking face with its death like pallor, and the lines at the mouth deeper than ever, and saw the little hands tremble as they closed the door. He went to her and took her in his loving old arms, and her head dropped on his breast.

"Molly! little gal! this ull kill me!" he cried. "Bean't it bad enough? Wot be wrong, now, lassie, wot be wrong?"

"Nothing's wrong!" she murmured unconsciously. "All has gone right."

CHAPTER VII.

"This genial intercourse and mutual aid
Cheers what were else a universal shade."—COWPER.

The next morning Annie waited until she could see from Dr. Dick's window the wagon coming up the road in which she had grown

used to riding, and in which she enjoyed her most pleasant freest moments. She always felt easier and more comfortable in the presence of Joe Seesum than she did even in that of Doctor Dick. Although she confessed to herself that she loved the Doctor with all the fervor of her passionate little heart, she felt rather afraid of him. She could not always feel sure of what he meant by his laughing, facetious words, and she was often shy and timid to an extent that would only make him laugh the more. But with Joe she rarely had occasion to think of herself, except she always felt stronger and wiser and truer. Whether he had some mysterious way of communicating to her some of the strength of his own character she knew not.

It was a dull gray morning, foreboding rain, and Annie had felt the weather all the morning in her spirits, but she brightened up wonderfully when the big man caught sight of her standing at the gate, and drew up the wagon with a pleasant smile, a benevolent frown, and a ponderous nod strangely intermixed.

She settled comfortably down in the seat with the new back, and drew her light shawl more closely around her, for the air was beginning to feel chilly.

"What a difference does the sun make," she said musingly. "Yesterday it was a bright, pleasant day, with the air warm and comfortable, but to-day these great grey clouds have shut out our day-king and we have a dull, chilly day in consequence."

"Yes," he said, keeping his eyes on the knot of blue ribbon which still rested where she had placed it between the grey nag's ears.

"It is like life," she continued; or at least like some people in life; and I think it is the strong, steadfast people that suffer the most in this way. When they have a sun and it shines upon them, everything is fair and beautiful; but when some ugly cloud comes and hides its light away, they are lost."

"And do you never have clouds come and obscure your sun?" he asked.

"No," she said, "I have too many suns; when one is obscured another will shine. I was thinking of Molly."

"You are always thinking of Molly," he replied in a pleasant tone."

"Yes," she said, "always when I am with you."

He smiled a sober, serious smile as he flicked the whip across the off horse's ears, and touched the tip lightly and delicately on the spot where rested the knot of blue ribbon.

"I am afraid she has been sick," she said after a moment's silence.

"Who?" he asked.

"Molly. I have always felt that she had some sorrow or grief, or something that I could never exactly define intelligibly to myself, that was wearing on her, and made her less happy than she might have been, some cloud that obscured her sun, you know."

"Yes," he said in his slow short way, "she has."

She looked up at him quickly. "Do you know what it is?" she asked.

He said nothing, but frowned at the grey nag's ears.

"Is it anything that you can alter, Joe?" she asked soft and low, laying her little hand on his great strong arm, which she felt tremble beneath her light touch.

"I—don't—know," he said slowly, pausing between each word.

"You will try, won't you? For my sake."

"I would try," he answered, and his voice was so low that it was almost guttural as he added: "just for your sake."

She smiled up at him, and then something in his tone suddenly came back to her. She dropped her eyes and her face turned slightly pale.

"You will try for her sake," she said in a calm, serious tone.

He answered nothing. The wheels of the wagon grated harshly over the gravel of the sandy road, and the horses beat their tails furiously from side to side after the flies that insist upon clinging so tenaciously whenever the weather seems to forebode rain.

When they got to the corner store and Annie had climbed down out of the wagon, Uncle Seesum came out.

"Joe, boy," he said, "I want you should go for the doctor."

"Is — is Mollie sick?" Annie asked.

"Yes, child! she be sick," the old man answered.

"Is she very sick? Can I see her?"

"No, little gal, you keant see her." Then he added quickly as he saw the wondering tears gather in her eyes: "Not till after the doctor hav come. She be very — very sick." Then he turned to Joe and spoke in a low tone, but not low enough to escape the sharp ears of Annie: "I want you should go over to Bridgeford and fetch Doctor Hallem," he said.

"Why! why!" she exclaimed, "Doctor Dick is home."

He turned on her fiercely.

"What be the good o' him!" he cried. And then he felt Joe's whip resting heavily on his arm. His face relaxed and his voice grew soft. "No, little gal, Doctor Dick won't do this time, it — it be too ser'ous. Go into the store. I'll folly right away."

When he came into the store he stood a moment looking down at her.

"You dunno how ser'ous it be, little gal," he said, slowly and thoughtfully. "I know, cos — cos I've been through it afore."

"Has Molly been sick before — like this?" she asked.

"No, not Molly. She war on'y a little wee bit of a thing then. It war many years agone. As lovable an' good a critter as ever lived on the yerth. Her mother, Annie — Molly's mother."

"Tell me about it," she said, simply.

He sat down on an upturned soap-box, resting his elbows on his knees and his chin in his hands. He shook his grey head slowly.

"I keant tell you," he said sadly, "'cept that it war a terrible, dark, stormy night when that happened as gave her the brain fever,

an' Joe — he was on'y a boy then, but a big strong manly boy — he tried all he could to save him, he fought the water hard, but it was so furious an' wild an' dangerous thet he war nothing but a straw in it. He war her on'y brother — she had seen six of 'em die when they wor babies, an' this one war the on'y one that growed up. He war a fine han'some noble feller, an' the pride of the family. But he war lost — an' Joe — Joe war on'y just saved. She saw her brother go down, his white face turned up to the black sky, an' his han's stretched up out o' the furious waters. She saw him — an' it killed her." He sat a few moments with his face buried in his hands, and then he murmured brokenly: "But Molly — my little gal — she mustn't die!"

"No! no! Uncle!" Annie cried. "She won't—she won't die."

CHAPTER VIII.

"So she who doth imparadise my soul
Had drawn the veil of truth from off our preset life,
And bar'd the truth of poor mortality."—DANTE.

"It is very serious," Doctor Hallem said, shaking his head solemnly. "She will have to be very, very tenderly treated, and I should recommend a woman's hands."

"I will treat her better nor a woman, Doctor," Uncle Seesum said. "I keant trust her to no woman's hands—no stranger woman's, an' there be nobody 'roun' here as I'd like to hear the words as she ull say if she shud get a-talkin' in thet delir'ous way. No, Doctor; you kin trust me. I'll be as tender as the quick o' your nail. You needn't be afeared o' me."

The doctor shook his head obstinately.

"You must get a woman to nurse her," was his parting command, "if you can."

When Annie came up to the store in the afternoon to see if the doctor had been, and she might see Molly, she found Joe Seesum tending the store.

The mail had just come in, and there were quite a number of big booted farmers waiting while he sorted it out. They spoke in difficult mastered whispers, and tried to move around on the toes of their big boots without making a noise: for anybody in Billford that did not know that Molly Seesum was dangerously ill with brain-fever by this time "was away behind the age," so one of them informed one young fellow who had just come in with a swing and a swagger that was suppressed so suddenly that it left him in open-mouthed rustic astonishment.

When he saw Annie enter, Joe nodded his head toward the back room, and she passed on through the store. Uncle Seesum met her at the top of the stairs that she ascended to reach the upper rooms.

"Wal, little gal?" he asked in a whisper.

"May I go in — can I see Molly?" she asked.

"I'm afeared, Annie, it won't do you no good to see her. She — yer see — she — she be kind o' delir'ous, an' says all kinds o' strange things as it won't do you no good to hear. No, little gal, you ud better wait till it be over — the delir'ousness be over."

"Oh! I must see her, Uncle — now! You don't know how strong I am. I am not afraid of anything she might say."

"You dunno, child, you dunno wot it be she keeps a-sayin' an' a-sayin' until your heart seems bleedin' right outen you. No, little gal, it be best for you not to hear it."

"Uncle Seesum!" she cried vehemently, her voice suddenly thick with suppressed passion, her face growing aflame, and stamping her tiny foot noiselessly on the soft mat, "You are not going to keep me from her! I shall see her!"

The old man stared at her a moment in astonishment and fear, and then bowing his grey head he stepped aside and followed her into the sick room.

Molly lay in bed with her pale face upturned, and her eyes riveted blankly on the ceiling.

"Oh! Molly darling!" she murmured, bending over her.

"Hush! hush!" the sick girl whispered, raising her hand feebly. "Is that you, mama? Have you come, mama dear, to bring him back to me?"

The old man uttered a low cry of agony as he threw his hands out vaguely before him, and staggering blindly forward, fell on his knees and buried his face in the bed-clothes.

"Don't cry, mama dear," she continued, as a tear fell from Annie's eyes onto her white hand, "don't cry. He will come back when you ask him because he will know how good and noble you are. He never knew you before, mama." She sighed deeply. "I wish that he had. But I tried, oh! so hard to be like you." She paused for a moment, as if she was thinking. "If we had been together, dear mama, what a victory we would have gained! The battle was a hard one and I was not strong enough to fight it out all alone. But you will bring him back now, won't you, mama dear?" She ceased speaking as if waiting for an answer, and Annie sank into a chair by the bedside, and taking her hand in her own, bent over her and pressed a kiss on her forehead. The sick girl laughed quietly. "He tried to kiss me once, mama," she continued. "Do you know why he didn't do it? Do you know why he stopped and drew back with such a strange little laugh? I don't, mama; but he was more tender after that. And more true-hearted until—until—" She paused and smiled sweetly up into Annie's face. "Don't say a word against her. She is good and pure and innocent, and if he would only love her truly and nobly. If he would only stand by her and marry her—who would grieve — who would be the worse for it? We would laugh, wouldn't we, mama? And the world would go on just the same." She sighed deeply as she paused. Annie buried her face in her hands. A dim consciousness of the meaning of these words was beginning to break upon her.

"I don't grieve because I haven't won him, mamma," she presently resumed. "It is because I am so weak and cowardly. I ought not to let her stay there. I am afraid to take her away. I am afraid he might know the bad, wicked thoughts I have about him. He would

never forgive me, would he, mama? Does he deserve them, mama? Oh! if I only knew — if I could only feel that he was all — all a man should be, it would give me so much rest. Doctor Dick! Doctor Dick!" she cried excitedly, "will you marry her?"

Annie sprang to her feet, and leaning far over the bed, pressed her clinched hands deep in the pillow.

"No! no! Molly darling! he won't! he won't!" she cried. "I will bring him back to you!"

Uncle Seesum struggled to his feet and stretched out his hand towards her.

"What do you mean, little gal!" he cried. "Go away from here, you must, you must!"

She drew herself up to her full height, her head bent imperiously back.

"Stand back, Uncle Seesum!" she cried. "I am strong—I am a woman now! She needs me and I shall stay with her." Her voice broke into a low cry as she sank on her knees—"forever and forever."

CHAPTER IX.

"Thus, while the sun sinks down to rest,
Far in the regions of the West."—"WORDSWORTH."

In the long days of Molly's sickness Annie's little head was hard at work building and unbuilding plans as to her future actions. In the early stages of the fever she heard enough to thoroughly develope the reason of Molly's illness, and recognized how blind she had been with her confiding, trusting, loving nature, to the faults of the man in whose house she had lived. She acknowledged to herself that even if he had intended to deal honorably by her she was not the kind of woman to have such a man under her influence. She was weak and frail and passionate, and a man like Doctor Dick required a woman who was cool, and strong and courageous; a woman like Molly.

All her thoughts were strained to evolve a plan by which she could bring them together. She suggested to herself the wildest of schemes only to cast them aside as absurdly untenable. In the first days of convalescence she was no nearer a solution of the problem, and as Molly got stronger day by day, she felt a consciousness of despair stealing over her. She realized stronger than ever how weak and wanting in courage she was. However, she had firmly made up her mind to one thing: she would never go back to Doctor Dick's. She would go away as soon as Molly got quite strong — away — so far, far away. It would be best for Doctor Dick, Molly, and for herself; things would then be as they were before she came.

At last the time came when the hour for Molly to leave her upstairs room and take a peep at life below stairs, was only the space of a day or two off. She would sit at this time in a large easy chair by the window that looked down towards the sea, and watch the passing sails far out in the dim distance. And when Annie was out for her little bit of daily exercise, Uncle Seesum would sit near her and discourse

upon his favorite topics, especially about the voracious fishing steamers, that subject being always suggested by the rolling waves. Sometimes Molly would induce him to speak in low tender tones of that mother whom she had known but to lose. "Oh! I wish," she said, "I had always been as strong and faithful as she was. But I am weak, so weak, daddy."

"Only phys'cully, Molly. So was she, an' all the family. Look at them. Six small boys a dyin' wen they war babies."

"Oh! no, daddy; I don't mean now. I was so weak — in spirit, I mean."

"Thet be just exactly wot we all thinks when anythink goes wrong. But we never do know how strong we really be. Now, look at Joe," he continued quickly, afraid that her mind was tending towards a subject that he wished her to avoid. He knew of course she would remember nothing that she had said when in her moments of delirium, but he could see by the way her eyes oftentimes followed Annie about, that she was thinking of something that might prove painful to all of them, and he always tried if possible to steer away from the fancied breakers he could see. "Now, look at Joe, he has no more idea nor a baby what a powerful good heart he's got. He goes a ridin' aroun' here and a riding 'round there, a-doin' good deeds with never another thought about em."

"Yes," she replied, "and if I had been half so good and noble as he is, I wouldn't have been near so cowardly. I would have seen right at first that it wasn't right for Annie to go to Doctor Dick's, and wouldn't have been afraid to say so. But it isn't too late now to take her away, daddy, is it? And we have got a good excuse. I am so weak that I must have somebody with me. He wont think that we are going to take her away, because we are afraid of him—will he, daddy?"

"No, no, ! little gal," he said uneasily, "never mind 'bout that, it doesn't signify. Annie can stay right on here."

"Yes, she can stay right on here, just as she always lived here. And if he wants her — wants her honorably and truly, daddy — he can come here for her. And we will let her go, and we shall be so glad that it all turned out right — won't we, daddy?"

"Yes, little gal;" and then, before he could stop himself, he blurted out: "But 'spose he comes for you, Molly?"

"For me, daddy?" she cried, her face turning pale. "For me? I — I —" she burst into tears, and leaned her face in his bosom as he leaned over her chair.

"Forgive me, little gal, forgive me! I didn't mean to say it," he cried.

When Annie came back from her walk Molly was calm and quiet again, and when the beautiful little girl sat down by her chair, she took her little hand in hers and smiled pleasantly.

"You will stay with me always, Annie," she said, "won't you, love? I am so grateful for the courageous way you have nursed me, and I don't think I shall ever be able to get along without you. We shall be so happy together."

"I shall stay until you are quite strong and able to go about as you used to do," she replied, "Then I am going away, Molly."

"Back to Doctor Dick's?"

"No; back to the city. I — I am tired of here. You know," she said, the tears welling up in her eyes, and smiling through them miserably, "city people do get tired of the country."

Molly shook her head slowly and seriously.

"You are not tired of here," she said, "there is some other reason."

"I am proud—foolishly proud, you will say, Molly, but I cannot help it. I inherit it from my father. I don't want to live any longer on people upon whom I have no rightful claim. I have relatives in the city — my mother's relations. I shall go to them."

"You have a claim — a claim on me, Annie."

"No, no, Molly. I don't want you to hinder me. I am determined. I know that usually I have not much will of my own, but this time, Molly, I am determined!" She said it with so much vehemence, that Molly turned away from her and looked out of the window with a long-drawn sigh.

Two days afterward Annie was standing in the store, looking out of the West window. The sun had gone down and the twilight was rapidly drawing to a close. It seemed like the light in her own life, for it was hard for her to think of parting with all her tiny world, and going away from it forever and forever. And yet it must be. She felt that if she had not been in the presence of Joe Seesum for a short time every day, and absorbed some of his strength, (it was a queer idea) she must have given way. He was in the store now, and she turned toward him almost gratefully as he came over to her side.

"Annie," he said, softly; it was the first time he had ever spoken her name, and she looked up into his face with her beautiful eyes wide open. "Annie, Molly tells me you are going away."

"Yes," she said simply.

"Do you remember you one time called me strong."

"I always call you so."

"Do you remember you one time said that it was only strong people that had suns, and when some ugly cloud came and hid them, they were lost? Annie!" he cried passionately, seizing her two hands in his, "You are my sun! You are the light of my life. If there is a cloud, I am lost — lost forever!"

"Oh! Joe!" she cried, "I never dream't —"

"It is not a dream," he said, it is a living reality. Tell me, little girl, am I anything to you?"

"You are my life and my — strength!" she cried.

CHAPTER X.

A would be satirist, a hired buffoon.
* * * * * * *
Condemned to drudge, the meanest of the mean,
And furnish falsehoods for a magazine. —*Byron.*

Joe Seesum smiled and frowned alternately as he rode down the

road in his lumbering wagon with Doctor Dick's groceries and mail, and touched the piece of blue ribbon between the ears of the grey nag so frequently with the tip of his whip that it bid fair to be worn away by his tender usage.

Fate had seemed at last to recognize her duty, and had wafted the little waif that had been left from the wreck of the ambitious father in to a harbor that was rock-bound and safe. Would she go still farther and compel as frail a craft to find shelter in, and bring glad tidings to a heart as firm and strong as the other? "How is Molly?" was Doctor Dick's question as he took the groceries aud mail that were handed down by the big man.

"She is very much stronger," he replied.

"Able to come down stairs?" he asked, tearing open a letter that he saw by the envelope came from the publishers of the magazine to whom he had sent his last great series of papers.

"Yes," replied Joe slowly, looking down at him as he plunged into the reading of the letter, "she spends the best part of the day in the room behind the store—she and Annie."

"Annie," said Doctor Dick, looking up, "when is Annie coming home?"

"Home?" asked the big man, "do you mean here?"

"Well," said the big man slowly and impressively, "I want to tell you, Dr. Dick, just as easily as I can, that she ain't never coming back here."

The Doctor stared up in his face a moment with an expression of blank astonishment, then with a little sarcastic laugh he turned away from him and resumed the reading of his letter. Joe Seesum looked at the back of his head awhile, frowned deeply, shook the reins, flicked the whip across the grey nag's ears, and drove away.

Doctor Dick had already read the letter he had torn open in the presence of the big man twice over, but when he went inside his cottage and laid down the groceries and big bundle of mail-matter which he knew now to be the manuscripts which he had lately sent away, he again read it slowly.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 17TH, 188–

DR. LENNARD, DEAR SIR:—We were greatly surprised on reading your series of papers, which we are sorry to be compelled to return herewith. They are not written in your usual manner, lacking strength, finish, execution and true sentiment. Satire is a powerful weapon when used in a proper manner, but when directed against the whole face of humanity, and some of the truest sentiment of the age, it is so grossly misdirected that we feel it would be disastrous to us to lend the pages of our magazine to its circulation. We would advise an entire revision of all the papers, especially the latter ones which are the weakest and at the same time the most bitter.

Yours very respectfully, SCRIBLER & CO.

To Richard Lennard, A. M., M. D.

Doctor Dick held the letter in his hand with a bitter smile on his face. Then he threw it on the floor, and taking up the package of manuscripts, he tore off the wrapper, glanced casually through them, and went over to the fire-place. "Revised!" he exclaimed bitterly, "they shall be revised and purified by fire." And he dropped the first one on the red coals and watched the flames leap and lick around

it. "What need have I to write?" he continued. "I am a wealthy man. It is not for money that I do it, and it is not for fame." He dropped another package on top of the ashes of the first. "They said I had a caustic pen. What fools some men are with their caustic pens. They only feed their vanity, conceit, selfishness and bitterness by pouring out their spleen on paper. Caustic! Caustic idiots!" He stirred the smoldering ashes with the poker, making them leap into new flame, and dropped in another roll. "This comes of being a soft good-natured fool. Why did I take the child into the house, she might just as well have gone to Uncle Seesum's, she would have been safe with Molly." He laughed scornfully, his mouth twitched as if in pain, and he brushed his hand slowly across his forehead. "So would I have been safe with Molly." He dragged the smoldering mass over viciously and threw in the last of the manuscripts. "So!" he exclaimed, "she is never coming back! that, I suppose, is what people call gratitude. I shall see about it. I think she owes me something for what I have done for her. She was a stranger and I took her in."

About an hour afterwards he entered Uncle Seesum's store. Only the old man was there, and paying no attention to him, he strode swiftly up to the door leading to the back room. He saw Molly seated just inside the doorway, and he paused before reaching the threshold of the room.

Molly rose to her feet and stood facing him, her arms stretched across the doorway. There was no fire in her eyes, no flash of indignation in her expression, not even determination in her countenance. It was the first time she had seen him since before her sickness. Her eyes were large and soft and full, and he must have seen that her whole heart looked out from them, and he must have been aware of the quivering of her usually firm lips and the trembling of her form that had become delicate and ethereal through her long sickness. His face turned pale and his eyes drooped, while he stretched out his hands vaguely toward her.

"You have come for Annie," she said in her low thrilling voice.

He stood an instant silent. Then raising his eyes to her face he took a step forward.

"No!" he cried, the words breaking from him almost like a wail, "I have come for you."

Her hands tightened on the door-posts, she burst into tears, and smiling through them shook her head sadly.

With a low cry he sprang forward and clasped her to his breast.

CHAPTER XI.

"He only left
The West winds free to waft our ships and us
Upon our way."
—"HOMER."

Billford had begun to change before Annie came to know it. It had lain for ages in its dormant dust, but as soon as the Long Island Rail Road had built its extension so that it took in the pleasant village by the side of the sea, a breeze from the near-by cities came down and

blew off the dust of ages. A new store had been started by young, pushing, enterprising men, and the city folks had begun to discover that the sea-port villages of Long Island were the best places to spend the Summer months, and one of the prettiest among them was Billford.

Uncle Seesum found that he had grown out of date, and the village people came less and less to his store, so after Molly and Annie were married, he closed up shop and retired on the money he had accumulated. It was a tidy sum, too, for Uncle Seesum had once been young and strong and enterprising, and a man cannot be fifty years in a buying and selling trade without making something to fall back on in his old age. He had nothing to do in these quiet happy days but to sit and wait until the day should come when he would dance on his knee new little blue-eyed Mollys and new little brown-eyed Annies, or perhaps a Dick or a Joe, who would so mingle the characteristics of his father and his mother that he would be nearer perfect than either. Sometimes he would sit on a large rock down by the sea-shore listening to the breakers that swelled proudly up to the sands, broke and rushed helter-skelter back to the ocean's bosom. And he would shade his eyes with his hands, peer far out in the dim distance where a black trail was left along the horizon, and mutter to himself: "Thet be one o' them fishing steamers, I know it by its dirty trail. The gov'ment oughter stop 'em, blame me, they ough'er!"

WILLARD OTIS WYLIE.

Mr. Willard O. Wylie entered amateur journalism in 1880, in November of which year he issued the first number of *Golden Moments*, which was published by him until the latter part of 1883, when, in connection with Mr. H. K. Sanderson, he issued *Our Compliments*. In 1889 he was one of the editors of the *Nugget*, and in 1890 was on the staff of *Progress*. He was the first president of the New England Amateur Press Association, and in 1883, at the New York convention, was declared the president of the National Association. His principal work was done as an editor, but as an essayist he gained considerable renown. His principal works were "Common Sense," *Sentinel*, November, 1881; "An Imminent Utopia," *Amateur Journalist*, November, 1889; "Dr. Johnson," *Sphinx*, Dec. 1882; "The Farmer's Wife," *Kansas Zephyr*, October, 1884; "Charles Sumner, Senator," *Nugget*, November, 1889. The last named was entered for the laureateship. In it he did his best work. He was not a brilliant writer, either in the matter of his essays or in the manner of its expression. His reasoning, however, was logical, his premises clearly stated, and his conclusions fairly drawn. There was no trick or artifice, and at times his writings rose to the height of real eloquence.

CHARLES SUMNER, SENATOR.

Hero-worship will exist as long as there is a yearning in the soul to carry out heroic impulses. It is a principle engrafted in the human heart to shed, sooner or later, the glorious light of recognition upon those qualities which seem to be the mainspring of a noble life. It is true, however, that in accordance with our own convictions of probity and ability we are apt to judge the greatness of others. It is our agreement with the principles which actuate a man's actions that oftentimes causes us to feel his very existence — it is the responsive vibration of an inner chord denoting the union of heart with heart and mind with mind that gives us this knowledge of a life heroic. While, therefore, we may hold in high regard the names of those who have in years gone by been public benefactors, still deeper is our respect and reverence for the memories of those whose lives have been spent in carrying out a line of work, a peculiar and particular work, in which we ourselves are interested.

He who transplants the beauties of nature, with all her inherent, transplendent charms, upon the canvas face before him,— he who portrays in details of living light the creature of his fancy to an enraptured world :— such a man cannot but glory in the success of his art and its artists ! Such a man cannot look up to his Angelo, his Giotto, his Raphael and Rubens without feeling that all the world must realize the grandeur of their lives ! He who gazes into the profound depths of unlimited space and scans the mysteries of peopled worlds — he whose far-reaching eye, spanning latitude, opens up wonders long unknown to human agencies and fathoming powers :— such a man cannot but glory in the development of that science which has become his life work ! Such a man cannot look to his Copernicus, La Place, La Verrier, Herschel, Secchi and Newton without feeling that all the world should bow the knee to them, in acknowledgment of the valuable services they have rendered mankind ! He who seeks to rid the world of sinful lusts and grim disease, thereby ransoming earth from all their attendant evils — he who philanthropically attempts to elevate the morals of mankind by thought, word or action :— such a man cannot but hold treasured memories of those heroes, Wycliffe, Huss, Luther, Wesley, Mather and a host of others whose lives will live forever. Yes, all these men are famous and will live in history. But this is true : when the accumulations of years have crowded our histories so that the events of centuries will have brushed aside those of decades, then these thousands of heroic names will pass from that mirror of action to the circumscribed circle of thought in which their lives were spent. Then their lives will be studied and feasted upon only by those who have taken up their work and intend to advance along the same line of ideas and action. It is my desire to comment upon some of the characteristics of one of those heroes whose name has become more than national, whose fame is indissolubly connected with history. As long as the structure of this nation stands, as long as the land of his birthplace exists, homage will be paid Charles Sumner in remembrance

of his loving and dutiful service to it. Ages will not conceal the beauty of this man's fame, nor dim its fair lustre.

The name of Sumner has always been an honorable one, and in the history of Massachusetts few have occupied a nobler place. The educational institution of Harvard College has seen among its graduates many persons of this name, and the records of the State department show that the Sumners, in honoring their State, have frequently been honored. It is not my intention, however, to relate all the incidents in the life of Charles Sumner, but to consider those traits that seem more prominent than all others. I desire to give thought to those qualities that loom up prominent among all his characteristics — his oratorical power, his courage and his love of performance of duty.

Some have claimed that Sumner was never much of a debater, but these claims are not borne out by history. Not only was he a keen, wide-awake debater, but a very orator. Even in his early career, at school, at college, prior to his entrance upon the duties of the estate of manhood, his oratorical power was great and gave promise of a brilliant future. His teachers were wont to say: "If he can do this as a boy, what will he do when a man?" At the age of 34 an occasion presented itself when young Sumner electrified the State with his eloquence, this occasion being the delivery of a 4th of July oration before the people of Boston. His "True Grandeur of Nations" has been an object of much admiration. In it we find a plea for peace,— for universal peace, and the beauties of such are depicted and sharply contrasted with a black painting of the horrors of war. An earnest appeal is made to his hearers to convert their swords into ploughshares, their warships into merchantmen, and, with the possibilities before her, the United States could be made superior to all other nations. And with this masterly oration, followed up as it was by those others, "White Slavery in the Barbary States," "Fame and Glory," "The Law of Human Progress," etc., etc., Sumner's time was thoroughly occupied. And what can be said in behalf of those grand outbursts of eloquence which thrilled and enraged the Senate and rocked the very foundations of the republic? His "Crime against Kansas" and "Barbarism of Slavery" will ever stand as gems of oratory, and the future student of American politics and literature will find in them *beau ideals* of oratorical power and literary excellence. Whittier wrote of Sumner:

> "Suffice it that he never brought
> His conscience to the public mart,
> But lived himself the truth he taught,
> White souled, clean-handed, pure of heart."

And these words are indeed true, for slander found no foothold in his bosom. Poisonous shafts were frequently aimed at him, but his virtue was never contaminated. A man whose heart is pure will find his speech pure, and no purer specimens of English literature and oratory can be found than those Sumner has bequeathed to us. They show us that his was not a policy-serving nature, that he knew nothing of political combinations, giving adherence to the simple combination

of truth and justice and the equality of man among men. On this altar he immolated himself! Aye, sacrificed his years to the unfolding of those efforts that should strike the hand-cuffs from the wrists and the fetters from the feet of millions of black men and women. Charles Sumner stands boldly out as one of the greatest orators this nation ever saw. Few in the past have been his equal: none are there to-day who can surpass him!

No one can say of Charles Sumner that his was a cowardly nature; in fact, no trait of his character stands out as prominently as does that of his courage. And in this I glory, that the Union had a Senator in those trying slavery days who had the courage of his convictions, and having such, was not afraid to express himself. I have great admiration for this phase of Charles Sumner's character. As a youth he was ever on the side of the weak and oppressed, ever ready to champion their cause; and as he grew older his views became so far advanced beyond common thought, that he ever found himself with a struggling minority. He entered the United States Senate with only a minority of the people of his State behind him and a constant, unremitting warfare before him through all his Senatorial career. I suppose we of to-day cannot readily understand the true situation of affairs as in those dark days such existed. Sumner had been reared a Whig, but early inculcating anti-slavery principles, he sought to convert his party to his ideas. Failing in this, he succeeded in laying the corner stone of a structure known as the Free Soil Party, and with that party was he identified as long as it existed. His voice and vote, used in defence of those principles which he was ever ready to proclaim and defend, made Sumner the object of great scorn upon the part of a great portion of the Massachusetts aristocracy. The rich shunned him, the well educated ridiculed him, in that he should be led astray by such false gods as anti-slavery and reform. Conscious in the knowledge that his was a righteous cause, Sumner never swerved from the path of duty nor allowed his sense of justice to be tampered with. On that day when Henry Clay made his farewell speech in the Senate and departed for his home, as "a wounded stag, pursued by the hunters on a long chase, scarred by their spears, and worried by their wounds, who had at last escaped to drag his mutilated body to his lair and lie down and die," Charles Sumner entered the Senate and took the seat vacated by Jefferson Davis. Took his seat unostentatiously, few thinking that this man was to be a power in shaping the destinies of the nation. The slave-holder of the South looked upon him as but another easy going Northerner who could be easily hoodwinked and compromised with. In this the representatives of the slave oligarchy reckoned without their host. They little dreamed that they were in the presence of a mighty volcano, soon to belch forth the lava and ashes of righteous indignation upon their heads. Sumner could see no righteousness in slavery nor any constitutional law to uphold such; and while the slave-holders of the South attributed the hostility which the North showed towards slavery to selfishness — Sumner knew that this very trait was the corner-stone upon which their institution was

based. He also realized that the deliverance of the black man was far, far away, but this did not deter him from taking advanced ground. His conscience rebelled against the countenancing by his beloved nation of what he considered a deep and bloody crime, and whenever the opportunity presented he delivered sledge-hammer blows in behalf of freedom. What is the cause of that commotion in the enemy's camp? What manner of shell is that scattering his enemies in all directions? "Painfully convinced of the unutterable wrong and woe of slavery — profoundly believing that according to the true spirit of the constitution and the sentiments of our fathers it can find no place under our national government — I cannot allow this session to reach a close without making or seizing an opportunity to declare myself openly against the usurpation, injustice and cruelty of the late intolerant enactment for the recovery of fugitive slaves." And ere the members of the opposition could recover, confounded as they were by his burning eloquence, his rhetoric and thesaurus of historical information, amazed by the manner in which he had buried the Fugitive Slave Law, he said "By the supreme law which commands me to do no injustice, by the comprehensive Christian law of brotherhood, by the constitution I have sworn to support, I am bound to disobey this law. * * * Beware of the groans of the wounded souls, since the inward sore will at length break out. Oppress not to the utmost a single heart, for a solitary sigh has power to overturn a whole world." The effect of this speech cannot be described! Senators sat aghast that such language should be used on the floor of the Senate; and when they had recovered from their temporary confusion, conferred with one another as to the proper means of ridding themselves of, or quieting this rabid New Englander. They each thought that this had become a personal matter, that their honor had been insulted, and that Sumner must be silenced. But Sumner himself saw no individual or individuals before him in his speech. He saw nothing but the hydra-headed monster of slavery; and realizing that this beast, with a head lopped off here and another there, was still the dreaded monster and a menace to the liberties of the nation, he resolved that with nothing but the death of the beast would he be satisfied. I see Sumner's tall, majestic form towering over the pygmies of the Senate, with eye flashing and with head erect, his words searing the flesh like red-hot iron. Sumner did not realize this; but had he realized it, those words would not have been changed. One day Stephen A. Douglas said to a friend: "Do you hear that man? He may be a fool, but I tell you he has pluck. I wonder if he himself knows what he is doing. I am not sure I would have the courage to say those things to the men who are scowling around him." But the basis of that courage was Sumner's belief that the cause for which he labored was God's cause, and that matters must inevitably be righted. But one dark day that cowardly assassin, Slavery, that has struck terror into so many hearts and homes, brought a pall upon the nation. Sumner is struck senseless and carried bleeding home. Antony, exhibiting the wounds of Caesar to the populace, awakened in each citizen the slumbering

sense of patriotism to his principles; and, though Sumner was no Caesar, his wounds served only to hasten the emancipation of the slave. Such only served to crystallize public thought and make the issue of equal rights to all men even more clearly drawn and defined. After an absence of three years, Sumner returned to his accustomed place and took up the thread of action where such had been dropped. That same courage that had marked his earlier career was destined to be even more prominent. His "Crime against Kansas" and "Barbarism of Slavery" were scathing arraignments of the slave power; in fact, such have never been equalled. A delegation of Georgians called upon Sumner one day, desiring to secure his services in behalf of some legislation favoring slavery. He received them courteously, heard their petition, and—pointing to a colored man who stood near by—said: "There is my friend, my equal at home and your equal anywhere, and when you are ready to make eternal justice law, call upon me and I will aid you, but not before!" That same black man, years afterwards, standing upon the floor of the representative legislative body of Massachusetts, as one of its members, paid in his tears the worthiest tribute that could be paid to the courage of Charles Sumner.

"With the ample opportunities of private life I was content. No tombstone for me could bear a fairer motto than this: 'Here lies one who, without the honors or emoluments of public station, did something for his fellowmen.'" In the performance of what he considered duty Charles Sumner never wavered. He knew no such thing as compromise, bribe or intimidation, nor could the cloak of friendship win from him co-operation in the consummation of a dishonorable end. For these reasons was he endeared to President Lincoln. The latter, surrounded by fawning sycophants, whose advice being asked, desired first to find out the President's views before any opinion was rendered, turned with great relief to Sumner, who knew his duty, and, knowing such, did not hesitate to impress it upon all he met. Sumner believed that the emancipation proclamation should be the initiative movement of the war; but Lincoln, with that common-sense, practical view of things for which he was famous, could not agree with him. Nevertheless, Lincoln listened with patience to all of Sumner's arguments, and after months of deliberation and prayer, that cool, calculative temperament produced the document that unloosed the fetters from the black man. Sumner's idea of duty called for at times great activity from him in the Senate. He introduced into such his famous Battle Flag order, requiring that the names of battles fought should be obliterated from the flags upon which they were inscribed, this being in accordance with that high order of patriotism which actuated his life. He did not think it a wise or humane practice that regiments of the North and South should enter battle against a common foe with the names of contests on their banners where they had met, not many years before, in mortal combat. The press of the North bitterly opposed this measure, and Massachusetts particularly was strong in her condemnation of it. Yet all this was uncalled for and apologized for, when it became known that the scope of the resolution was simply to apply to the flags

of the regular and not of the volunteer militia. Massachusetts repented of her hastiness in sackcloth and ashes, rescinded her hasty condemnatory resolutions, and sent a messenger to Washington with the glad tidings to the Senator whose pathway of duty had so frequently carried him into deepest gloom. Sumner simply said to this messenger — a black man: "I knew Massachusetts would do me justice!"—and he smiled amidst his tears. There was another responsibility Sumner bore upon his heart, an especial work of his latter career, and one he spoke of on his dying bed. That was the Civil Rights Bill. No student of American history needs to be told that the scope of the bill was to place the black man and the white man on an equal footing in the pursuit of pleasure and the enjoyment of the advantages of travel, education and the ballot. But Sumner never lived to see this bill go into effect, and on his dying bed, so conscientious in the performance of duty was he, that he turned to a friend standing near by and said: "You must take care of the Civil Rights Bill, Judge!" When the favorable answer came he rested easier, and one would surely believe that the old warrior, grizzled and worn and scarred, was passing to his rest with the satisfaction of a clear conscience.

Thus Sumner lived and thus he died. A short time since I stood by his grave amid the gathering twilight and could not but surrender myself to the solemnity of the surroundings. A thrill of awe passed over me, for it seemed as if I stood in the mighty presence of a giant. Indeed, I did stand in the presence of all that was left of an intellectual giant — a very fortress of strength. Sumner has passed away, but his memory will never be effaced from our lives. His character so virtuous, his ability so conspicuous, his statesmanship so pure — the best monument that can be reared in his behalf is the loving remembrance in which he is held by the people of his State and nation. I see around me beautiful marble, with its wondrous beauty of design, costly granite transformed by sculptor's hand into that which is pleasing to the eye; but all this material is of the world, worldly, purchasable by the wealth of individuals and displaying none of those inner traits that make up man's existence. I would see a man's monument reared during his life in the gradual upgrowth of that character which wins respect, admiration and love. Charles Sumner reared such a monument, and though his tall majestic form will never again tower in its inherent grandeur before the court of equality to human rights, yet the remembrance of the majesty of his thought and energy will ever be ready to inspire and ennoble us.

CLARA H. TARDY.

Miss Clara H. Tardy, of Huntsville, Alabama, the principal exponent of amateur literature in the south, entered amateur journalism during the latter portion of the year 1881. She was for nearly two years associate editor of *Golden Moments*. Her poetical contributions were not of the highest

order of workmanship, but possessed considerable good sentiment. She wrote: White Chrysanthemums, *Detroit Amateur*, Oct. 1882; Christmas, *Sentinel*, Dec. 1882; Eventide, *Sentinel*, Nov. 1882; His Christmas, *Bay State Brilliant*, Jan. 1882; Sonnets, *Amateur Exchange*, Sept. 1882; Questionings, *Violet*, June 1885; Why? *Sun*, May 1882; Good Night, *Boys' Herald*, July 1884; A Picture of the Past, *American Sphinx*, December 1883; Patience, *American Sphinx* Sept. 1885. Her best work was in writing sketches. These were not all of equal value. She displayed much talent in the writing of fiction, but haste and lack of revision, and consequent crudeness and multiplicity of verbal errors, were evident in most of her work. Perhaps "A Sprig of Holly," *Stars and Stripes*, January, 1884, was as free from this as any of her sketches, and it was one of her best in other particulars. It shows a strong insight into human nature, and the workings of the female heart are graphically and truthfully portrayed. "Violets," *Sentinel*, November, 1883, was also one of her best efforts, and is told with a pathetic feeling, but its style is not so perfect as that of "A Sprig of Holly." "Trixy." *Will-o'-the-Wisp*, January, 1885, was entered for the laureateship, but was not one of her best sketches. Among her other sketches were: Only a Jest, *Stars and Stripes*, July, 1883; Butterflies, *Advocate*, July 1882; Tangled Threads, *Golden Moments*, Jan. 1883; Something wrong, *Magnet*, September, 1882; A Strange Episode, *Amateur World*, May 1885; Uncle Henry's Will, *Fact and Fancy*, July, 1884; Aunt Amherst's Pearls, *Wise and Otherwise*, April, 1884; Mildred's Resolve, *American Sphinx*, Dec. 1882; What Nelly Did, *American Sphinx*, August 1883.

VIOLETS.

"I wonder what a skel'ton is," says the little girl. She has just come out from the darkened, desolate house, after asking her mother that question, but the sad-eyed woman, within, had listened only half-absently to the baby chatter about skel'ton and poverty," and had given her no definite reply. Therefore, the little child wandered back into the garden, still having a very misty idea about the real meaning of a "skel'ton," yet believing the one who inhabited their home must be poverty. "Their skel'ton brought her mamma poverty," and, looking over to the neighbor's home, she continued, "Miss Vi cried this morning, and said we had a skel'ton. Miss Vi has pretty things, and we don't. Poverty keeps 'em 'way from us."

It is an October day — an afternoon, when in the suburbs the bustle of man's work is not heard, and the sad stillness seems to impress Nature's beauties more deeply upon us; the passing away of

Summer is realized by the signal of Autumn's approach — the moaning wind, which savagely destroys the few remaining flowers, and, sighing through the trees, brings their golden leaves like treasures to our feet. The ground is covered with them, as if the Fall queen wished to hide even the violets from us, but the perfume of the flower, like human amiability, can be detected, though surrounded and hidden by gaudier applicants for favor.

The child, Alva, was sitting upon the leaf-carpeted ground, mechanically plucking the violets, which were blooming in abundance in the old garden. This lot was separated from the street by an old stone wall, and the house was almost entirely hidden from view by the many oaks and cedars about it. This home did indeed look gloomy and desolate, as if some shadow was resting upon it. It had also a neglected look, and there were several apertures in the wall where stones had fallen out, and in many places the openings could be easily enlarged. These spaces gave five-year-old Alva her glimpses of the quiet street outside; she had never ventured, nor cared to creep through. This afternoon, two forlorn street waifs were intently regarding her through a crevice as she gathered violets. They had wandered out from the busy town without any especial motive, but, perhaps, the sight of Alva's flowers made them think of the suggestion which Alva heard them discuss. She talked with them, and her thoughtful baby mind grasped an idea, which she quickly put into practice. She gave them a large share of her violets to sell for their own profit, if they would take her to the city with them to sell her own bunches, and guide her out home again. This proposition was accepted, and baby Alva crawled through the wall after her new acquaintances and, with a proud, dignified look, followed them to town. Strange, prudent, grave hearted girlie! A human looker-on would say, "What could baby hands with violets do to tear away a shadow or dethrone a skeleton?" But the One looking on from Heaven wisely saw and guided it all.

When the quaint trio reached the business portion of the city, Alva's feet dragged slowly along, while her blue eyes curiously regarded the novel scenes and people around her, her baby, lisping voice called out, imitating her companions, "vi'lets, vi'lets!" Now and then the other two were stopped by a purchaser, but Alva's small figure was unnoticed in the crowd, and the flowers wilted in her hands. After determining to go to town and sell violets to bring mother some nickels, the long walk and the excitement of her novel position had so wearied the child that she moved along, crying out "vi'lets" in a tired, mechanical way, without becoming either vexed or disappointed that no one would buy. Her mind was diverted from the object of her walk by the beautiful, strange objects around her and by the weariness she felt. "I'se so tired. Let 's rest," she said to Meg and Lou, the street vagrants; and they lead her toward their "home." She follows obediently, while they compare their gains in flower-selling. When they reach the alley, lined with tenements and peopled with strange, pitiable specimens of humanity, the waifs rush into their

dwelling, but Alva sinks down in a narrow entry, too tired and sleepy to proceed farther. Meg and Lou are within one room which opens into that entry. Across that narrow space, in the opposite room, a young man sits. He rises up and smiles sadly when the perfume of violets is wafted to him. In that neighborhood, flowers are never seen or enjoyed. The pale faced man goes towards his door and looks out into the entry to discover whence the sweet odor proceeds. He sees a little child, with half-shut eyes, holding some wilted violets. The perfume of the flowers carries him back to the memories of the Past, and he goes to her and then, for the first time noticing Alva's face, he cries out, and, staggering, leans against the wall for support. The next moment, with a pale face and trembling limbs, he stoops down and lifts up the little figure. Alva awakens — sees the face above her own, hears the words "Little sister" — and then seems to realize or understand something — something which had been before as a half-remembered dream. Without any timidity or fear, she throws her arms about the other's neck, saying softly, "O buddie, buddie! So you come!"

The white faced man clasps her tightly, while unrestrained tears rain down his face. His emotions are too deep for utterance, and he keeps silence, while those baby hands caress him, and her kisses fall upon his face. The six months which had passed since Alva last saw her brother or heard him mentioned in any way, had dimmed her recollection of him into a faint memory. Thoughts of him had been superseded by the newer events of each day, she being a little child living and thinking only in the present, but now the sight of his familiar face recalls the old life with "brother."

She does not know that the skeleton in the house was summoned by her brother's misdeeds.

Edward Lacy, partly inheriting his father's weakness of character and proneness to dissipation, had been carefully watched over by his mother. He lived quietly as a youth and as a school-boy; but his mother knew his character had never been tried and made strong and true, therefore she shrank from the test which the future would bring upon him. When his school days were just ended, his father died, and then he remained constantly with his mother and baby sister in the old home. Their life was very secluded, having no intercourse with any one except their neighbors next door. This was the family of an old minister, whose sweet daughter, Violet, endeavored to be a comforter and companion to the sorrowing widow, and in her office of sweet comforter, she won the heart of Edward Lacy. Day by day passed in quiet intercourse, and Edward with his Violet seemed to live in an atmosphere of love and violets. These flowers were connected with all the sweet memories of those days. This peaceful time was changed by pecuniary trouble. It became that Edward should go forth and earn a livelihood for himself and his family. This was a second time of trial for Mrs. Lacy. She prayed that Edward, in his daily employment in the city, should not fail, but be brave and succeed.

Yet the test came — came in the form of wild companions. Edward began to enjoy life in a wild, social way, and by his dissipated habits disgraced himself. When he realized his actions, remorse and despair threw him into a dangerous illness, from which he slowly recovered. All these months, while he had acted wrongly, he held aloof from his mother's home, and she knew the reason and suffered alone. His name was never mentioned, and she would not seek him, only waited.

Edward had sufficient self-respect left to desire that his lodgings should remain unknown to his mother and Violet — that they should not see the depths to which he had fallen. During this illness he had no inclination to return to health and life again, but this time Death did not claim him, and he had reached the point where life and its burden must again be taken up, and he must decide to win or lose in the conflict. At this point, too, when it was the deepest bitterness to him to recall the Past, the sweet life he had thrown aside, his guardian angel had led Alva's footsteps to him, and her presence with the violets had given penitence and hope. "I will go home," he said. Still trembling from weakness, he got his cap and, taking his little deliverer's hand, left the building. A leaf turned. A life was to begin anew.

It was in the twilight of this day that Mrs. Lacy and Violet Lee stood with anxious, wondering hearts at Alva's home, at the door, devising some plan by which to search for the lost girlie. Mrs. Lacy, supposing her little daughter was amusing herself, as usual, down in the garden, did not grow anxious or miss her; but when at sunset Violet Lee came from the old garden and asked for Alva, the mother-heart was frightened. As these two stood talking and sobbing together in their last distress, a figure approached, coming slowly up the walk. There was a familiar look about the person, and Violet's heart beat strangely as she recognized him. Before Edward reached the steps, he let Alva slip from his arms, and then — that meeting? What was said and done? The pen fails to record it. But never before did God give baby hands and violets a sweeter mission — to guide and bring the prodigal back again!

Will and energy, physical and mental strength returned to Edward, whose reformed life and happy face have destroyed the "skeleton"; and when another autumn comes little Alva will more fully understand how precious is true love, with violets.

A SPRIG OF HOLLY.

Maida Vincent and Alicia Stanton were cousins; the latter was an orphan, reared and cared for by her maternal uncle — a bachelor farmer. He lived all alone, with the exception of his faithful overseer and wife, who proved good friends, not only to Mr. Maxwell, but to his orphan niece. From childhood, Alicia had lived at the farm, and never left it, except for an occasional visit to the city, where she met her cousin Maida; Alicia was partly educated by her uncle and by the perusal of many good, instructive books; she was quite well-informed,

but had no accomplishments or social culture. She was without conversational talent, and illy-expressed her thoughts and feelings. Unfortunately she was without that which we call tact—that never-failing assistant and guide to man and woman. Whatever ideas she formed, or affections she experienced, were deeply buried from human gaze, for she did not display these thoughts in beautiful language, nor show her love by her affectionate tact and sweet caresses. Wishing for this power, she was still without it, and thus liable to be misunderstood by those who had not penetrated deeply into her character and disposition. Alicia was a pale blonde, a direct contrast to the bright-eyed, piquant Maida, who frequently spent the summer months with Uncle Maxwell. She was Alicia's only girl-friend, and, finally, as the years passed on, and she was engrossed with school studies, and, then, in society, her visits to the country ceased, and she only heard of Alicia occasionally.

She soon married, but the acquaintance of the country cousin was not cultivated, and years elapsed before they met again. Alicia experienced a strange, unexplainable attachment for Maida, considering that the latter had not encouraged the friendship in any cousinly way, but rather discouraged it; yet Alicia never wondered at Maida's actions, for, in her secluded life, Maida had a bright memory, which enlivened all her loneliness, as the recollection of some sweet dream. When Alicia was twenty-three years old, the dear, kind uncle died, leaving his entire property to her, and placing her in the care of Albert Camden, his lawyer, who had gained Alicia's consent to be his wife. He was the only gentleman she liked or trusted, and knowing how well such a marriage would please Mr. Maxwell, she was passively willing that it should take place. When Maida and her husband's family knew of the disposal of Mr. Maxwell's estate to Alicia, they determined to bring forward Maida's right to one-half of it, she being his niece also; and they decided to contest the will. Mr. Camden, Alicia's manager and lawyer, was strongly opposed to the division of the property, and intended to do all in his power to prevent it. He was the lawyer on Alicia's side against the Vincents. When Alicia discovered what Maida had begun, she wrote a letter to her, explaining her willingness to divide the property without having the will contested; but her cousin and family could not believe the sincerity and love of her offer, therefore it was declined. They would not accept the money as a gift, fearing that after Alicia's marriage Mr. Camden might wrest it from them, or persuade his wife to do so, or their children might, in after years, demand it again. They wished to gain their share by law, to have and hold it securely, and therefore Miss Stanton's proposal was set aside, and the suit continued; for Camden, the lawyer, represented Alicia as willing to oppose them. The declination of her friendly offer sorely wounded the gentle girl's feelings, and, by their refusal of it, she felt that they had refused her friendship. She was anxious that Maida should esteem her as a friend, and she held a heart full of love to pour out to her, if she would so let it be.

The dark-eyed, handsome Maida did not possess those fine, far-

seeing mental spectacles, which could detect the delicate, spiritual tendencies of Alicia's mind, and although she understood the ways of society, she could not discover or grasp the intuition and finer perceptions of another. She did not understand that the offer of Alicia was not merely a formality, but an overture of good will, nor see that, unlike the generality of people, her cousin really yearned for love and friendship; and allowed no gold to rise up to that higher level on which she placed her affections, aims, desires, and spiritual life. One had to learn more of worldly life, the other to find by experience a precious lesson of insight into a desolate heart.

It was Christmas week, and Mr. and Mrs. Vincent, with their two-year-old boy went, as usual, to the country to spend the holidays with the family at the old Vincent homestead. They left the cars at the little station of Prescott, where the family sleigh always awaited them, in which they rode fifteen miles, inland, to the farm. The family reunion was anticipated with greater pleasure this year than heretofore; for the question of the will and all connected with it was to be discussed; to be analyzed and dissected by father and daughter, mother and son. Maida, as a daughter-in-law, was a great favorite. To their surprise, when they stepped from the train the expected sleigh was not at Prescott, and, for two hours, they waited in the dingy, ugly station-house, hoping it would arrive. Upon investigation, Mr. Vincent discovered that the letter he had written to his father, notifying him of the day of their coming, was uncalled for, and thus there was no hope that the sleigh would appear. "What *shall* we do?" Maida asked her husband, in a tired, disconsolate tone, quite in harmony with the dismal, desolate prospect. "We cannot reach home to-night," Mr. Vincent replied, "as there is no suitable conveyance to be procured here. Torry offers me his old sleigh and feeble horse, which could not carry us home. I wonder why father's mail was uncalled for." The child began crying, and his mother felt like joining with him. Outside was cold and dreary weather, while the room in which they sat was a bare, uncomfortable place.

"There are no lodgings to be procured here," continued the husband, "and as it is so late now, we must make a decision about what to do at once. Your cousin Alicia lives only five miles——"

"O Hugh," Maida began, with dissatisfaction expressed in her face and voice, as she notes her husband's meaning, "I can't, I do not——"

"Yes, I know, it is rather disagreeable, my dear, to go there, but it cannot be helped, can it? Torry's old horse can take us five miles —it is too late to go farther, to-night—and there are no accommodations to be procured here. We had better start immediately to Miss Stanton's farm, spend the night there, and she can send us over to father's to-morrow. Aside from the matter concerning the will, you are friends, personally, ar'nt you? Alicia is a nice little person, eh?"

"Yes, yes, Hugh, we were always friendly, but then, years have passed since I saw her, and, during that time so much has happened, you know, and it *will* be embarrassing. I won't know how to act—

going to one from whom I am trying to take money—oh, what shall I say? Why didn't father get the letter, and why are people ever so distressed as we are!"

"There, there, little wife, decide if we shall go—you can make everything all right with your cousin, I guess; she is a quiet, little creature, who will not grudge us one night's lodging, I am sure."

"Of course, we must go—but I dread the meeting. I will be cool, cautious and polite with Alicia, that is all. She must be vexed with me, but I cannot help that," says Mrs. Vincent, almost angrily, gathering up her shawl and satchel, and following her husband and child out to the old vehicle at the door. Under any other circumstances, Maida would have enjoyed the novelty of the ride; a glorious sunset threw a crimson glow over the snow-covered country, though in the east, heavily piled-up clouds gave warning of a coming storm; but her mind was filled with grievous thoughts and vexatious fears. It seemed strange that everything should have so happened as to cause a meeting between the two cousins — and "*what* would be the result" were the words surging back and forth in Maida's brain. They had accomplished one-half of the journey almost in silence, each busied with their own thoughts, until Mr. Vincent ventured to say:

"You — Maida — you will explain our unexpected visit to your cousin?"

"You cannot spare me that much," was the wife's peevish reply, while her face showed how truly miserable she felt.

"Well, I will explain it all to Miss Stanton, if you prefer it, Maida," was the quieting reply of the husband. The sleigh entered a long, gloomy avenue, in which glimpses could be caught of the farm-house, which was nestled at the foot of a mountain, that seemed to loom up in awful shadow over it. The lonely owner of the Maxwell farm was just then thinking of the Vincents, of whose nearness she was so utterly unconscious. She had spent the day in reading some papers of her uncle's, and also letters of her own from Camden; she had pondered deeply over the subject of the will, and drifted into a sad dreamy revery of Maida. So many thoughts, so wild and sweet, and yet so mournful, filled her mind; she recalled the past, thought of the lonely present, with Christmas almost there, which she would spend without friends or merriment, and looked into the future, which seemed so dark, and made darker, she thought, because Maida's hand was against her. Standing there in the wintry twilight, a smile passed over her face, as she uttered a pathetic little wish. "O for one blessing this Christmas-tide, O Lord. The gift of a sister friend would make an eternal New Year for me." As the jingle of sleigh bells reached her, she was greatly surprised, and hastened to the gate to meet her unexpected visitors. Some strange intuition — something — told her who was that female figure in the sleigh, and, as Mr. Vincent alighted, she scarcely heeded his greeting, so intently did she look at Maida; the latter was making a pretense of gathering up the wraps, too cowardly to go forward and meet Miss Stanton before her husband would speak, and although simple, foolish Alicia's heart throbbed

wildly and joyously at this coming, her tongue refused to express the welcome she felt, and her shy looks and awkward manner conveyed a different impression. She tried to hide her embarassment by taking the sleeping child and carrying it to the house, but Maida misconstrued it all and believed that Alicia was vexed and troubled. Conscience, was it? that urged her to speak some kindly word to Miss Stanton, and thus break down the barrier that formality had erected; but it was unheeded, and while her husband explained to Alicia why they came, Maida stood silently watching, not expressing friendliness by a single word or glance. She frowned, though, when Alicia said that her sleigh and horses had been driven over to a neighboring town by the overseer, who would not return until Christmas Eve. "I am sorry," she said, expressing her regret that they should be unwillingly detained at the farm, but wilful Maida tried to think that her sorrow was because she must endure their presence. There was a stiffness and coldness apparent during the remainder of the evening — as Maida would only speak in monosyllables — and her husband, after trying vainly to start a pleasant conversation, gave up in despair, and all were silent; baby Ernie had taken a fancy to the strange, pale-faced lady, and honored her with his infantile chatter, while the touches of his little hands about her neck and face, seemed to be a comfort and to alleviate, somewhat, the aching pain in her temples. Yet, after all had retired, and Alicia was alone, as usual, the headache still continued, and tears would come, increasing the pain, but easing her heart. She was blaming herself for the disagreeable atmosphere of the evening, and believed it was her fault; that she ought to have freely and lovingly told Maida her feelings, and repeated the offer of the money to her. Mrs. Vincent, in her apartment, was trying vainly to silence the inward voice which reproached her for *her* conduct. She felt that if a pleasant word had been spoken and a loving talk begun about "old times," no harm, but good, would have been the result; and yet, she did not have the bravery to begin such a course, and so alter the present circumstances. The next morning Mr. Vincent returned to Prescott in the station-master's sleigh, taking one of Alicia's horses with him, on which he came back to the farm. He left orders at Prescott, to be sent to his father, informing him that they were waiting at the Maxwell farm for a conveyance to the homestead. The farm was five miles from Prescott, in the opposite direction from the Vincents, making the distance twenty miles or more. A heavy snow storm commenced that evening, and it seemed to foretell a weary waiting to them before they could get a conveyance to the homestead. All Alicia's words, looks and actions had been against her that day, and entirely contradicted her true feelings; Maida was very reticent and gloomy, and the will was not discussed. She was still grieving over the circumstances which brought her to Maxwell farm, instead of trying to make peace and sunshine by kindly words. Alicia, it is true, was a poor entertainer, and she felt especially unable to please Maida, because she did not make any effort at friendliness. Little Ernest was well contented, and every hour seemed to love Alicia more, and to

come closer to her heart. He could understand her love and ways if his mother would not. Maida passed the day in restless idleness — acting as she said she intended—"cool, cautious and polite," her calm behavior seeming to prevent any mention of the "will." Alicia was not only in a state of anxiety as regarded her housekeeping, and a desire that her hospitality should please the Vincents, but her mind was strangely excited and disturbed by the unexpected visit and appearance of Maida, whom she had not met for years, and yet who was brought so closely in contact with her life and thoughts by her uncle's death and will.

On the second day of the Vincents' stay at Maxwell farm, the snow storm had ceased, and it was clear and cold. Alicia, with her housekeeper, Mrs. Morris, started some little preparations for Christmas, making cake, etc., as it was quite probable that the Vincents might have to remain until then. Alicia never once thought of having Mr. Camden with her at the holiday season. She seemed to understand that he preferred to remain in the city, and there was no anxious wish in her heart for his presence.

Maida seemed to partly emerge from her shell of selfish moodiness, and, leaving Ernest with her cousin, she and Mr. Vincent went to walk.

"Truly, Maida should be happy," Alicia thought, as she gazed after them; "she has husband and child, and I — not even a sister," and her heart felt so desolate that, looking after Maida, she acknowledged a feeling of genuine love for her, in spite of her strange coldness and many faults. She snatched Ernest up, kissed him heartily, twice, and twice again, for his mother's sake, she said, with a loving, almost saintly look in her blue eyes. "Let us make a merry Christmas, baby boy. Now to the kitchen, and see if the cakes are baking well;" and then she smiled quaintly, and seemed metamorphosed into a different creature from the listless, sad-hearted woman of yesterday, with mental and physical suffering — different now, because the love she felt for Maida flashed like a bright gleam of sunshine through her whole being and blessed her for that little while. She and Ernest raced from hall to kitchen, and then upstairs, where she gave the child some pictures for an amusement, while she, in a grave, quiet manner, soliloquizing meanwhile to herself, moved about, searching for something. A queer, little idea had come to Alicia — that gleam of love-light originated the thought. She had decided, just like any child, to make Maida a little Christmas gift. Before the Vincent's strange visit Alicia had not thought of giving presents, for she might have gone to the city and invested in pretty gifts; but that would have been a mockery, when her home was desolate — when she was the solitary tenant, excepting the overseer and housekeeper, to whom she would give cash at the New Year. Therefore, when the idea came to her, she resolved to be brave enough to melt the icy barrier of formality between Maida and herself by giving this little thought, which, perhaps, might accomplish the result for which she longed, in convincing Maida that she loved her, and prove that her offer was truly from the

heart. She devised her little gift herself, making it truly original. It was a small satchet of pale, gray satin, on which she traced a sprig of holly, thinking that this emblem of the season would be appropriate as a Christmas gift. She began to embroider the sprig with bright silks, and, at this juncture in her work, thought how nice it would be to have a piece of real holly from which to imitate Nature's colors. "I will try to procure it to-morrow," Alicia said, and then felt rather strangely as she considered the real interest and trouble she was taking in her work. She grew a little distrustful of her plan, and something like a wicked, meddling fairy, recalled to her all of Maida's words and looks, and reserve, since her sojourn at the farm, causing the little gift to appear foolish and unnecessary.

While the gentle, sweet fairy battled with the intruder, Alicia's face, bending over her work, portrayed these inward thoughts. There was a grave, inquiring look in her eyes, as if they were questioning whether the gift should be finished or cast aside, but her mouth expressed regret and sorrow by the mournful droop of her lips, while a sweet, sad smile, indicating love, hovered around it. Maida came in, then, from her walk. The contact with Nature, in her solemn beauty —the pleasant exercise of walking, coupled with a gayer mood and enjoyable talk with her husband—all made Miss Vincent feel more amiable and considerate than at any time previous since her visit there. She had kindlier, more cousinly feelings towards Alicia, since it was quite possible that a sleigh from the homestead would reach the farm the next day; and the thought of her coming liberation, together with the sweet, persuasive talk of her husband, made her quite willing to spend the remaining hours at Maxwell in a brighter, social way. Therefore, as she peeped into the room and saw Alicia standing at the window, deeply intent on something, the capricious lady, quite anxious to know what her cousin was doing, crept up behind her to peep over her shoulder and then give a loving "boo!" Just as she bent forward to look, Alicia heard her, and, following out the rule of misconstruing each other, as always hitherto — not looking at Maida's smiling face, but thinking of her disagreeable ways — she gave an angry jerk forward, hiding her work, quickly, in a basket before her, and turned, with a frown, to meet Maida, but she was leaving the room. The flash of lovelight seemed to have been swallowed up in the darkest clouds never to reappear, but to be forever lost in the storm of anger and dislike that would follow. As Maida saw Alicia's quick, repulsive movement, she lost all *her* amiability, and, in her hot, impetuous way, rushed from the room, all ideas of peace and reconciliation passing away. She kept Ernest beside her during the remainder of the afternoon, secretly congratulating herself that to-morrow would end their queer, impromptu visit. Alicia went off to superintend her household duties, and then indulged in a hearty cry, from what cause she could hardly define. This hysterical weeping made her head ache, and she felt dizzy and miserable; her mind was in a tumult, and Maida's tantalizing words and manner made an unpleasant ending to the day. At the supper table, the conversation was chiefly directed to

baby Ernest. His mamma devoted herself to him, answering his infantile questions, while Mr. Vincent preserved a decorous silence; Alicia flushed and paled by turns, in her seat behind the tea-urn, and tried to decide if she should endeavor to love her any longer. It seemed as if she *must* despair, and let all intercourse between them end with this visit, but as she looked upon Maida and her beautiful child, she wondered how she *could* live without seeing them again. Her temples throbbed with a dull ache, and her cheeks had a feverish flush; all this misunderstanding and sad perplexity were making confusion in her brain, she thought. O, if to-morrow would only come, with rest, and peace, and love! She resolved to speak to Maida the next day about the will, and then—what would be the result? "I want some more tea-tea," whined baby Ernest, quite determined to have his own way, while his mother opposed his wishes.

"O — here — let him have some more tea," said Alicia, imprudently — her kindly heart overruling her caution. Her words angered Maida, who imagined that Alicia merely wished to oppose her in governing the child, and she said, hastily, with flashing eyes — "He shall not have any more tea, I say" — which unwise speech and manner was dimly understood by the two-year-old, who, with baby obstinacy, knowing he was exciting opposition, began crying for "tea, tea." His mother, without trying to quiet him, hastily arose from the table and carried the screaming child away. Poor Alicia, feeling she had been misunderstood, and that her innocent words had caused a disturbance, followed after Maida, but retired to her own room, where she succumbed to her physical and mental troubles.

Mrs. Morris, the housekeeper, said to Mrs. Vincent, as she came in to breakfast the next morning: "I wonder where Miss Alicia can be! She must have overslept herself — I haven't seen her to-day."

"That is queer," replied Maida, a strange, unknown fear creeping over her, "maybe she is ill. Have you been to her room?"

"No ma'am, I just waited, and waited, for her to come out — but as she has not yet appeared, I will go and call her."

Maida tried to sing a blithe carol, while she waited for Mrs. Morris' return, but she was in no mood for merry words, and something seemed to clutch at her throat and stop her voice. "O, Mrs. Morris, what is it?" she exclaimed, as the housekeeper entered, with such a terrible look, saying, "Miss Alicia isn't in the house."

"She may be taking a walk," said Mr. Vincent, as he came in, trying to lightly regard the whole affair.

"No, no, see here, read this note," said Mrs. Morris, and the trio were filled with wonder and fear at these lines:

"I have left you all, Maida. I give you, with *my love*, everything I possess. I wish you to take it and be happy. I do not ever know what to say, nor how to act, therefore I go. ALICIA."

These words expressed Alicia's love and generosity, and the incoherency of the language showed that she was troubled and confused. To give Maida everything — to relieve them of her presence — seemed

to be her thought and aim. There was the note she left — they had no other clew to this strange, mysterious disappearance. A number of sickening thoughts flashed through Mrs. Vincent's mind during the next few minutes, and something seemed whispering in her ear, "See what you have done — you have done."

Mr. and Mrs. Vincent, the housekeeper, and a few servants were the only persons on the farm, and all neighbors lived several miles away. They were alone, and unable to obtain help in any emergency, and now felt perfectly overwhelmed by this strange, unexplainable event. *Why* Alicia had disappeared, and why, and where, she had gone, they could not guess. The field-horses and vehicles were all there, none of the servants had seen her; and therefore, Mr. Vincent surmised, she had left on foot. In a man's hasty, impetuous way, in his trouble he spoke angrily, "Why in the world has your cousin acted so! What can I do?" A glance at the white, miserable face of his wife stopped him, and, with genuine sorrow in her voice, Maida said, "We must find Alicia. Let us think carefully and act wisely, for if she has started on foot to any town or station, we can overtake her. Send the laborers out over all the country, and go yourself to father's and get help from them to find Alicia. We do not know why she has gone. Perhaps she will harm herself, or meet with danger. Go, go." The sudden trouble that had befallen the household acted like charm, or magical interpreter on Maida's mind, causing her to behold, as in a mirror, all that she and Alicia had done to each other during their abode together. She saw all her own faults—the wrong of which she was guilty, with penitence, and, together with this regret, came the bitterest sorrow—that her heart examination and penitence came too late to reach Alicia and comfort her. O, the bitter grief of the one who sees and regrets past wrongs, and is unable to make any reparation! In that hour, what joy could boundless wealth afford her? Was not the inward monitor weighing and measuring all the enjoyments and pleasures of earth in the balance with friendship and love? Was it not placing gold in the proper place and showing the vacant site where affection should be?

Mr. Vincent, with four men, went off to search for Alicia. They went in different directions, and determined to get the assistance of the neighboring farmers, and to scour the whole country for some clew of the girl. Within the desolate farm house Maida and Mrs. Morris talked and wept together. Fears of mental derangement and suicide were in their thoughts. They imagined Alicia perishing of cold, half buried in the snow; then they would grow more hopeful, and reason that if she left the farm at daylight she could not be very far away, and perhaps the men would soon return with her. Mrs. Morris went, restlessly, from room to room, mechanically making preparations to receive her—crying silently all the while—fearing her young mistress was far beyond human aid.

Maida thought, once or twice, of the strange course of events. How quickly her feelings were changed, and untutored she had been about her own heart! She could scarcely realize that she was mourn-

ing over the cousin whom she pretended to dislike, and had hated to see only a few days before. Now, she only longed to have Alicia back again—to kiss her, and ask her forgiveness for all her capricious ways and uncousinly actions.

At noon, the tinkling of sleigh-bells drawing nearer and nearer, made the women rush out to the road, hoping for some news from Alicia. It was the sleigh from the Vincent homestead, brought by Maida's brothers to carry her home. It was the conveyance for which she had longed every day, but now, when it did come, she felt no relief that her visit was ended, or joy that she could soon reach home and spend Christmas day with the family. Her brother told her that they had just received the note on the preceding day, telling them she was at the Maxwell farm, and he came to carry her home. Then Maida explained their trouble—that Alicia had disappeared—and begged him to go and assist in the search. It was quite evident that this brother-in-law, Edwin Vincent, was astonished at pretty Maida's words, and rather disgusted with her proposition that he should try to find Alicia. In his conversation he hinted that Miss Stanton's disappearance was "good riddance," inasmuch as Mrs. Vincent might now gain all the property, but Maida wrathfully expressed her indignation at his baseness, and felt a sudden loathing for her husband's mercenary kin.

Edwin Vincent went into the house with his sister and the housekeeper, and then Maida determined to take possession of her father-in-law's sleigh and go out herself, into the woods, in hopes of finding the missing. This course was preferable to remaining in the house, in terrible suspense. As Maida was putting on her wraps, Mrs. Morris called to her from Alicia's room, and she went in there to find the old housekeeper crying over the unfinished satchet; she had found it in Alicia's work-basket, and immediately guessed for whom it was intended. "See," she said, "she was embroidering it for you. I heard her ask Isaac, last evening, to go on the mountain and get her a sprig of holly, and I suspected her plan, for I knew Miss Alicia's ways and thoughts so well; she said, 'holly sounds Christmas-like, don't it, Mrs. Morris?'" Maida handled the would-be-gift with reverend touch. It was a good exposition of Alicia's character, and it flashed over her mind that this must have been what her cousin was making on the previous afternoon, when she crept up to peep; and so the meaning of Alicia's hasty gesture was explained. When Maida realized this, she felt that the veil of misunderstanding which Alicia's manner threw over her real feelings was forever rent before her eyes and she now had an insight into her gentle disposition and delicate thoughtfulness. She cried over the unfinished gift—then hastened out to the sleigh, spurred onward in the search by the sad, fresh tokens of Alicia's love. Daring and venturesome, she raced away, having no idea in what direction she would go; but her thoughts lingered over the incident connected with Alicia's sachet, and the lately mentioned-words, "mountain" and "holly" kept singing in her ears. Was it impulse — or mere accident — nay, the guiding of Providence — that caused her to ride up to the mountain? The men had started across fields, and in open

roads toward stations and villages — with the idea that Alicia was leaving the community for distant parts — but Maida guided her horse into the steep mountain road that curved upward from the farm. There were steep bluffs and jagged rocks all around, from which, by a careless step, one might slip into — Eternity. Maida shivered as such fears came to her; and yet the cause of Alicia's disappearance, or the condition she was in when she left, was all a mystery; her own surmises were her only guides.

She proceeded up the mountain until the winter day was far spent, and the farm was miles away from her. The bright gleam of holly berries through the foliage was a sorrowful reminder of Alicia's unfinished work. She felt a desire to have a sprig of holly, as something that Alicia loved and would have given to her; she jumped from the sleigh and went across the roadside, a little way into the wood to the holly-tree. But when she reached the spot a feeling that is indescribable came over her, for she beheld the lost treasure — she found her cousin. Resting within an overhanging rock, at the foot of the tree, was Alicia, asleep. The dread of death, or heavy unconsciousness, came to Maida as she examined her, but it was slumber, only, from which Alicia was aroused. The brandy Maida had prudently brought, strengthened and helped the weak girl.

The meaning of Alicia's disappearance is thus briefly explained: She wandered away from the farm in a state of delirium caused by physical suffering and the exciting mental strain she had endured, and yet, with a dim idea in her mind of seeking for a sprig of holly. She wandered up on the mountain as one mentally deranged, ignorant of what she was doing; but in the afternoon of the day, delirium left her, and she became conscious of her strange surroundings.

Unable to understand her situation, unconscious of her former actions, in vain endeavors to understand her position on the mountain, another state of delirium came over her, and she had just sunk into semi-consciousness when Maida found her.

Nourishment and a few hours of restful sleep restored Alicia almost completely to her usual state of health, although she was still very weak. Mr. Vincent and his assistants had returned to the farm that evening after their fruitless search, just as Maida, with Alicia, reached there; and it was a time of thankful explanation and complete satisfaction to all. Loving and penitent, Maida administered to Alicia's wants, and they all conversed over the strange events of the past day. Alicia affirmed that she had no recollection of writing the queer note, and decided it was only an act of delirium. Contact, with the pure, cold, mountain air, in her feverish state, had benefited her physical system and restored her almost completely to health again; while her constant tramp over the woods preserved her from being frozen to death. Maida found her just at the needful moment. This case may seem improbable, but "truth is stranger than fiction."

The days' events had been deeply harrowing in the trial and suspense they brought, in the fear and suffering they caused, yet all could not but feel, somehow, that this mutual good will and understanding

was an equal recompense. Surely, the impromptu visit had resulted well!

In the grey dawn of Christmas morning, Maida and Alicia talked over again all the past happenings, and it was not fancy that declared it was the sprig of holly which settled everything; for Alicia's last intelligent thoughts that night had been of the satchet and holly, and so in her delirium, she wandered to the place where the holly-trees stood. Maida was touched and convinced of her cousin's love by seeing the half-finished gift, and, with thoughts of it within her, had gone to the mountain and found the lost; and thus this little thing — Alicia's fancy for a Christmas love token — had brought the blessing.

Love ruling,— predominant now — of course, decided everything about the will; the gift from Alicia of one-half the property was accepted, and Mr. Camden was, ultimately, discarded by Miss Stanton, both as lover and lawyer.

The little family was peacefully happy — for that Christmas Day was but the initial one of many, just as bright, to follow; Alicia found her "sister-friend" and Maida gained her fortune — all which good luck they attribute to Alicia's little thought, the precious, treasured memento; with the now hallowed emblem, "A SPRIG OF HOLLY."

TRUMAN JOSEPH SPENCER.

Mr. T. J. Spencer entered the ranks in January, 1882, publishing the *American Sphinx*, which was issued regularly each month until September, 1885. In 1888 he was for a short time one of the editors of *Juvens Vade Mecum*. In 1884 he was unanimously elected president of the New England association. In 1883 he was chosen corresponding secretary of the National association, in 1884 he was elected treasurer, and in 1885 he was made one of the executive judges. In 1884 his name was used at the last moment as a candidate for the presidency, but he was defeated. In 1888 he was elected official editor. He wrote two sketches of no particular value, "The Stranger," *Sphinx*, December, 1882, and "A Gold Headed Cane," *Sphinx*, July, 1883. With the exception of an essay on "Phrenology" in *Union Lance*, August, 1884, his other writings have been on Shaksperian subjects. He has published, besides a legal brief on "Shylock *vs.* Antonio," issued in pamphlet form, "Hamlet," *Sentinel*, September, 1883; "Influence of Shakspere on Expression," *Sphinx*, September, 1885; "What Our Literature Owes to Shakspere," *Progress*, March, 189c; "The Regicides of Inverness," *Union Lance*, May, 1889. "The Mother of the Heir of Richard the Lion Hearted," *Dilettante*, Sept., 1890.

THE REGICIDES OF INVERNESS.

In the dead of night, amid the howlings and thunders of a terrific tempest, the like of which the remembrance of old men could not parallel, General Macbeth, at the stroke of a bell struck by the scheming hand of his loving wife, stole silently to the chamber where lay, enjoying the refreshing slumber of a soul at peace with man and heaven, the meek and gracious Duncan, King of Scotland, and plunging his dagger in his body, took the life of the man who was not only his kinsman, his king and his guest, but who had that very evening honored him with the proud title of thane of Cawdor. The great general, before whom the Norwegian soldiers had that day fled as the hare before the lion, and who had met the haughty king Sweno upon the raging field of battle with not the slightest touch of fear, now started with fright at the slightest sound and shrunk in abject terror from the contemplation of the work of his own hand; he who had fearlessly faced the living king of Norway in battle array did not dare to look upon the dead king of Scotland. What mental characteristics caused this sudden change from the brave general to the cringing thane?

In considering his character there has been a widespread disposition to regard him as a man driven to the unwilling commission of a crime by the relentless pressure of a fiendish woman and the designing allurements of supernatural manifestations. There has been a cry raised which seems to have come echoing down the centuries from the garden of Eden at the time of the first sin, "The woman did it." The woman did not do it. And I take nothing from this emphatic statement when I say that except for the woman the deed would probably not have been done. Many a designing villain would have failed of accomplishing his vile purpose, but for the aid rendered by an accomplice, but it would be idle to say that the accomplice did the deed. Had it not been for Lady Macbeth, her husband might have failed in his attempt at the crown of Scotland, but his moral guilt would have been the same.

The plan did not originate with Lady Macbeth. Nor did the witches even hint at anything of the kind. They simply hailed him as the king that was to be. This salutation to a man of honest mind would have carried with it no suggestion of crime. As Macbeth himself says, if chance will have him king, why, chance will crown him, without his stir. And yet immediately after his encounter with the weird sisters he says his mind runs to murder and that he yields to the thought. That thought was in his mind before this meeting on the blasted heath. He conveys no idea of this kind in his letter to his wife, yet she instantly falls to meditating upon the very subject of murder, and upon his arrival the perfect understanding between them seems to hint at previous contemplation of the subject. But all doubt as to with whom the idea of the crime originated is removed by Lady Macbeth's sarcastic inquiry:

> What beast was't, then, that made you break this enterprise to me?

Some make this speech refer to the letter of Macbeth's about the witches, but what follows shows that it does not, unless it be to that portion of the letter that Shakespeare does not give. Lady Macbeth says:

> Nor time, nor place,
> Did then adhere, and yet you would make both.

There is nothing of this revealed in the letter, and its structure does not make it probable that such a proposition preceded the concluding portion which we have given us. Still, even if this speech does refer to a distinct proposition of crime contained in the first part of this letter it does not alter in the least the relative position of the two associates in crime. The plot was of Macbeth's own designing; it was not suggested to him by either his wife or the sisters of the heath.

Having concocted the plan of attaining to the throne of Scotland over Duncan's murdered body, he does not hesitate in the least to carry it out through any moral scruples. There is no evidence that he experienced the slightest reluctance through any idea that he would be doing wrong. There are men in whom the sense of good and evil seems entirely wanting. Macbeth was one of these. He makes but one noble utterance in the entire play, although it must be confessed that this is one of the finest sentiments to be found in Shakespeare:

> I dare do all that may become a man;
> Who dares do more is none.

But this is extorted from him by the sting of his wife's scathing questioning, when smarting under her withering rebuke, he tries to defend himself from the charge of cowardice. His heart is not in it. He has only just declared to himself that if he were satisfied that he should suffer no harm, if he were sure that he would be successful, he would jump the life to come. But he dare not do the act, and he at first tries to excuse himself to his wife by the absurd reason that he has gained

> Golden opinions of all sorts of people,
> That would be worn now in their newest gloss;
> Not cast aside so soon.

Lady Macbeth pays no attention to this flimsy excuse, but, perceiving at once the true state of the case, proceeds to taunt him for his timidity. To be laughed at as a coward by a woman and that woman his own wife, is more than he can stand. He tries to defend himself by falsely asserting that he hesitates from conscientious motives. But Lady Macbeth pierces his thin, defensive armor as if it had been the merest paper. She does not waste her breath in arguing upon the moral aspects of the case. She knows this false hearted utterance is but a cloak for a state of mind which she immediately uncovers. Cornered at last, he utters the keynote of all his doubt and hesitation in the heartfelt question, "if we should fail?" And, now when the cunning lady unfolds to him her scheme for making success almost a certainty, he exclaims:

> I am settled and bend up
> Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.

Where now is his highminded determination to do only that which may become a man? That determination was as much a figment of his brain as was the airdrawn dagger he sees immediately after. His hesitation comes solely from a fear of the consequences of his act, not from any repugnance at the commission of a crime. Had his wife not forced him on would his guilt have been any the less? If a man is perfectly willing and desirous of committing a murder, but for fear of losing his own life in the struggle gives it up, is he any better than a man who has the courage to make the attempt? Or, in other words, is cowardice a virtue, even in a villain? The dictates of common sense, as well as the doctrines of Christ, tell us that it is not. "Whosoever shall kill shall be in danger of the judgment, but I say unto you that whosoever is angry with his brother without a cause shall be in danger of the judgment. Whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery with her already in his heart." What credit, then, is it to Macbeth that without his wife he never would have done the deed? Assuredly none, whatever, and we see that he must stand out, not as a tool in the hands of an ambitious, powerful woman, but as the original inventor of the horrid scheme, standing without a tinge of conscience, afraid of his own shadow, but utterly defiant of God and right.

But Lady Macbeth was none the less guilty. We have not painted Macbeth black that his wife may show white by contrast. Mr. Comyns Carr makes a grevious error, when having shown where the diabolical plot came from he makes Lady Macbeth out an impulsive, loving and innocent wife, with implicit faith in her husband, "who accepts without questioning a policy that was none of her own devising," and who slandered herself in all her speeches in order to nerve her husband up to his dastardly crime. But Lady Macbeth does not accept the plan without questioning, with a jesuitical disregard of means in achieving an end. She says of Macbeth that what he would highly that would he holily; "wouldst not play false, and yet wouldst wrongly win." She is evidently well aware that the scheme is not holy, that its success would be wrongly won, and though she fears that Macbeth will not do this wrong she herself consents to it deliberately. She was indeed a scheming, wicked woman with an iron will and a nerve of steel. But was she ambitious? I think not. All her thought is for her husband. That she loved him is shown by this very soliloquy, in which she fears his nature. Her keen piercing mind would have read his character better than this had her eyes not been blinded by love. Where is the milk of human kindness she sees in her lord! Conspicuous by its entire absence. Would he have things holily that he would highly? He himself says he would jump the life to come. Lady Macbeth did what she did for her husband's sake; she wanted to see him upon the throne of Scotland, not to gratify her ambition but to gratify him. I can recall no ambitious utterance in all her speeches.

Both are equally guilty; both are willing to perpetrate the murderous deed: but the man afraid of possible disastrous consequences,

the woman, though not blind to them, with courage to risk them. But with all her indomitable energy and strength of will, in the final hour of the struggle, she nerves herself for the exciting hour by a resort to that accompaniment of nearly all vice and crime, the intoxicating cup. Her nerves were steeled with alcohol. "That which has made them drunk has made me bold," she says. And so the henious crime is committed.

Duncan is murdered in the house of his best beloved general, by that general's own hand. And Macbeth assumes the kingly purple and seats himself upon the throne of Scotland.

But this crime is only the prelude to others, and in quick succession his brother general, Banquo, and the innocent wife and children of the heroic thane of Fife fall victims to the ambitious frenzy of the unrighteous king. Ambition grows by what it feeds upon. Macbeth is now a powerful answer to those who, with Dr. Johnson, are forever lamenting the lack in some of Shakespeare's works of what they term poetic justice. By this they mean that the good should be always triumphant and the bad always foiled. But does the beauty and grandeur of virtue consist in success? Should one be honest because it is the best policy? One who does so is not an honest man. Has virtue no reward in itself, and if it is not successful is it of no value? The teachings of this school of moralists would pronounce the life of every martyr a failure. As Mr. Joseph Dana Miller has pointed out, "Shakespeare perceived that virtue was not a base currency with which to bribe heaven."

And after all, it is in the inner consciousness of man where vice and crime make their impression, and where they bring forth their terrible fruits to wither and to blast men, though their outward circumstances may hint only of joy and sunshine. And the insiduous and killing growth of a selfish ambition was never more forcibly portrayed than in Macbeth. Macbeth is now at the very summit of earthly political power and position, he sways the scepter of the mighty kingdom of Scotland, his enemies have fled in fright and dismay, the weird sisters, upon whose word he implicitly relies, have assured him that no man born of woman should ever harm him, the "All-hail hereafter" has indeed come. And yet he is the most miserable of men. He declares he has

> Put rancours in the vessel of his peace,

and exclaims,

> "O! full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife,"

and tells her,

> We eat our meals in fear, and sleep
> In the affliction of these terrible dreams
> That shake us nightly.

And later on he says,

> I am sick at heart.
> I have lived long enough; my way of life
> Is fallen into the sere, the yellow leaf,
> And that which should accompany old age,

As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but in their stead
Curses not loud but deep.

Truly as Lady Macbeth says,

Nought's had, all's spent
When our desire is had without content.

What a terrible picture of suffering and agony is here presented. Who that has the least lingering trace of manhood about him had not rather be the meek and gentle Duncan, weltering in the gore of his own life blood, than the haughty Macbeth, lolling among the splendors of the regal palace? Let Macbeth testify:

Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy.

Look for a moment upon Macbeth in his anguish upon the throne and then upon the pious king Henry VI, of England, depicted by Shakespeare as wandering in the forests, disguised as a swineherd, his crown wrested from his head, in constant fear of arrest and sentence of death, and yet saying,

My crown is in my heart, not on my head,
Not decked with diamonds and Indian stones,
Nor to be seen; my crown is called content,
A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy.

Which king excites our envy, the successful or the baffled monarch? Are not the demands of true justice nearer satisfied than if Shakespeare had fashioned his works upon the plan of certain cut-and-dried Sunday school books, or formed them in the cast iron mould of the conventional melodrama?

And yet Macbeth suffers from no sting of conscience. Some have spoken of his terrible remorse, but it does not exist. In Richard III, Shakespeare has also depicted the sin of selfish ambition, and he has there shown us a soul afflicted by the tortures of an outraged conscience, but Macbeth feels it not at all. The lesson we may learn from him is entirely different. I can find in him no trace of true repentance, no contrition, not even remorse, which is anguish excited by a sense of guilt. The strongest word that may be used to describe his feelings is regret, and considering its etymological meaning — to complain back — it is perhaps the correct word. Some one has well spoken of those speeches which have been called remorseful as "mere poetical whinings over his own well merited situation." In him we see how utterly unsatisfactory and insufficient are the so-called joys and pleasures of this world, and how they vanish and make themselves air as quickly as the weird sisters upon the heath, when one strives to attain them for their own sake, and gives himself up to the gratification of his desires. How entirely empty is such a life, is shown by Macbeth's words:

"Out, out brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage

> And then is heard no more; it is a tale
> Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
> Signifying nothing."

And so it is to him. The fact remains that no man can escape from himself, whether he is hunted through the forests as an exile, or reposes in the palace upon the royal couch, and if he has created within himself an inward hell he cannot flee from it.

Lady Macbeth feels no true repentance, but she has in her the germs of remorse, although during the day she carefully checked it by the exercise of all her powerful will. But at night, when her overtaxed will falls asleep, worn out with its constant employment, her other faculties leap to the front, and we are permitted, in the sleep walking scene, to peer for a moment into that fiery furnace of torment which burns all the more fiercely because of its confinement. It was Lady Macbeth who declared that a little water would clear them of the deed, but it is Lady Macbeth who now rises in agony, night after night, striving in vain to wash the damning spot from off her hands, until she exclaims in despair:

> "All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand."

Her very sigh strikes the listeners almost breathless with horror and pity, and even her waiting woman declares she would not have such a heart in her bosom for all the dignity of Lady Macbeth's place. And because in her waking hours she strives to put down all feelings even of remorse, she must still continue to bear her load. Had she suffered herself to be led of remorse to repentance, and cleansed before God her mind and soul from her fearful sin, she might again have breathed the air of peace. But her proud spirit prevented this, and so at last, worn out with her never-ending struggles with her conscience during the day, and impoverished in strength by her terrible though unconscious mental sufferings by night, robbed of that "sleep that knits up the raveled edge of care," she slowly sinks down and dies, some day to face with her husband that life to come which he, at least, was so willing to risk for the empty bauble of earthly power.

And shortly after Macbeth himself, confined as in a prison in his royal castle, receives his death wound at the hands of Macduff, and dies, his hopes blasted, his opportunities wasted, and his life a failure. And the great lesson of the play is in his life and not in his death. "What shall it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own life?" And he whose life is worse than death has indeed lost his life.

FREDERICK THEO. MAYER.

Mr. F. T. Mayer, frequently known as Frederick Ray Lester, became active in 1884. He was not a prolific writer of poems, but wrote some good lines. His verses were generally somewhat peculiar in their workmanship. "The Age of Man," *American Sphinx*, March, 1884, was entered for the laureateship. He also wrote: Farmer Lad's Song, *New Cen-*

tury, Nov. 1884; Good News, *Spectator*, February, 1884; To a Newsboy, *Stars and Stripes*, Nov. 1884; Whirligig of Life, *Vidette*, Feb. 1884; Misere, *New Century*, Feb. 1884.

THE AGE OF MAN.

At the portal of Life
Stands an armed guard,
Habited, as for strife,
With features hard
As flint.
"Who goes there?"
An infant lisps:
'Tis I, sir, let me by."
The doors fly wide.
A glare of morn
Burnishes his metal greaves.
"Child, ah! go thy way!"
The knock repeats
Upon the gates.
Impatient waits
The lad.
"Who knocks?"
"Ah guard! 'tis holiday
And school is o'er.
Please let me pass."
"Son, go thy way."
A glare of light regilds his shield
The tower clock strikes nine.
To the portal come apace
Youth and maid,
In love's embrace.
Timidly the call essayed,
Roses crown her queenly brow;
Rose-hued all the pathway now,
Roses without thorns.
"Who calleth me?"
"Sir, impatient lovers, we
Fain would of the future see."
The doors are ope'd,
They enter there,
And the mid-day sun his spear-head tips
With burning, metal stars.
In the gateway's shade
A horseman stands.
The flow'rets fade
Within his hands.
"Who waits there?"
"Sir, I haste from battle fields;

From commerce, traffic, harvest yields,
To home and wife.
Unbar thy gates."
And the guardsman's helmet glows
In a bath of sun-red rays.
Feeble hands the knock resound
Nervously and oft.
"Haste! Oh seest not the sun,
Nigh two-thirds its course has run?"
"Pass! Thy sun is low!"
Glinted o'er the mailed limbs
Flickering darts of th' setting orb.
Clashed the portals to;
Day was spent.
Palsied hands the knocker seek
In the twilight gloom:
And the mumbling echoes weak,
All foretell man's doom.
"Why so late?"
"Sir my lamp is dim,
For I have lighted many a soul
I dearly loved to this dark door;
And now, ere all its flame is gone
I fain would light my way."
A pause. Then dazzling rays
Burst from the widely opened door,
Man enters in, and all is o'er.
The guard goes on his ways.

Mr. Mayer was one of the most charming sketch writers in amateur literature. His writings were always strikingly original in plot and incident, and were worked out with grace and elegance. He well understood the effect of a situation, and used his materials to good advantage. His sketches were all marked with a highly imaginative power. The settings of his stories were finely executed. "Jasmine," in *New Century*, February, 1885, secured for him the title of sketch laureateship. "San Felipe," *Bijou*, October, 1888, was a charming story, especially in the atmosphere and scenery that encompassed the action. He also wrote: A Fortunate Misfortune, *New Century*, Nov. 1884; Violet, *Brilliant*, March 1884; Clam Chowder Club, *New Century*, Feb. and March 1884; His Venus of Milo, *New Century*, Jan. 1884; Forsworn, *Violet*, June 1886; Noblesse Oblige, *Brilliant*, Dec. 1886; Dr. Sendoff's Ride, *American Sphinx*, Sept. 1885.

IN BROCADE AND LAVENDER.

"If you please, is this Hillsholm?"

I glanced up from my book. The voice had startled me, for it was a strange thing to be heard in the precincts of Hillsholm, — a boy's voice, clear and pure in tone as a bell. I had been lolling in my great armchair on the broad, long verandah of my country home, heartily agreeing with *Pendennis*, in his supreme contempt for snobs and snobbery, adding to my natural quota of cynicism the cutting, bitter truths of Thackeray's keen observation. For miles around the good folks had dubbed me "the disappointed one" (though why *disappointed*, I can scarcely tell), because of my silent, solitary life, and my well founded unbelief in any human faith and truth. At first they would have converted me to a more congenial creed, but a courteous, well spoken refusal soon liberated me from their kindly persecution, and so it happened that Hillsholm was the cosiest and most unfrequented house in all Cheltenham County, and no other sound disturbed its quiet than the soft lowing of my thoroughbreds in their distant stables and the other homely noises of our simple household activity.

I saw before me a lad of some fifteen or sixteen summers, with a frank, fair, girlish face and a head crowned with a perfect wealth of golden curls, which nestled, and were quite unmanageable, under the broad, trimmed straw hat perched upon them. His coming had been noiseless over the lawn before the house, and hence his sudden interrogation fell upon my ear with startling effect.

I drew a chair forward, saying: "Yes, my lad, this *is* Hillsholm. Come up and be seated."

He seemed to hesitate before accepting my invitation, asking, as he came up the wide steps: "Are you Mr. D'Arcy?"

I bowed in acquiescence. Doubtless he had heard all about me, for he glanced at me with his clear blue eyes, as if to say: "I know you, sir, quite well!"

"Do you live in the neighborhood?" continued I, when he had taken a seat beside me.

He shook his head and the action sent his hat tumbling down behind him. "No, sir," he replied; "I am from Overly. I have just come here on business."

A smile flittered over my face, but his beautiful, fresh looking countenance was so calm and earnest that I repressed it at once, and asked; "What can I do for you?"

He drew from his pocket an Overly *Times* and handed it to me. "There is an advertisement," he continued; "the third, in the last column. It is about a house somewhere around here — "

I glanced at the notice. "My agent inserted this," said I. "The house lies just yonder where the river bends, down there."

"And it is yours?" asked the boy. "Then," to my assenting nod, "my business is with you, sir. I wish to rent it."

This time I could not repress my amusement, and seeing it he blushed like a girl, until I fancied his sweet face was overshadowed by a rosy reflection from the trellis flowers hanging around us.

"My agent wishes me to sell it," I replied, at a loss to redeem myself.

He leaned forward very earnestly. "But if *you* would rent it," he urged, "it could be ours — I mean Ethel's and mine — *at least* for this summer."

"Ethel —" I began, when he arose and came near to my chair. I cannot describe the strange sorrow which fell upon the lad's bright visage as he stood beside me and continued his speech. Nothing like it has ever presented itself to my life; nor do I think will it ever be repeated.

"Ethel is my sister," said he; "we are all alone excepting a married brother who lives in England. And we have one *enemy* — a cruel, wicked enemy — who has made Ethel unhappy and threatens to take her from me." His lips quivered as, unconsciously, I placed my arm around his shapely young form, and unshed tears filled his large blue eyes.

"You know," he said, smiling a little, "I am not strong enough *yet* — and though it seems cowardly, I think we should get away from Overly and hide until I am old enough to — to — kill him!"

"This is a desperate hope," said I, patting his hand where it rested on my arm-chair; "this man must indeed be a fierce enemy. But, do you not know that we are only seven or eight miles from Overly? It would not take him long to find you."

But he had thought of that with a wisdom quite marvelous to me, when he unfolded his plans. He would purchase two tickets to a point at least a hundred miles distant; then leaving Overly at nightfall would convey himself and sister by other means to my cottage, leaving plain traces of his assumed journey by rail to delude the persecuting foe.

"And now," he concluded, "will you let the cottage to us? We are very poor, but we can pay a *reasonable* price for it."

I intimated that there were many more desirable places to find not far distant; that it had long been unused, was damp and overrun with Virginia creepers and wild rose, but to all these objections he found a ready reply, saying he only wished seclusion and solitude for awhile; and, finally in his earnestness, he grasped my hand in his little palms and pleaded so eloquently with his young beauty and lustrous eyes, that I sent him away with my consent and a letter to the agent at Overly explaining my wishes. I watched him when after my urgent request he had taken a little luncheon, hurrying toward the solitary little depot with buoyant step, until a turn in the grove hid him from sight.

I never concluded my perusal of *Pendennis* that day, for the bright visions of the lad's fair face came between my sight and the cold criticism, until it blurred them out and nearly shook my distrust in human unloveliness. And when, finally, I laid it aside to dream a day-dream there in the calm summer day, I heard the boy's voice and saw his face with its halo of golden curls and, strangely, I had seemed to see it and know it years and years ago, and it answered to the name of Ethel, while the dark sinister face of the persecuting enemy assumed

shape and substance so nearly like that of the tall, gaunt deacon who had labored longest and hardest for my conversion that I knew him, too, and was his sworn foe from thenceforward.

In due time I saw the boy once more. His scheme had succeeded, and in company with his sister he resided in the vine-hid little cottage on my estate. It is necessary here to observe that I am a woman hater. There was not a single female domestic in Hillsholm. After a few days Ralph (the Christian name of my boy-tenant) was a constant visitor in my study and parlors, and he once observed the absence of women help. I told him my dislike and he answered with a ripple of merry laughter. Soon he borrowed a work from my bookshelves, "for Ethel," which I gladly gave him and augmented with a little catalogue, begging her choice of any volume in my possession.

"Of course," I said as he was leaving with them, "for *your* sake, Ralph. And you must tell her so."

"Oh," cried the lad, "of course, for don't you see, Ethel is a man-hater!" and he sent his fresh laughter like a song through my open door. "God bless the boy!" I muttered gazing after him. Somehow his blithe, merry ways had wound around my cold heart a few warm folds of growing affection. I thought if Ethel—. But there, you see, I hated her sex altogether. Still I knew she was there in the cottage. Sometimes her clear soprano would come to me across the scented fields, or its echo in the woods as she called upon Ralph to assist her in her rambles. But her face I had never seen, nor had I ever strayed near her place of abode. The summer months thus glided by and autumn was beginning to furbish the tenderest foliage with hints of changing hues, when one day Ralph rushed into the hall breathless and his hat rolling down the lawn before the evening breeze.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" he cried, "*where* is Capt. D'Arcy!"

"Here I am," I answered, emerging from a corner. "What is the matter?"

He came up and laid his hand upon my arm. "Captain, I have seen *him!*" he said with a peculiar emphasis. "I was riding Maybell and was on my way here to her stable when I saw him resting by the roadside."

"Are you sure you were not mistaken — did he recognize *you?*" I asked.

I had long since learned the whole story. The death of Ralph's widowed mother had left the two children at the tender mercies of a guardian, a former business partner of their parent. This man, plotting to gain the remnant of a large fortune, had tortured Ethel into a half promise to wed him at a future day, and in pursuance of this object had been unsparing in his attention to her. The young girl finally learned to loathe and dread the very thought of a marriage with him and asked to be free. This naturally incensed him, and caused him to perpetrate a species of persecution which he calculated would produce the desired effect. Instead, however, Ethel's hatred and abhorrence was now fairly boundless, and in her despair she turned to flight and the protection of her young brother for relief.

Their relatives in England seconded the plans of her tormentor, and therefore from them there was no help to be anticipated. In this strait they cast about them for the slightest way of escape. The two children instinctively shunned publicity of their troubles, or they would have sought the aid of the law to protect them; and the astute villain, their persecutor, took good care to surround them with only such companions as were in coincidence with his wicked schemes. It is natural to assume that when the flight of his ward and her brother was discovered, he immediately instituted a rigid search, backed by every authority. The little cottage where they were hidden away was known to few persons in the neighborhood, for it was situated in the midst of broad acres, upon whose precincts few people had the hardihood to intrude. Indeed, so great was this feeling of fear and avoidance of me, that my periodical appearance in the post-office of our village, or in its solitary grocer's shop, was the instant signal for silence and suppressed behavior among those who chanced to witness my arrival. What monstrous, vague and unfounded stories were in circulation, with me as their central figure, I will not attempt to narrate here, it being foreign to this tale. But, in passing, I may add that these fictions only strengthened me in my contempt for the littleness of human intellect — until Ralph with his sunny ways and his pathetic history crept into my hardening heart and filled it with the quickening spark of a new and pleasanter experience. To me love was a chimera — a hallucination — love, as it is generally accepted — but for Ralph I believe I had the purest love which ever dawned in the human breast. When I reflected that the advent of this man would take his bright face from my presence, and perhaps cruelly torture his young heart with added persecution, I felt a strong desire to take him under my protection in defiance of this legal guardian, make him heir to my prosperous acres, and place him where his talents would develop into beautiful maturity. In fact, the proposition was partly upon my lips when I hesitated — for I had forgotten his sister.

Ralph guessed my unspoken thought. "No," he said firmly yet sorrowfully, "I must be with Ethel — *I must!*"

"But something must be done," I murmured, walking beside him toward the study where our confidences usually transpired, "we cannot let this man exert his malicious power over you and your sister any longer."

Ralph threw himself upon a settle and stared at the fur before it. "We have been *so* happy here," he said; "*so* contented and happy, that it has almost been *home* to us."

"You have been of great benefit to me also," I returned, as I seated myself beside him and laid my hand on his gold-crowned head, "you have taught me a pleasant, useful lesson. I can hardly persuade myself to part with you, Ralph."

"What shall I do?" he exclaimed helplessly. "I feel that I could be a useful man — a good one — if he would let me have peace. But when he is near me I *hate* him — I feel unkind, and mean, and dispirited because I cannot stand up and hold my peace! Oh, you do

not know what I have had to bear!" With this pathetic exclamation he buried his head in his arms, ashamed of the unshed tears which his sorrow forced into his eyes.

I was silent. Sometimes silence is more eloquent than any touching speech of man, and here words would sound hollow and unmeaning at best. For his troubles were serious and heavy for so young a heart, and I felt their bitterness and weight almost as much as he did, by reason of my affection for him. And therefore my hands gently brushed his clustering curls, while the sympathy in my touch soothed and comforted him.

Suddenly he sat erect and, gazing into my face, caught both my hands in his.

"Captain," he said earnestly and with some effort, "will you come over and see Ethel about it?" The red flush of surprise and embarrassment which his question caused me caught his eye, and he hurriedly continued: "You might walk with us on the river bank, and Ethel always wears her veil there!"

I could not resist the temptation to smile at this latter speech, prompted as it was by his desire to prevent any unpleasant experience to myself. Indeed, I began to think that this could be the only course for me to take, if I would be of any assistance to the orphans in their present dilemma.

"When do you walk?" I inquired.

"It is near the hour now," answered the boy, glancing at the clock on the mantel; "you can come at once."

We soon traversed the space between our respective dwellings, and while a few rods away from the cottage, Ralph hastened to the tiny porch before it and called his sister in an impatient, eager way. It so happened that I was partially concealed behind a large hedge of lilac bushes which hid the approach to the house, and between the branches and foliage I had a survey of the door. I halted, and awaited the result of Ralph's summons.

The boy stood impatiently twisting some rose-vines, peering into the cottage. Then I saw a figure steal toward him from an arbor in the little garden — such a quaint, old-fashioned figure, that I rubbed my eyes in astonishment! It was Ethel, Ralph's sister, it is true, but the dress which trailed behind her in the closely-shaven lawn was of a dainty, faded, lemon-colored brocade, cut in the fashion of a hundred years ago, with its old laces, and the garniture of arms and head — all complete. The dark, rich masses of Ethel's hair, her graceful gestures as she glided toward her unconscious brother, the picture's perfection, has left an indellible impress in my heart.

Throwing her arms around his neck she kissed Ralph and ran laughingly toward my place of waiting.

In the confusion which resulted when Ralph revealed my presence — and the object of our intrusion — the ice of reserve was more than effectually broken. I entreated her to continue her walk with us in the large, boquet-dotted dress (which fitted her so prettily, yet withal

seemed to lend her more than ordinary stateliness), and after much embarrassed protest she consented.

"'Twas a surprise for Ralph," she explained with downcast eyes; "he has often asked me to put this on to see what grandmamma was like. They say I resemble her greatly."

"Yes," cried Ralph, skipping backward before us, "you're just like the old miniature!" and he laugh his silvery laugh, until we both smiled in sympathy.

But we soon became serious enough when the object of my visit was declared. I can recall how that well poised head was bent and how the cluster of roses on the lace-filled bosom trembled with other than the evening breeze's motion. The color and fragrance of that cluster of homely wallflowers is to-day my sweetest in the whole bountiful treasure heap of Flora's giving.

The result of our interview was not hopeful. I learned that the legal right remained only with the man to whom the guardianship had been entrusted. In the meanwhile I returned home to meditate and to devise some means of help.

Between our hopes and fears the first snow quietly fell upon our land. Several months had sped by and the face which Ralph had seen by the roadside had failed to appear at his cottage door. Hope revived. Perhaps, after all, he had been mistaken. By some subtle influence I found myself often wandering toward the little riverside house, many a time only keeping within the shadow of the old grove, and persuading myself that I was keeping watch for *him*. But in those silent, dreamy Indian summer days, my eyes' quick power would follow Ethel Ver Breck from window to window, as she moved about from room to room, and then, having seen her fair, calm face, I would return homeward, smiling the old smile and thinking the old thought: "Only a woman, Ray — one of thousands." But, strangely, my mind would emphasize one word and it would ring in my lonely heart, "*one* of a thousand!" The winter was half spent. Ethel and Ralph sometimes spent its long evening hours before the genial blaze of my study fire. I called them 'my children' now, and had vague fancies of stealing away some day, old and tired of earth, leaving them my books and the old mansion as mementos of my poor cynic existence. It came about that Ralph (who discovered every peculiarity I was encumbered with as well as every other fact of my dull life) proposed several sittings for pencil sketches of himself. With his characteristic impetusity he ferreted out my sketch-book and crayons, and after a creditable effort I managed to present him with a tolerable likeness. Whereupon Ethel begged a similar privilege, and I, willing to please, agreed, premising however that I should have one sitting for myself, with her in the attire in which I first spoke to her. This latter plan was nearly fulfilled. Two sittings had been granted for a truly successful portrait. We were one evening nearing the concluding touches. Ralph bent over my chair intent upon my movements, Ethel standing beside him with one hand resting on her brother's shoulder, the yellow dress and stained laces setting off her dark beauty in the full light of the lamp.

Suddenly the study door opened. I looked up and saw a strange face. Ethel and Ralph grew pale, clinging to each other by instinct.

Before I could arise, the stranger entered with an apology to me and addressed my friends:

"Well, my children, you have given me a precious sight of trouble! I've scoured the whole country for you—and here you are but a few miles from Overly!" Turning to Ralph he added menacingly: "This is your doing, you little wretch!"

Ralph clenched his little fists. "I am a gentleman's son!" he cried in a voice full of wrath and despair — the tone of which went to my very heart.

He turned to me with an eloquent gesture. Ethel cast her eyes upon the floor.

"You have made some mistake, sir," I began. Ethel started and looked into my face with a haunted, eager glance. That look prompted me. I stepped forward and placed myself between him and his wards, adding: "Are you aware that you are intruding here?"

"What right have *you* to interfere?" asked the newcomer hotly.

I took Ethel's cold, trembling hand in mine.

"This," I said calmly, while Ralph crept toward me and placed his arms around my waist, "this right, sir—the right of a *husband!*

* * * * * * *

Of course there was trouble afterward. We were involved in a tedious, exasperating law suit, but when the last writ was served and the last case heard, Ethel Van Breck became my wife, and Ralph,—well, ask him — for there he comes up the lawn on his bicycle, singing at the top of his sweet, clear treble:

"Douglas! Douglas!
Tender and true."

"Hullo, Ray!" (this to me; my name is Raymond) "what do you think I've done? Well, I've taken the sketch down to be painted."

"What sketch?" I ask.

He smiles and shakes that golden head of his at us, answering:

"Ethel's. Don't you remember? — the one in brocade and lavender."

JASMINE.

A tall spreading orange tree, with its fruit gleaming like balls of dull gold among its glossy foliage; behind it a thick hedge of pale olive shrubbery, dotted here and there with snowy blossoms, fragrant, and with wax-like petals; that is the setting of a picture which might have stirred the heart of Raphael.

Only two children, a boy and a girl were there; two buds of a life of fruitful possibilities, nothing more.

She winsome with all the charms of innocent childhood; her face surrounded by a mass of richly colored hair, like a halo of shimmering bronze. Her features are not perfect, but they foretell the unfolding of rare beauty; she has sweet lips which you or I hardly dare to

kiss, because so much of ill and sin have robbed ours of the purity which hovers about the curves of hers— sweet lips, yet full of character withal. She kneels upon one knee before her playmate; his hands rest upon her shoulders, while hers circle his waist.

He, erect, unconscious of the manly aspect of the attitude, gazes into the brown eyes of his companion, smiling in a boyish, half-disdainful fashion. His face is beautiful to an uncommon degree, inviting a second glance, and causing one to think. involuntarily, of angel groups and death. Very fair is his high white brow, with its visible tracery of blue veins upon the temples; his hair is of the golden sheen of tender childhood, clustering thickly under his little blue-bound hat.

A white flannel blouse and gray knee clothes envelope his slender form and heighten the purity af his fair face.

It is no wonder little Mary, kneeling before him in the perfect abandon of her childish affection, says:

"Woodie, I love you so!"

The whole world seemed to turn its loving heart toward that fair face, yet how little response was awakened in Woodland Dameron's heart.

His lips curled just the least, just sufficient to lend some charm to the scorn which struggled in his face.

"Shoo!" he said, softly swaying his body; "you don't mean a word you say."

The speech brings tears to Mary's eyes, but the little martyr does not shed them. Only yesterday the same wayward boy had told her that a black bee, humming over the Mareschal Neils, was harmless, and dared her to catch him. And spurned by the great love within her, she had boldly caught the busy insect, nor had a single cry escaped her lips when his words proved untrue and the fierce pain inflicted by the angry creature had almost made her faint away upon the greensward.

So he smiled.

"You never believe me Woodie!" she answered softly, "but I do love you. I would do *anything* for you!"

Woodland turned his face away. Those brown eyes gazed into his violet ones and stirred the depths of his young heart, so that he could not brave them.

Suddenly he reverted to her again. "Mary," he said hesitatingly, with a lingering of the pitiful smile hovering on his lips still, "I shall not call you Mary any more — I'll call you 'Jasmine,'— may I?"

His pride gave way, even his smile vanished. His tender child nature was master for one brief moment. He bent over and kissed her pure lips, flushing like a rose as he performed it, and then he ran out in the sun-lit field, leaving his playmate alone in the shadow of the jasmine and the orange.

A little silver anchor was lying where Woodland stood; it fell from his sailor blouse, when he unwound her arms from his waist. Mary saw it, and threaded it upon a slender chain which hung around

her neck, then she picked a chaste flower from the bush, and followed the wayward boy.

A little episode, a common one! the reader will exclaim, but such as have often told in mute significance the horoscope of a life. Have we not paused suddenly in some action in our lives, when the startling revelation crowded upon us that somewhere and at some time, long ago, we had performed this same thing in exactly the same conditions, and who can tell but that, in the misty past our child deeds have mimicked the future on an auspicious day; leaving the impression on our minds a hidden fact until the magic key of memory throws open the sealed enclosures and reveals prototype and ideal face to face! It certainly seemed so to Woodland Dameron, fifteen years later, as he halts one day in the crowded precincts of Broadway, spellbound by the peculiar odor which a flower-girl wafted to him from her little basket of moistened rose-buds.

"What is your name?" he asked, looking curiously at the child, and wondering what impulse led him to stop and put the question.

"Mary, sir," replied the girl, "Will you buy my flowers? Roses, tea-roses, tubes, jasmine —"

"Where are they?" interrupted the young man.

"Here — three. They are all I've got." She lifted a handful of moss and produced three white blossoms, for which Woodland paid thrice their value, saying carelessly: "This was once my favorite flower. Why did they not call you Jasmine, it is prettier than Mary." It was then the thought flashed upon him, 'Where had he done this deed before.'

Among all his numerous acquaintances he recalled none whose name might be Mary, plain, simple, Mary, devoid of foreign accentation, or other embellishment. And so, knitting his brows, he wended his way to his cozy rooms where many a dainty note pleaded his acceptance and hinted at more than passing regard.

It was still the same with him. All the world loved this proud, wealthy planter's son, paying eager homage to his graceful form and the magic dollars which enhanced it. But its adulation failed to touch a single responsive chord under the placid, courtly exterior of Woodland Dameron. The same proud smile sometimes flitted across his face — I say *sometimes*, for he had learned the danger lurking behind too many of these disdainful manifestations. He had no prominent vices, at least none had left their traces on his blooming cheek and unfurrowed brow. Men rarely sought his society except such as valued the *prestige* of his universal popularity and his wealth. Women adored him, and longed to see his passive face stirred by some deeper current than the even tenor of his life afforded.

One evening the usual murmur of approval greeted his ears as he entered a select party and gave a cursory glance around the well filled rooms. He saw the same faces, costumes, and occupations which had met his eyes countless times before, and the sight called forth an unmistakable look of weariness upon his face.

"How inordinately *blase* young Dameron is!" exclaimed a guest to his partner, "One would think the whole world is not good enough for him!"

"But is he not superb, though!" murmured the lady, following Woodland with admiring eyes. "How slightly he is built, yet they say he has done wonders in India and other foreign places."

"Do you admire him?" asked the young man earnestly.

"No — and yes," was the reply, "one admires horses and — and other things you know. He is distinguished, as I have said — but he is an icicle!"

Meanwhile Woodland had passed from group to group, greeted friendly by them and returning their civilities with studied politeness. He was bowing his way through a cluster of elderly ladies and old beaux, when a high-pitched voice accosted him:

"Woodie! at last I have found you! Dear, dear! what a search I have had!"

And a little woman tripped to his side and laid a detaining hand upon his arm. The young man started and turned rather hastily. "Aunt D'Arcy!" he exclaimed, "when did you come?" He addressed a thin, wrinkled face, pitifully yellow under its meagre mask of cosmetic and the compassionate softness of surrounding illuminations.

"Have you been here long?" he added as he led her to an alcove sheltered by palms and exotics.

"No," answered the lady, "only a few days ago. Woodland, Dagobert is sick — he is dangerously sick — and I came to tell you."

They had reached the quiet nook and Madame had seated herself while Woodland remained standing before her. Her last words affected him visibly.

"Dagobert!" he cried in an undertone, "is he not at Baton Rouge!" Madame glanced at him hastily. She had grown very grave as she delivered her message, her ostrich fan ceased to trifle with her coiffure.

"Did they not tell you? she asked in return. "Do you not read the papers — is it possible you do not know?"

Woodland grew pale.

"Tell me, Aunt," he said calmly, but his breath came hard, "what has happened?"

"Why he was ill at Baton Rouge — the whole academy was sick — and they sent him home. It was horrible, Woodland! I have dreamed of it." She shuddered, and added: "I shall never go back again!"

"There is more to tell," said Woodland coldly, looking full at her.

Madame D'Arcy drew her little square of cambric from its receptacle and brushed away a few real tears.

"Do not think hard of me, mon cher," she pleaded. "He clung to me — think of it Woodie! and the hot breath of the fever from his mouth —— ugh! I shall faint when I recall it!"

"He is my brother, Aunt D'Arcy," said Woodland colder still, "have you left him *alone* on the plantation, with the unreliable servants?"

"O no, no!" quickly answered his aunt, "there is old Fifine, your nurse, Woodland — she would die for Dagobert or you —"

"Yes!" exclaimed the young man bitterly, "she would!"

"There is a nurse too, a carefully educated white nurse —"

Woodland produced his watch.

"The train leaves in half an hour," he said. "Will you present my excuses to our hostess? —"

Madame started to her feet and clutched his arm.

"You will not go South, — there!" she exclaimed. "It is madness!"

"I shall go," he answered. "Be careful, or you will attract attention to us!" He moved away.

"Woodland!" entreated Madame, "it is certain death!"

"Dagobert is more than life to ME," answered he, and he left the room.

It lacked a few moments for the departure of the south-bound express when Woodland Dameron's carriage rolled up before the depot. In his haste he had forgotten the white blossom which clung to his coat where it had been placed by his careful valet a few hours previous, and when he stepped into the deserted station and saw it, partly faded, hanging from his button hole, he caught it and would have crushed it under his heal, but for a peculiar perfume exhaled from the dying flower, that of the jasmine growing sweeter as it perishes.

"Poor Dagobert!" muttered the young man, "this is *his* favorite flower — as — long ago — it was mine also."

How strange it was that of late that white blossom should intrude upon his memory so pertinently and often! He forgot that by some freak of Fashion, the fancy of the fashionable world had alighted upon it, and in consequence its chaste petals gleamed upon the walls, and 'etageres, and consols, to lend its fair grace to the evenings' pastimes, wherever Fashion congregated.

As the train dashed on in the silent night, Woodland gazed out into the darkness, which was here and there relieved by flashes of light from the moving car, falling upon bare, gaunt tree trunks or gray rocks by the roadside. Now and then a shrill whistle announced his approach to some slumbering village, and he caught glimpses of white cottages and trim fences as he was whirled through it, wondering how much of this world's woe could be found among its sleeping inmates. And so on toward the dewy land, where the sycamore hung its sad moss draperies from bough to bough, and the night wind rustled coldly through the laurels; where the magnolia was scattering her petals — alas! no longer chaste and white, but bruised and brown and shivering in the cold dews of the winter solstice.

His eyes were beginning to close in dull sleep, when a hand was laid on his shoulder and the conductor's voice aroused him:

"We will reach Florisand in four minutes," he said, "you will have time to jump off; I have given orders to slack up for you."

The young man thanked him fervently, and aroused his servant

in the next compartment, and when the latter had gathered their scanty traveling accessories together, there was a perceptible decrease in the speed of the train, and in a few moments they were enabled to leap from it upon a platform abutting from a tiny hut, which the owner of Florisand plantation was wont to call, by way of apology, "the station." The two wayfarers found a closed carriage drawn up near this place, and an old negro hurried toward them as they approached it.

"Laws 'a massy! am dat yo'—yo' own sef—Mass' Woodie! Lor' bress yo' honey—yo' should not 'ave com'd yeah!"

Woodland grasped the man's hand in his own.

"How is he—my brother?" he asked with a tremor in his voice.

But the old man was busy with the horses and seemed not to hear him. He opened the door and motioned for the young man to enter.

Woodland shivered and drew his cloak about him.

"Get in," he said to his valet, "I will sit with Dan outside."

"Now, Mars'," protested the negro, affectionately tapping his arm, "dis yere am to wet a night fo' you to be sittin' up dar in dey cole and doo. It aint no use Mars."

Woodland however decided by vaulting into the coachman's seat and turning up his collar.

"How long has he been sick," he asked when they threaded their way among the dark oaks and pecans through which the road-way wound, "tell me the *truth!*"

Daniel peered into his master's face. "Sho'," he mused aloud, "dey said yo' done fo'got yo' little brother—all fo'got—an' he called yo' *so*, Mars' Woodie—I yeered him way down on de kitchen gallery—and Fifine she said it was enough to bring yo' down home, ef you yeered it up deh in de Norf!"

"How long?" asked the youth, shivering again.

"He's been yeah deas fo' weeks, see, Mars' Woodie, he'd done got well free times—yes sah—free times and den he was sot back ebbery time, wasser than the fust—, and den—"

"Yes—" said Woodland waiting for him to continue, with a sickening foreboding at his heart. Four weeks! How had those four weeks been wantonly thrown away among men and women whose false smiles and vapid conversation had almost maddened him with *ennui* and disgust!

"Mars' Dallas he tuck it too," said Daniel shaking his head.

"Who was with the *boy?*"

The question was forced from between the young man's chattering teeth, and the old servant murmured:

"Dar! now yo' see—you'se caught a drefful cold out yeah, Mars' Woodie—an' I tole yo' not to come."

"Answer me," said the young man sternly.

"Well, deys Missis D'Arcy, she stay till de doctor said it was ketchin—*den* SHE went up to New Yawk—"

Woodland groaned aloud.

"Now Mars, what could *she* do—she sot and cried—and cried

—and cried — and said we was all a dyin', an' a comin' to an end,— and she tuck Polly an' M'ria away with her, den de odder help went away —"

"My God!" did they leave him *alone* on the plantation?"

"Oh no, no, no, no!" deprecated Daniel quickly, "Fifine an' I we stayed, an' dere was dat Sister — she come —"

"What Sister — what do you mean —"

"Now of course I get things mixed. Well, dere's a nurse done come with Mars' Bert all de way from Bating Rouge, she some Sister of Charity, or some such like, and she said she'd come to take keer ob de boy — an' she kinder know'd Mars Bert when he was a'trabelin' wid de folks las' summer —"

Woodland needed no more, he had heard enough. Was there need to tell him how all but two old faithful servants fled from the mansion leaving its young inmate to their tender, but ignorant solicitude. Bitterly did he denounce the powdered, wrinkled face of his aunt D'Arcy as it flitted before his imagination. Poor Dagobert! Poor, poor Dagobert! His only brother — his only kinsman in blood! That they should have kept it from him! He forgot that Daniel was unable to commune with him, and that the nearest neighbor was miles away — perhaps a fugitive from his neglected lands himself — as he had been!

Presently the white massive pillars of his planter-residence arose out of the darkness of their trellis of honey suckle, in the gray dusk of the morning. From one of the upper windows — from the room which he had always shared with his brother, came the yellow gleam of a burning lamp, and it seemed to send a hot flush into his cold figure crouching impatiently at the coachman's side. With a leap he gained the piazza and dashed into the house casting off his wraps and hurrying toward that beacon-light in the upper chamber which he knew so well.

He saw not the ominous signs of preparation in the long, thickly carpeted hall — he heeded not those large vases filled with Mareschal Neil and the deep beds of purple violets here and there on table and pedestal, but when the door glided open at his touch and he stood upon the threshold of his room, he felt a rush of heavy perfume surge into his face, the odor of many jasmines scattered upon the large smooth bed where Dagobert — white and unearthly lay — dead. Ah! what need to sink beside him *now* and kiss the waxen hand and cheeks, which nevermore on this earth can respond to his endearments! Too late — alas — indeed!

A grave voice startled him — and a cool hand, soft and trembling, touched his —:

"You are imperiling your life, sir," said the voice, and he turned vaguely, gazing upon a grey dress hanging in heavy folds upon a tall slender form. The white badge of her sisterhood, her white linen and her fair calm face have a strange purity in his eyes, which had seen many fairer faces and more elaborately decked forms than hers. Her low, even voice fell upon the dull beating of his throbbing veins like cooling showers.

"What do you say to me of *peril!*" he answered, "he is my only brother — and I *loved* him — I have never loved any other human being on this earth!" He turned to the sweet young face among the jasmines, sobbing; "O — my Dagobert — my Dagobert — my Dagobert! I would have given a thousand lives for thine!"

Again the cold hands touch him, but firmly, upon his square shoulders, and force him from the couch. He follows their steady pressure, and is led into the hall, and gazing backward over the cross upon the nurse's arm, he looks once more upon the silent form. Then the flood gates give way. Like a little child, Woodland weeps upon the great hall rug, where the calm hands have gently allowed him to lie down. Presently his sobs cease to shake his slight figure, he rises wearily and clings for support to the statues upon which the first rays of the sun cast a trembling golden sheen. It was as if time had stolen years from his perfect face, and left only a remnant of fleeting days thereon, so worn and aged did it seem — so full of indescribable change.

At one of the windows sat the nurse, her hands clasped before her — her profile cut clearly against the dull green of the climbing vines around it. Her eyes were partly closed, and her hood had fallen back a little, exposing a waving mass of auburn hair drooping over her fair brow. The thick carpet waked no sounds. She heard not — so softly resting — how Woodland stepped quicker — discarding the support of the statues — a strange light in his eyes — staring at her, as he came across the floor.

It is said the power of personal magnetism can anticipate human will and action, and portray upon a negative mind the intention, or passing of thought, ere they have time to give visible evidence of their working. A phenomenon similar to this seemed to actuate the sleeping woman. She started suddenly to her feet, exclaiming:

"Yes — yes — it is I — —" and Woodland grasped her hands in his eager surprise.

"Mary!" he said brokenly, "what means this all? How came you here — or am I dreaming. *You* were with my brother — You heard him call for me? Why was I not sent for at once."

Mary turned her face aside.

"How could we send?" she asked sadly in return. "You were constantly moving from place to place. He wrote to me in his first illness at Baton Rouge, and I have been with him ever since. The academy was closed, and I came with him hither. Do you not think we tried to find you? Poor Madame, your aunt, started out for you —"

Woodland interrupted her with a gesture of impatience.

"Was there no hope — no remedy?" he entreated, still holding her white hand in his own.

"None," she answered gently. "Think you that I would have left any untried?" She drew her hand away, adding, "He made a brave struggle for his life — thrice — but it was destined otherwise."

A little pause ensued. She leaned wearily against the casement clasping her fingers together before her, watching the creepers swaying

in the morning air. Woodland with one arm resting on a pedestal near him quietly scanned her face.

"He loved you," she continued, presently, "as I have rarely known brothers to love —"

"It was returned a thousand fold," said Woodland softly, "I think my heart was callous to every other feeling —"

"If you could only have come!"

"Ah — *if* —" repeated he bitterly.

Just then a golden ray leaped out between the trembling leaves and played upon her face. Her eyes met his quietly, gravely.

"Your loss is indeed great," she said, "no sympathy like mine can assuage it," and she moved away.

He followed her with his glance as she glided down the great hall with stately graceful steps, and he wished she had staid a little while longer beside him, in the silent place.

It all recurred to him now! He remembered, dimly, the childish passion which Mary once poured out before him. "Could she care still?" he conjectured. Hardly, for the gray uniform told its story, its tale of denial, self-abnegation, and devotion to a purer, holier life. And yet, he reasoned, her devotion to his brother had some hidden spring. True, many noble and gifted women had donned the garb of her order, and had gone as she went, into the misery and sorrow of tempest tossed lives, to soothe and heal and ease the last moments of fleeting existence. But why should she have come to Florisand, where part of her youth had been spent and where but two or three lonely ones were fainting in the clutches of the saffron plague, whilst not many miles beyond a whole city was lying in the same fatal embrace. And so he stood there vaguely analysing and seeking for motives, while his heart still throbbed under its new burden of sorrow. A little did he guess of the truth, the least atom of a woman's marvelous love, but that little found a place in his breast, to yield a late, though imperfect harvest.

I have no love story to tell you, gentle reader. In those days of terror, when the fever swept like a fierce breath of fire across our Southland, men thought of naught save the inch to inch conflict with Death. Mary Barton had no leisure to dwell upon the possible fruition of some of her most secret hopes — if indeed any such were permitted to fill her gentle heart. Hovering over *his* couch, as she had been over Dagobert's — she fought with all her unequal strength against the degraded foe, and saw with sinking and despair that she was driven back and her labors were in vain.

Thus approached the hour of the crisis. It came near midnight. The young man tossed to and fro calling incessantly for those who had been near him long ago, but were now at rest. It came slowly indeed.

Except for the presence of Fifine and Daniel in the big kitchen in the distant wing of the house, she and her patient were alone on the vast, neglected acres of that plantation. For miles around them could not be seen the gleam of one friendly light; one could not hear the baying of a neighbor's hounds. Stillness reigned under the darkening

sky, where the moon occasionally flitted between torn clouds and hastily hid herself again, as if to shun the sight of so much misery. The hands of the noiseless night lamp wandered toward midnight; Mary knelt beside the couch, her hands clasped and resting her wan face against them, as she watched his closed eyes.

There was a slight movement of the lips — a little moan, and Woodland suddenly looked into her face.

The change had come.

Mary saw it. Like a mother shielding her child, she drew him to her breast. "Oh, no,— no!" she moaned, "not him — O Jesu — spare him — save him?"

The blue eyes lighten up with a sudden, unreal fire, his thin lips part and say: "Kiss me," and bending over him, she wedded her virgin life to his fleeting, dying breath, in one last caress, while he said, quite distinctly: "Jesus — Mary."

* * * * * * * *

Fifine sits by her place at the kitchen window, where she has a view of the window which leads to the residence, and of the silvery bayou, which winds in and out among the tall trees toward the West. There is a busy hum from the cotton press and she keeps tune with it in one of those weird, melancholy songs of her race, as she picks a dish of fragrant strawberries. Suddenly she pauses, her turban turns towards the avenue and she beholds a carriage drawing up behind two beautiful horses of raven black hue. The crystal bowl is placed upon the table in an instant and she rises and hurries toward the large hall, where a pale face bends over an array of papers and document-like packages.

"Miss Mary," she says, with indescribable softness and affection in her peculiar voice, "Ma'm D'Arcy and the lawyer are coming — "

Mary looks up, calmly —

"And to-day, Fifine, I will be mistress of Florisand — you and I, will keep *his* heritage and their graves from the touch of strangers' hands. Is it not so?"

"Lor' bless yo' honey," answers the serving woman, tearfully, "yo' b'longed hyar all the time — Mars Woodie an' yo'. De Lord's will be done."

Madame often drives over from "Beau Blessant" after this. She is no longer Madame D'Arcy, but the wife of the exiled Marquis De Vaux, who is making terrific inroads in her ample dowry and the lately acquired inheritance which fell to her after "dear Woodie's" death. Florisand was purchased by Mary Barton. Among the neglected fields of the country it flourishes and prospers under her calm direction like a green oasis in Sahara, and many an idle lounger has vainly sighed to share the enterprise with her.

WILLIAM ROGERS ANTISDEL.

Mr. Will R. Antisdel entered the ranks in the early part of 1883. He first issued the *Peninsular Press.* Afterwards he published several spasmodic numbers of *Qui Vive.* He was

the most original and oddly unique member of the fraternity. He could hardly be termed a poet, but his verses had a decided piquant flavor that made them interesting despite their deficiencies. He had a vein of very original humor which penetrated all his writings. His most taking effort was a bit of fancy entitled "To Mary," published in *American Sphinx*, September, 1885. He wrote a satirical poem entitled "The Siege of Gicacho," which was published anonymously in pamphlet form. He also wrote: The Modern Craze, *Stars and Stripes*, Sept. 1888; After Reading Keats, *Nugget*, July 1889; Rondeau, *Stylus*, Jan. 1890; In Memory of Edward E. Stowell, *Stars and Stripes*, Jan. 1889; The Song of the Growler, *Bohemia*, May 1889. He writes:

My muse has silent been, and scarce hath dared
To touch her lute at every passing song
Born in her brain. Amid the singing throng
Her silent way hath she, not joyless, fared.

RONDEAU.

In cap and bells I sport to-day,
Yet not therein my spirit dwells;
My heart is sad, though clad so gay
In cap and bells.
Under the motley ebbs and swells
The passions of a higher clay:
Ambitious, heartsick, rapt, by spells,
Just as the passing whim has sway,—
Little this fool's garb ever tells
Of noble thoughts and learning gray
In cap and bells.

THE MODERN CRAZE.

How easy 'tis to turn a graceful sonnet
Upon the anvil of a passing whim;
To pen lines fourteen very neat and trim
Upon a glove, a lattice rose, or bonnet;
To muse a quip and rhyme a spell upon it,
Albeit the climax shines a little dim!
What thou there's none his verses sweet to skim,
At least himself with pleasure pure will con it.
Just fourteen lines—it doesn't look so grim;
The undertaking seems indeed a sane thing:
With double rhymes his brain doth over-brim,
To air them off is surely not a vain thing:
Though motive lacks, what matter it to *him?*
To write a sonnet— that's, egad, the main thing!

TO MARY.

O, Cupid is a little boy,
  Sly, chubby, bright, and merry!
His smile is animated joy,
  His carriage light and airy,
His two eyes twinkle like the stars,
  In rapture quite ecstatic:
There's more of Venus than of Mars
  In all those winks erratic!

His undress uniform is pink
  And rosy red and lily;
To clothe him otherwise, I think,
  Would be extremely silly!
His wings outdo the butterfly
  In their summer sunset blush;
They're tinted with a modesty,
  And shaded with a hush!

When Adam woke and viewed the charms
  Of her the Lord created.
Eve brought him Cupid in her arms,
  New-born and consecrated!
Had Ponce de Leon known the truth,
  He had no need to rove;
The Fountain of Perpetual Youth
  Is always found in Love.

His bow is curved quite *recherche*,
  After the latest fashion;
His arrow-tips are dipt, they say,
  Each in some tender passion.
Sped from his bow, where'er they be,
  They always stir up love anew:
When Cupid shoots his shaft for me,
  Mary—I pray he'll aim at you!

BRAINERD PRESCOTT EMERY.

Mr. B. P. Emery, founded the *Sentinel* in 1882, and in that year began to contribute to the amateur press. The *Sentinel* was continued until 1886, when its place was taken by a magazine called *Athenia*, which was published for about a year. Mr. Emery was on the staff of the *Ubiquitous* in 1886, and in 1890 was one of the editors of *Dilettante*. In 1885 he was elected official editor of the national association. As an author he was very prolific, perhaps more so than any other writer of recent years, but this large numerical record was attained somewhat at the expense of the quality of his productions. This was especially true in regard to his poems. Mr.

Emery was at times a poet. His inspiration flashed forth in strong lines and strong poems, but he wrote a great deal that was not inspired. He was seldom original in his methods, and evidently deemed it better to follow some of the existing so-called schools of poetry than to seek something new. He was not a perfect master of technique, and imperfect rhymes and examples of faulty meter were not infrequent. There was also not only a tendency towards tautology in some of his poems but there were many repetitions of the same words. He sometimes made use of false images, too, and his epithets were not always happily chosen. But some of his poetical work reached a very exalted plane. He could write such magnificent descriptive lines as these, for instance :

> The sun gave one
> Last glow, was swallowed up by clouds, and all
> Was dark and purple, save a faint gold mist
> Just where the sun had shone. Great gusts of wind
> Blew in her face, and grew to hurricanes
> That whistled up the cliff, and beat the sea,
> And tore the waves, and made the white foam fly,
> As if the rising seas were champing steeds
> Impatient at the bit. And all the while
> The wind grew stronger, and the sky more dark,
> And distant thunder muttered, rumbling deep
> And solemn, and a sharp gold spear of light
> Clove the dark sky, transfixing a great rock,
> And glancing on its slippery sides. *The Fisher's Wife.*

His fancy at times burst forth in such happy conceits as this:

> For Nature's smile is sweet and fair,
> And Art is Nature's daughter,
> In whom are copied Nature's moods,
> Her tears and gleeful laughter.
>
> *In An Artist's Studio.*

There was one gift possessed at times by Mr. Emery more than by his contemporaries. This was his power of mingling the intellectual and the fanciful. As for example

> Life is a web of tangled mesh,
> Of soft and harsh lines intertwined,
> The cords that bind and cut the flesh,
> Some never know and never find.
>
> *To General Grant.*

A more marked instance of this was in his poem "The Twin Misers," *Brilliant*, March, 1884, which was, all things considered, his best poem. One of his striking couplets was

> Tears are not alone regret :
> One can smile and not forget. *Tears.*

In his longer and more ambitious poems he was somewhat uneven. There was a great deal true poetry, but Mr. Emery's inspiration somehow seemed at times to give out, and let the reader down with an uncomfortable jolt, and the worst of it was, Mr. Emery seemed to be the only person unconscious of the fact, and so continued to write line after line before his inspiration returned. His best sustained effort of length was Enid and Ivan, *Sentinel*, November, 1885. The Fisher's Wife, *Ubiquitous*, November, 1886, was not so good, though it contained excellent passages. Mr. Emery entered, in different years, the following poems for the laureateship: The Maiden's Leap, *Mohawk Warrior*, March, 1883; The Angel's Gift, *American Sphinx*, November, 1883; To General Grant, *Messenger*, Summer, 1885; Enid and Ivan, *Sentinel*, November, 1885; Pan, Pan is Dead, *Arena*, 1888; Tears, *Dilettante*, June, 1890. Pan, Pan is Dead, secured for him the title. Some of Mr. Emery's shorter poems were published in book form by Mr. J. Parmly Paret, under the title "Sunshine and Shadow." Soon after his longer poems were printed in a tasteful volume by Mr. C. N. Andrews, called "In the Haunts of Bloom and Bird." Mr. Emery wrote the following poems: Bliss, *Argonaut*, Sept. 1883; To a Rose Bud, *Blade of Grass;* Dream of the Ages, *Stars and Stripes*, Feb. 1884; To a Water Lily, *Trojan Times*, July, 1883; Ode to Virgil, *Sentinel*, April, 1883; Serenade, *Sentinel*, April, 1884; Dawn of Love, *Sentinel*, April, '84; At the End, *Sentinel*, August, '85; Speech, *Sentinel*, Mar. '84; Six and Sixteen, *Sentinel*, May, '85; A Lover's Farewell, *Gardner Messenger;* The Deceiver, *Northern Breezes*, Dec. '82; Gustave Dore, *Northern Breezes*, July, '84; Zephyr's Message, *Beacon Light*, Oct. '85; A Maiden's Soliloquy, *Beacon Light*, Sept. '83; Adieu, *Trojan Times*, May, '83; At Rest, *Commentator*, Feb '84; My Love, *Commentator*, Nov. '83; Star of Hope, *Junior Press*, Oct. '83; To a Friend, *Junior Press*, Dec. '83; To the Breeze, *Junior Press*, Dec. '83; In the Shadows, *Capitol*, Sept. '83; No Heart, *Caprice*, Aug. '83; To My Love, *Youth's Favorite*, May, '83; Her Eyes, *Bostonian*, Sept. '83; Only One Word, *Enterprise*, July, '83; Flesh and the Soul, *Telephone*, April, '84; Girlhood, *Telephone*, Mar. '84; The Desert, *Telephone*, Feb. '84; Hope, *Guide*, July, '83; Music Can Comfort, *Point*, Dec. '83; If Love were Dead, *Point*, Jan. '84; Peek-a-Boo, *N. E. Official*, Mar. '84; To a Shell, *Our Compliments*, Nov. '83; Dream Maiden, *Courier*, Nov. '83; Gloom and Sunshine, *Courier*, Dec. '83; A Conquering Love, *Am. Argosy*,

April, '84 ; Love-Lit, *Twin City Amateur*, Nov. '84 ; Keats, *N. C. Amateur*, Sept. '84 ; The Year, *Idle Hours;* Rosetti, *Waverly*, Aug. '84 ; By the Brookside, *Signal*, Dec. '84 ; Soul Communion, *Signal*, July, '84 ; The Midnight Promise, *Messenger*, Sept. '84 ; Imprisoned Heart, *Dart*, April, '84 ; The Heart's Harp, *New Century*, Dec. '84 ; The Bee's Mistake, *Brilliant*, Jan. '85 ; Time, *Phantasmus*, Feb. '85 ; To the Nightingale, *Bayonne Budget;* Reveries of a Broken Heart, *Gnome*, June, '85 ; Summer Noon, *Gnome*, June, '84; Quatrains, *Violet*, June, '85 ; The Pure in Heart, *Zephyr*, Mar. '84 ; Waking of the Flowers, *Bric-a-Brac*, Nov. '85 ; A Rose, *Youth*, Oct. '85 ; Fame, *Sentinel*, July, '83 ; Mourning by the Sea, *Sentinel*, Aug. '83 ; In an Artist's Studio, *Sentinel*, Sept. '83 ; Pages of the Book of Life, *Sentinel*, Sept. '83 ; The Mournful Winds, *Sentinel*, Dec. '83 ; The Ashes of a Burnt-out Fire, *Sentinel*, Dec. '83 ; Evening, *Sentinel*, Jan. '84 ; Death, *Will-o'-the-Wisp*, Jan. '85 ; Martyr at the Stake, *Will-o'-the-Wisp*, Jan. '85 ; Quatrains, *Stars and Stripes*, Mar. '86; Quatrains, *Sentinel*, Nov. '85 ; Ballade of Discontent, *Forget me Not;* The Sun and the Moon, *Forget me Not;* The Dying Poet, *Forget me Not;* Personality, *Picayune*, Dec. '86 ; Dawn, *Kansas Zephyr*, December, '85 ; In Winter, *Litera*, Dec. '85 ; Evening, *Violet*, Dec. '85 ; Indian Summer, *Duett*, Nov. '85 ; Sunset, *Criterion*, Sept. '85 ; Constancy, *Comet*, Sept. '85 ; A Summer Shower, *Carrier Dove*, Dec. '85 ; When Daylight Dies, *Violet*, June, '86 ; What am I? *Violet*, June, '86 ; E. A. Poe, *E. A. Journal*, June, '85 ; Margie, *Canada*, Oct. '86 ; The Knickerbocker, *Knickerbocker*, July, '86 ; In Achaia, *One*, August, '86 ; Across the Snow, *Canada*, Dec. '86 ; To Frank Dempster Sherman, *Athenia*, July, '87 ; To an Old Picture, *Athenia*, July, '87 ; Unappreciated Merit, *Athenia*, July, '87 ; A Literary Spendthrift, *Athenia*, July, '87 ; Some Loves, *Athenia*, April, '87 ; O, that hearts might follow, *Athenia*, April, '87 ; Quatrains, *Highland Breezes*, April, '87; Doubt, *New Moon*, Aug. '87 ; A Song of Summer, *Bijou*, Nov. '87 ; At Christmas, *Alert*, Dec. '87 ; Kismet, *Wisconsin Youth*, Dec. '87 ; Summer Days, *Highland Breezes*, Jan. '88; A Winter Rhyme, *Mistletoe*, Jan. '88 ; Winter Sunset, *Sphinx*, Dec. '82 ; Legend of the Connecticut, *Sphinx*, Sept. '85 ; How The Hero Fell, *Litera*, May '86 ; To Noll Goldsmith, *Nugget*, April '90 ; Summer Days, *Dilettante*, May '90 ; Tears, *Dilettante*, June '90 ; The Old Fort, *Messenger*, Aug. '90 ; Destiny, *Rising Age*, Nov. '90 ; In Summer Night, *Red Letter Days*, Oct. '90.

IF LOVE WERE DEAD.

If love were dead the world would lose its light,
The sun would hide its face behind a cloud;
From earth enwrapt in darkness like a shroud
Joy in mad haste would wing its weary flight;
All nature would be blasted by a blight,
The trees and flowers would die and lose their green,
Ah! desolate and drear would be the scene,
For day would then become a starless night.

If love were dead our hearts would cease to beat,
The flesh might live, but ah! the soul would die,
From hour to hour the barren hearts would sigh,
And pray death's knell to moan out life's defeat,
For death no more our throbbing hearts could dread,
For life is death, if love, alas, be dead!

THE TWIN MISERS.

The miser, Night, hath stolen all the gold
That lay heaped up within the distant west,
And to his heart the yellow wealth hath prest,
And then o'er earth his sable robe unrolled.
The miser, Death, hath stolen joys untold
That I held cherished in my throbbing breast,
And left to me but care and drear unrest
Where had been feelings of a different mold.

The Night and Death are misers: twins are they;
The one steals gold from out the dying day,
The other, gold from out my throbbing heart!
The precious gold which I had treasured up,
As water in the ship-wrecked sailor's cup,
And fondly prayed it never would depart.

THE BEE'S MISTAKE.

Where rich red clover-blossoms wooed the bees
And overbillowed in the fragrant grass,
And luscious blackberries hung their tangled mass,
Half-moved and trembled by the passing breeze
That swept the verdant, daisy-studded seas,
Above her fingers' rosy tips half-hid in grass
A golded-vested bee did hovering pass
And seek therefrom the clover's rich increase.

O strange it was not, for the clover's bloom
Is not more sweet than thou; and 'mid the grass
Thy fingers peeped out from the tangled mass
And looked like blossoms; while the grass-blade's plume
Nodded above thy clover-blossom hand.
O love, the bee's mistake I understand!

WHAT AM I?

What am I? If Death should call me
Far across the sea of sleep,
Still the world would keep its tumult,
One, and one alone, might weep.

What am I? The birds would carol
Just as sweetly should I die,
And the flowers would bloom as often,
One, and one alone, might sigh.

What am I? The world would hasten
Onward o'er the barren heap
Which should rise above my body,
One, and one alone, might weep.

What am I? But let this solace
Ever lull me when I sleep,
Though the world and flowers forget me,
One would sigh and one would weep.

PAN, PAN IS DEAD.

The woodland haunts that knew him once, the groves
Where grew the sweet wildrose, the eglantine,
Whose buds and bloom gave sweeter breath when he
Went wandering, blowing on his reed, and when
He sang his songs, and played the lute the while,—
The woodland haunts he loved where bird and bloom
Were gladdened by his presence, now no more
Shall hear his fluting, nor his footsteps hear!
O lonely woods, and birds and bud and bloom,
O winds that swept his music on, and fanned
His flushing cheek, our glorious Pan is dead!
The brook, the happy brook whose silvery laugh
Rang clearly out when o'er the stones it ran
And cast the foam up in the air, — the brook
Will never hear again our minstrel's notes,
Will never hear his voice, and when the year
Rolls round, and summer comes in golden robes,
And birds fly in the air, and blossoms nod
And glass themselves its crystal depths within.
The silence will be solemn and the gloom
Of absence will its happy laughter quench!
O little stream, our sun has set, has set!
But he will rise again. O lonely brook,
Poor lonely brook that hearest not his voice,
I, too, am sad and join to yours my plaint.
O meadows just beyond the forest shade,
O meadows, when the summer brings again
The scented hay, and when the children come

To pluck the wild bloom haunted of the bees,
He will not come with them, our sun, our sun,
Our glorious sun has set! O lonely fields
That once he used to tread, my heart is sad,
With you I mourn the glorious hero fled!
O stilly night, when in the arch of heaven
The moon mounts up, her yellow sails unfurled,
And when the nightly queen has passed, the stars
Come flickering out, he once did sing to thee!
When thy still reign began he brought his lute,
Carved from the reed beds of the stream, and played;
O lonely night, our minstrel now has fled!
O night, the stars look down and weep. With them
I bring my tears for him — great Pan is dead!
O mighty ocean, hemming in the world
In steely mail, down by thy shores he came,
Our minstrel came, and sat upon a rock
And listened to the shoreward ripples lisp,
And in the music of thy waves he heard
The whispers of a mystic land that lay
Far down within thy depths. And to his ear
The shell gave forth the caverned music sweet,
And told its story of its distant home.
O mighty ocean, older than the world,
No more he comes — great Pan, great Pan is dead!
O woods and brook, O night and morn, O sky,
O meadows longing for his footstep known,
O mighty ocean, let us mourn our Pan —
With all, with all, I join my tears and plaint!

ENID AND IVAN.

Geraint had left King Arthur's court and gone,
With Enid, to his kingdom on the shores
Of Severn, where they dwelt until the time
When Modred aimed his treason at the King.
Then his great heart was roused against the cur
That snapped his master's heels, and he had gone
To join the King, and by King Arthur's side
Had fallen in the fight. She grieved for him
And never loved again. Here Enid lived
And ruled the people, and they learned to love
Her both as queen and friend. But in one heart
A different love was roused, a love that grew
And fed upon each fleeting smile, each word
That Enid spoke, unconscious of his love;
Until, as some faint breeze will gather strength
And grow into a whirlwind, so his love,
At first but faint, swept through his aching heart.
About the courtyard he would sing all day

Of Enid's beauty, of her eyes, her hair,
Her raven hair, and of his love. But though
He sang his love, Queen Enid thought he feigned
The love, to win her gifts, and to herself
Would often say: "How sweet but false he sings.
A poet's voice is sweet, but does he mean
One half he says? And at the thought she smiled,"
And often, when she heard him sing of love,
Would smile again. But Ivan thought she loved.
One night as Enid slept, there came to her
A vision of far Eastern lands, of skies
That overarched an earth where palm trees waved
Their branches o'er a river, flowing on
'Mid sloping banks of bloom, unto the sea;
And on the stream the lotus slept, and down
The midst there came a shallop, built of gold,
Of virgin gold, with sable canopy,
And four white swans, by chains of linked gold,
The shallop drew. Beneath the canopy
She saw the Prince — Geraint, whom she had loved,
And still did love, although the years had made
His love a memory. And then he seemed
To stretch his hand and beckon, as she stood
Upon the bank. The shallop touched the shore
And she was in his arms. The Queen awoke
And felt the old sad pain of love, which counts
Its loved and lost. "Oh, cruel Death!" she cried.
"Oh, cruel Death! to pluck one rose and leave
Its mate alone to face the icy blast!
What happiness have I, though I am Queen?
Can courtiers' praises soothe an anguished heart
That longs to be with its lost love? Can all
This palace with its priceless gems of art,
Its oriel windows, where the sun shines through
And clothes himself in red and gold; its rooms
Of carven work; its marble floors, the throne —
Can all this splendor still one pang of heart?
The woman in me, greater than the queen,
Makes all this splendor seem but dust and dross.
Can hands that serve me compensate for those
That clasped mine close? Can lips that utter praise
In jingling rhymes, thrill me as my Geraint's?
O eyes, that he has kissed and called his light,
O hair, that he has fondled — all remain,
But he who made them precious — he is dead!
Break, break, O heart! Turn gray, O worthless locks!
Grow dim, poor eyes! He is not here to care!"
She rose, about her clasped a jewelled cloak,
And silently she left the halls, and went

Across the lawn, where the full moon shed floods
Of light. Before a fountain, where the spray
Seemed frozen in the winter of the moon,
She halted and sank down upon the edge,
And memories of the past surged through her heart.
As to a traveler, passing through the sands
Of some vast desert, often will appear
A green oasis, where tall palm trees grow
And fountains sparkle, all in distance, yet
When he approaches, vanishing away,
And leaving the hot desert doubly hot
For the fair view of water; so to her
Fair visions came and went, of years before,
And left her all the sadder for the glimpse
They gave of happier days. "O my Geraint,
I saw you first on such a day as now
Has passed. High in a ruined tower I sat,
A tower ruined by harsh times, but which
A pitying ivy had made beautiful;
I looked far down the winding road; I heard
The preparations for the morrow's jousts,
And my hot anger burned, to think that we
Should have but this poor castle, while the jousts
Were held in honor of my cousin, who
Had raised an insurrection secretly
And stole our earldom by his force of arms.
Then on the winding road I saw a knight;
The sunlight, shining on his unclad head,
Blazed so, I thought he wore a golden casque;
And something stirred within my heart. I saw
Geraint! He righted all our wrongs, and bode
A time within our court. What happy hours
We spent, and how we laughed together. I,
Who often listen to the nightingale,
The full-throated nightingale, and to the thrush,
The liquid-voiced thrush, have never heard
A clearer note ring from their throats. It was
So clear, so happy, so unlike the laugh
Of other men. We laughed together, then
He looked into mine eyes, and his eyes asked
If I could love him, and the answer read
Within mine eyes, and his strong arm upheld
Me, as an oak supports a clinging vine.
O years with my lost love, too short! too short!
O happy years, when with Queen Guinevere
I talked and laughed and was her friend. And sweet
And bitter, too, the day when my Geraint
Had doubted me, and asked me to forgive
His doubt, for love's sweet sake. So sweet, to think

His love was great enough, at breath of doubt,
To feel such pain; bitter, to think his love
Was weak enough to doubt; sweet, that he asked
Me to forgive; bitter, that aught had been
I need forgive." There came a distant sound
From the dim forest, of a song, and she
Half woke from her deep reverie. But as
A child, who sleeps and dreams a happy dream,
When she awakes, longs once again to dream
But cannot, for some nameless sound has changed
The mysterious workings of the mind, so she,
Longing to live again the past, could not.
Ivan came from his roof, deep in the wood,
And through the forest hastened. As he came
He sang. The wish was in his heart to steal
Beneath Queen Enid's window, there to wait,
To wait and watch the light, and think she dreamed
Sweet dreams of him, and of his love for her.

"Wert thou a star
In azure sky,
Shining so bright
Fore'er on high,
One star alone
Would shine for me,
That single star,
Mine Enid, thee!"

"It is Ivan the poet. Why how well
He counterfeits the flare and flame of love.
O love, long lost, my heart is yours alone;
How I would clasp your hands, and make them warm,
And kiss your lips." The music came again.

"Wert thou a flower
On wind-swept lea,
Tossing thy head
In saucy glee,
One flower alone
Would bloom for me,
That single flower,
Mine Enid, thee!"

"He praises me. How empty seems all praise
That comes not from true love. I oft would tell
Ivan his songs were sweet but false. I think
He should not let his honor for the Queen—
Or rather his great love for queenly gifts—
Sweep all his lyre, and banish her he loves.
He should not sing so falsely. Let his song
Be sometimes of the maid to whom he gives
His love's reality. A flower he sings!
Oh, that is what Geraint has often said

I was, when he has looked into mine eyes,
And I—O God, why didst Thou suffer it?"
"Wert thou a gem
Inlaid in gold,
Though round thee be
Fair gems untold,
One gem alone
Would gleam for me,
That single gem,
Mine Enid, thee!"
Enid, lulled by the singing, slept at last,
And dreamed again. Her dream was of Geraint.
"Alone, alone!
To thee alone,
My tender love
Is ever shown.
Thou art a star,
A flower, a gem,
And fairer far
Than all of them!"
And Ivan ceased, and stepped out from the wood,
And there, upon the fountain's edge, beneath
A goddess' wings which man had frozen to stone,
Queen Enid slept, another marble form.
As when in summer, straying through the woods,
We stop beside a pool, and see the deer,
Unconscious of our presence, drinking there,
For fear we frighten them away, we hold
Our breath, and scarcely stir; so stood he there
And did not move for fear he frighten her.
At length his courage rose, and he approached
With faltering footsteps, till he stood beside
The sleeping queen. Meanwhile she dreamed sweet dreams.
She thought Geraint came near and spoke to her,
Saying: "I am not dead; I only sleep.
I did but enter a strange ship, and sail
Far over unknown seas, until I came
To a fair land where God himself is King.
Come thou with me. One kiss and one embrace.
And we will sail away to that far shore."
Then, in her joy, her lips soft whispered, "Love
I see thee now. One kiss, and let us go."
And Ivan heard her saying, "Love, one kiss,"
And caught her in his arms, and madly kissed
Her fair, pale lips, and kissed her eyes, and said:
"Dear love, this hour atones for all the pangs
That love has caused this aching heart." She woke
And, still lost in her dreaming, thought Geraint

Now clasped her close and kissed her lips. She made
A circle of her arms about his neck
And gave back kiss for kiss. But when the light,
The moonlight, shone upon his face, and she,
Her eyes now clear from the dear mist of dreams,
Saw that it was but Ivan, in whose arms
She lay, and who was calling her "Dear love."
She started back, and tore herself away.
"How dare you, craven, thus to kiss your Queen
And clasp her in your foul embrace, and call
Her love! Coward at heart, Ivan, to take
Advantage of my dreaming of my love,
You kiss the lips he used to kiss, and *you*
Caress the locks that he caressed! *You* kiss
The eyes he called his light! O fool and false!
O false and fool!" Her voice broke and she sobbed.
But Ivan knew not what this meant, and said:
"Dear love, do not be angry. I have loved
You well, knowing your love for me. For now
You called me Love, your love, and said, 'One kiss,
And let us go.'" "Oh, my Geraint, to think
This man has dared to love the one you loved;
O God, the insult!" "Enid, hold! True love,
The love of a true heart is not a crime;
I loved you and you smiled and loved —" "Coward!
Poet and lover of the good and true
Who loves to violate a woman's kiss!
You, Ivan, think that I could stoop to you,
Could stoop to you, and cast aside the love
Of my lost King, the blue-eyed prince of men,
The golden-haired Geraint, the peerless knight,
Who was, and is, mine all in all, for you,
A weakling with pale lips and dusky hair!
My heart is dead Geraint's. O heart! O heart!
I thought *he* clasped me close and kissed mine eyes,
And it was Ivan! Break, I am disgraced!"
She turned in grief and scorn, without a word
More, turned and left him. And although he cried
And fell upon his knees, and tried to clasp
The hem of her white robe, and cried: "Forgive!"
She never turned again, but walked away.
Then he sprang up, within his eyes the look
The beast has when her cubs are torn away
By the wild hunter; like her awful cry
Of rage and love, so sounded Ivan's wail.
And he cried out: "O Enid, false and hard!
O Enid, love without a heart, you call
Me fool, when I would give my life for you!
Oh, love has made me fool — a fool to think

A queen could have a heart, could smile and mean
A smile. Oh, no, no, no! Enid, return!
O Enid! Enid! — love and light! — O God,
How cruelly you turn! — And not a word —
You cannot mean — O Enid, pity me! —
O Enid, Enid! What comes to my brain?
I whirl in torture — see! the moon grows dark.
An awful darkness — Enid — where — forgive!
O Enid, false at heart. No, no, O love —!"
As when an oak-tree, shivered by the bolt,
Totters, and swaying, falls with crashing noise
Unto the ground, so fell he stricken dumb.
And from that time he never spoke a word,
But a poor voiceless bard he wandered on
In aimless fashion, far from Enid's realm.
But still his heart changed not, and when he died,
The poor, heart-broken bard without a lyre,
With none to comfort, none to ease his heart,
His last thought was of Enid whom he loved.

A night-bird gave a cry for its lost mate,
The fountain bubbled on and spouted spray
That shone and sparkled, for the moon was full.
A nightingale, full-throated, from the woods
Poured floods of melody across the night,
And all the world lay quiet 'neath the stars.

As a writer of sketches Mr. Emery was fairly successful. His first one, "McDougal McDonald," published in the *Sentinel*, November, 1882, won the sketch laureateship. Most of his plots and incidents were not strikingly original, and his conversations were rather commonplace. His character portraits were not often finished paintings, but merely sketches, and sometimes slightly inconsistent. But his stories were interesting and were told in well-chosen words. His best sketch was "Tamed," in *Phantasmus* for February, 1883. He possessed a vein of humor which usually came to the surface in his sketches. In "Lord Tennyson's Church Warden," *Meteor*, 1888, he developed this in a very marked manner. The sketch was original in conception, and the idea very carefully and gracefully worked out. It is probably the best humorous sketch in amateur literature. "General Grant's Sixty-Second Cousin," *Athenia*, August, 1887, was another sketch containing much refined humor, but not so original in idea. He was the author of the following sketches: A Jewel of Consistency, *Violet*, April 1884; On Lorn Marshes, *Dixie*, April 1884; Outwitted, *Sentinel*, Jan. 1884; A Fair Diplomatist, *Telephone*, April 1884, Nellie Delorne, *Our Compliments*, Dec.

1883; Jenny, *Sentinel*, May 1883; Agnes Chantry, *Union Lance*, Sunrise after Sunset, *Ubiquitous*, Nov. 1883.

LORD TENNYSON'S CHURCH WARDEN.

I.

"Jack," said my wife suddenly, "our fortune is made!"

I looked at her in some amazement. At that very moment I was thinking our fortune was far from made, for the manuscript of the best story I had ever written had just come back to me, "declined with thanks."

"My dear," I answered, "I'd be very glad if you'd only tell me how. I've tried about everything, reporting, essays, novels, stories — if I don't tackle poetry next I don't know what I shall do."

"That's just it," said my wife, "you must write poetry."

I paused aghast; not so much on my own account, for I knew I could grind out a string of rhymes without any danger to myself, but I pitied my readers.

"Poetry?" I said, "but how are you going to make these dull-headed editors see that I am a poet?"

"That won't be the trouble," she replied, "your poems will be so beautiful they'll beg you to send them all you can write."

"How?" I said with some scepticism.

"Why," she remarked impressively, "it has something to do with Lord Tennyson's church warden."

"Lord Tennyson's what?" I shouted springing to my feet.

"Don't be silly," from my wife, calmly, "I said his church warden — why, you know, his long clay pipe."

"My dear," I said softly, "I hate to express any doubts of your sanity, but hasn't something gone to your head?"

"The idea! I'm really in earnest. Why, the *Book Buyer* says if Lord Somebody had only smoked a long clay pipe like Lord Tennyson he would have been a great poet. So you see it's the pipe that makes the man."

"Yes," said I, "I've always heard a good deal about the poet's piping. But how are you to get the good old poet to let me have a whiff of his worthy warden?"

"It's a secret," she whispered solemnly, "I'm going to borrow it for one night — or perhaps *steal it.*"

II.

It was decided between my wife and I that we were going abroad. My wife's father furnished the cash and we were to furnish ourselves, which was about all our finances would allow. We were going for our healths and to make some literary researches — so Mrs. Jack said, but Mr. Jack didn't trouble himself as long as he went. I strongly suspected, however, that Mrs. J. had designs on the Laureate's clay pipe. I didn't mention that in public, though.

The ocean voyage was very pleasant. We both enjoyed it, although we felt a trifle seasick. London was to be our abode for the

next few weeks, and twelve days from the Saturday we left New York found us snugly settled at a moderate-priced boarding house in the great city.

We had been there about a week when one afternoon I saw my wife coming in. She had gone out shopping, but from the look of triumph I noticed on her face I knew she was about to impart some astounding piece of information. She was breathless when she reached our bedroom where I was sitting.

"Jack," she said explosively, "I have it."

"What," said I. "I think if you mean your breath, that you've lost it."

"Do be sensible [excitedly] — I've got it — the pipe, I mean!"

I looked at her in silent wonder.

"Yes," she added, nodding her head energetically.

"How *did* you do it?" I asked, half in amusement, half in doubt as to what she meant.

"I'll tell you. I was walking along the strand when I heard somebody say, 'That is Lord Tennyson.' Sure enough, he was walking along right opposite. I recognized him from the picture in our "Idyls," and so I thought to myself, the time has come. I saw the only chance was to ask him point blank —"

"My dear, you don't mean you —"

"Of course I did. I walked straight up to him and I said: 'Excuse me, Lord Tennyson, but have you your pipe with you?' He looked rather out of his wits and it took him some time to answer. Have you ever heard he was getting crazy?"

I laughed. I was picturing to myself the meeting.

"You needn't laugh," said my wife indignantly. "I was really quite afraid of him, but I thought of you and it gave me courage. At last he said in a kind of halting way: 'I really don't understand you,' and he began to turn round. Then I saw I had to explain and I told him all about it, and he laughed. Do you know, I think he *is* losing his faculties, no matter what *you* say."

"Go on, I'm devoured with curiosity."

"Then he said if I'd meet him in half an hour he would have his valet bring him the pipe and would let me take it for two whole days, and here it is," she concluded triumphantly, producing from her pocket a paper bundle, which being opened displayed a long clay pipe, much used and smelling strongly of tobacco.

I took it and looked at it critically. "It looks rather dirty," I said, "are you sure it is the Laureate's?"

"Of course," she answered, "put some tobacco in it and begin right off."

She was so importunate that I did so and puffed away for an hour, while my companion looked smilingly on.

"What are you thinking about?" I asked her between the whiffs.

"I was fancying what a quantity of new dresses I shall have as soon as your poetry begins to sell," she said. "Pink, you know, is very becoming, but I shall have blue as well."

I used the pipe energetically. To do it justice, it smoked well. Two days passed and the "church warden"— why were pipes ever called such a ridiculous name, I wonder — was returned to the address the poet had given. Then we awaited developments.

III.

"I feel very strangely this morning," I said when I woke up the next day.

"You must," said my wife, "to wake up at this unearthly hour — its only six o'clock. But it must be the pipe [delightedly], although I didn't know poetry made one get up early."

"I must get to work," I said hastily, jumping out of bed and dressing. Nothing could stop me.

"Why are you in such a hurry?" my wife asked.

"I must get to work," I said again.

"Oh, these poets!" said she in ecstacy.

I *did* feel in a hurry, I couldn't be idle. I seized my boots and rushed from the room. I soon returned and began energetically polishing them. I seized my wife's boots and blacked them. Something made me, I couldn't help it. Mrs. Jack was horrified. "What *will* they think?" she groaned.

"Shall I get you some hot water to shave with?" I said.

My wife gasped. But I left the room. As I passed the other doors on our floor I seized every pair of boots put out for the porter and bore them off in triumph to our room, where I began polishing industriously. My wife nearly fainted.

"Will you rise now, my lord?" came into my mind, and I said it. I don't know why.

My wife nearly fainted. "That wicked old Lord!" she cried fiercely, "he must have given you his valet's pipe instead of his own!"

TAMED.

I.

It certainly was unkind of him to call her a coquette, yet it is proverbial that listeners seldom hear any good of themselves. She had not intended to listen, but when she passed that handsome, dark-eyed, black-haired Mr. Burnside she had heard her name mentioned and, without thinking, had distinctly overheard him say to his companion:

"Yes, Miss Carling is a beautiful and fascinating girl, but she is a coquette."

How her cheeks burned and how angrily her eyes flashed as she hastened her steps and swept past him; her glance was scornful enough to annihilate, and he was rather disturbed by it.

"Could she have heard, Harrison?" he asked of his friend, who stood beside him.

"I hope not, Burnside, for it isn't pleasant for a lady to overhear the remarks you make about her, especially if they are not exactly complimentary. If I were she, I would pay you well for that remark is I ever got you in my service."

"She will never do that; I think too much of myself to be made the plaything of a coquette. Yet she is handsome and I shouldn't be averse to a little conversation with her. In all my trips on the continent I never saw a lovelier face than hers."

"Better steer clear of her altogether, though, for all your fancied resolutions will vanish when she deigns to smile on you. I know it from experience."

"And did you come away heart-whole, after all?"

"Yes, I never really was in love with her, but when she smiled she was irresistible, and I said a great many foolish things that I never would have been guilty of anywhere except under the glance of those bewildering eyes."

"I am not frightened, even by that, Harrison. Come, old boy, introduce me."

The two wandered off in search of Miss Jessie Carling. It did not take them long to find her. She was sitting on a sofa, the deep crimson of its covering setting off her stately beauty to perfection. An introduction was soon accomplished.

"Delighted to know you, Miss Carling," he said, and smiled. It was a pleasant smile and yet an aggravating one; it was almost too self-possessed, as if its owner was fully conscious that he was looking well; and it had just the least appearance of conferring a favor by condescending to beam upon the beholder. At least it struck Miss Carling in this light, and she decided at once that Mr. Burnside was conceited. It nettled her, this calm, superior smile of his, and in her inmost heart she determined he should soon yield to her and become her devoted follower. Besides, the speech which she had overheard yet rankled, and to this was added her desire for his subjection, all for the after-pleasure of telling him calmly that he could be nothing to her.

"The pleasure is mutual, Mr. Burnside," she said, bestowing upon him a captivating smile and a glance from those deep and dreamy eyes. "I suppose you will now prepare to criticise the weather, will you not? Most people do. Delightful day, and all of that. Or shall we consider that as said?"

"The latter, by all means; the words are understood, as I used to say when a boy construing Virgil."

"I've no doubt you were a very naughty boy in those days. You look rather rogueish even now. Were you whipped very often?"

"Oh no, I was quite a model, I assure you. It is very cruel of you to insinuate I was ill-behaved. You will cause me to dissolve in tears in a moment."

"Oh, don't, Mr. Burnside. The idea of a man's crying is dreadful. I think it is a woman's privilege to do that."

"And she takes advantage of it often enough in all conscience, I know that. Besides, she isn't content with crying herself; she says things cutting enough to send us abused men into floods of tears, and then she even refuses us the consolation of letting her see how badly we feel. I think the French and Germans are sensible in this matter. They are never ashamed in the least to show their feelings."

"No, decidedly not. I saw an example of this the other day that would no doubt have delighted your heart. Two Germans, with long hair hanging over their shoulders, evidently poets by their looks, met on Broad street. With a shout of delight, they rushed into each other's arms and kissed; and when they parted they cried."

"That *was* truly affecting. But I have known times when I have felt like crying. For instance, I shall weep when some one comes to carry you off for a waltz."

"Well, you surely wouldn't be Dog-in-the-manger enough to wish me to stop dancing?" — with a coquettish glance.

"No, but I'd like to have you dance with *me*," — boldly.

"You haven't asked me yet," — with simulated shyness.

"But I do now. Miss Carling, can I have the pleasure? — you will understand the rest."

"You may" — and the two went whirling away on the wings of one of the most dreamy Strauss waltzes that ever set merry feet to making music on the polished floor.

In the delightful mazes of a dance one finds little opportunity for conversation, but then Miss Carling's eyes were very expressive, and in the shy glances which she bestowed occasionally upon her companion he thought he could discern some traces of a liking and admiration for himself. It was a natural thing that he should feel pleased at this, and his manner toward her grew warmer. In his inmost heart he had determined to give Miss Carling a lesson; she should herself feel the pain she had inflicted upon others, and he would flirt with her as much as he liked; it would be doing her good. A dishonorable thought and a conceited thinker, you will say; we admit it, but he was as true, perhaps, and as honorable as the generality of men in his position. The waltz was over, and as Miss Carling, leaning upon her companion's arm, moved toward a vacant seat, Mr. Burnside bent slightly forward and looked into her face sentimentally.

"Is it not warm, Miss Carling?" he said in the most devoted manner.

The incongruity of the speech and its delivery amused her, and she laughed lightly.

"From your manner I thought you were going to impart some astounding information, but it dwindled down to the inevitable remark on the weather. It *is* warm. But just see how cool and inviting the conservatory looks. Shall we not take a stroll there? I am sure it will be a pleasure, and I always enjoy conservatories *so* much when I have good company," — this last very sweetly.

The conservatory did look cool and inviting; the green shade of palms and large ferns dimmed the too brilliant splendor of the outer rooms, and the spray of a marble fountain cooled the atmosphere as it rose and fell again with a soft patter upon the surface of the pool beneath. They strolled in and sat down on a rustic seat close by the fountain. Its bosom now and then was dimpled as the drops from the sparkling shaft of water-play above fell back. There they sat, surrounded by the sweetness of exotics and in the midst of the beautiful

green solitude. Mr. Burnside began to forget his occupation of taming a coquette and was almost commencing to love this stately beauty quite on his own account, though for once in a while she would make a cutting remark beneath which he winced, although the speaker looked as innocent as possible of any intention to be cruel. Miss Carling held a rose in her hand, idly pulling it to pieces, letting the petals, sweet-scented and rarely-tinted, fall into the basin of the fountain; there they floated. As Burnside watched them he was seized with an odd fancy.

"Let us be children again for a moment, Miss Carling, and sail these leaves for boats." A half serious look was in his eyes while a smile lingered about his mouth.

"By all means, Mr. Burnside," and Jessie Carling knelt down beside the fountain. "I will choose this one to be my vessel: you can pick out another for yours, and we will see which is blown across the water first. I will make the wind with my fan."

A childish act indeed for two people of the fashionable world, was it not?

Gently she moved her fan and slowly the two rose-leaves began to sail across the water. One approached the other and presently the two petals clung closely together."

"Fate intends us to be together, you see, Miss Carling," he half whispered. She heard it and rose to her feet.

"How foolish we have been," she said simply. "But what a beautiful vine that is above us," pointing to a thorny yet graceful running plant that swung in the air just above their heads. "I must have a piece," — and she put out her hand to part off a fragment. In doing so a sharp thorn pierced her tender flesh and with a little scream she dropped it.

Burnside had been contemplating absently a tiny foot which just emerged from beneath the white silk of Miss Carling's robe. He started suddenly.

"What is the matter, Miss Carling?"

"Can't you see I've hurt my hand?" and she held it up, showing a red stain through the dainty glove.

"Dreadful!" he said tenderly; "Let me take your glove off and bind it up," taking a handkerchief from his pocket as he spoke.

"You are *so* kind," and she placed her hand gently in both of his. What an ecstacy ran through his veins as he touched that delicate hand and gently drew off the glove; how tenderly he bound up the slight wound.

"If we were only children," he said, "I would offer to kiss it and make it well."

"How absurd you are. But I think I must go and find mamma now. My hand pains me very much, and I am afraid I must go home."

So she left him after she had found her mother, and he, unconsciously followed her with his eyes to the dressing-room.

"Ah, Burnside," said Harrison, coming up to his friend, "I fear you've succumbed to the beauty's charms after all."

The other's answer was rather cynical. "I'm going to tame the coquette, that is all, Harrison. Any woman can be easily tamed."

They were standing near the door, and as he said this a rustling was heard on the stairs and Miss Carling and her mother appeared, ready to enter their carriage. Had she heard his remark? Seemingly not, for she smiled on him as she passed, and, turning to her mother, said: "This is my gallant surgeon who so deftly bandaged my wound."

Mr. Burnside bowed and muttered something about it's being a pleasure, but his self-possession was gone. Could she have heard? For one who was simply taming a coquette he seemed to care a great deal.

"I hope, Mr. Burnside, that you will call soon," she said as she departed, giving him a glance from those deep brown eyes.

"He's the most disagreeable man I ever met," declared Jessie to her mother after the carriage had started.

"My advice to you, Burnside, is to look out, or you will find yourself the tamed instead of the tamer," was Harrison's admonition as they were parting.

"No danger of that," said Burnside confidently enough; yet at the same time he felt a slight misgiving.

II.

A few hours later Jessie Carling sat alone in her dressing-room; a loose wrapper was thrown carelessly about her and she was almost ready to retire. She sat by the fireside in a sort of dream; if she had been asked the nature of her thoughts she probably would not have been able to tell, but, if the truth were known, a certain dark-eyed, dark-haired gentleman appeared very often in them.

"How I hate that wretch!" Miss Jessie had a habit of speaking her thoughts aloud. "The idea of his calling me a coquette! So he is a going to tame me, is he? I think he'll have a hard time of it."

Then she did a curious thing. About her wrist was the handkerchief which Burnside had placed there so tenderly a short time before. With an exclamation of anger she tore it off and threw it upon the floor and rubbed her wrist vigorously, as if to remove the sensation of his fingers resting there.

"I am a coquette, am I?" Again Miss Carling did a curious thing. Seizing the handkerchief which lay upon the floor, she threw it into the grate, where it immediately blazed up; then she burst into tears.

The fire licked eagerly about the spotless linen. Miss Carling opened her eyes with an exclamation. "What have I done!" She seized the tongs and drew the blazing handkerchief from the grate. Dropping it upon the hearth, she stamped upon it till the flame was extinguished, and then she gazed at it in dismay. There lay Mr. Burnside's dainty handkerchief, scorched and blackened beyond remedy. What should she do? She must return it to him, but that was impossible in its present condition. At length she decided to buy

a new one to match it, and as this one had an initial worked in the corner, she found that she must embroider one in the duplicate she would give to him.

"Think of my working a handkerchief for a man I hate," and she half laughed. But, after all, was she quite sure she hated him?

III.

The week passed without her meeting him again, and she had almost finished the work on the handkerchief she was to give him. The day was cold and outside the walks were covered with snow and ice; it was a day dangerous to life and limb of those that ventured out. Yet Miss Carling had put on her wraps and was just arranging her jaunty cap when her mother began to remonstrate.

"It is foolish for you to go out, dear; you will certainly fall and hurt yourself. Don't go."

"No, I will not, mamma; I enjoy going out in dangerous weather. Anything for excitement. A cyclone would even be acceptable if it were lively."

Mrs. Carling sighed. How headstrong her daughter was.

Out went Miss Carling on the icy side-walks, and began to pick her way along. She had come out simply for the pleasure of a walk and it was rather unsatisfactory to be obliged to embrace fences and posts to keep from falling. Yet she kept on.

"If I had only brought my skates I might have used them," she said laughingly to herself.

Suddenly she felt herself going. Her feet slipped — she thought she would surely fall this time. But no; a vision of a tall beaver, dark eyes, dark hair, appeared behind her and Mr. Burnside placed his arm around her waist, holding her up until she regained her footing.

"Rather precarious walking," says the voice she knows, and Mr. Burnside steps to her side.

"Oh, thank you," she said sweetly, "I should surely have fallen if it hadn't been for you."

"I am delighted to be of assistance to you. I could even carry you if you wished me to. You are not heavy, I am sure; angels never are."

"Oh, dear, Mr. Burnside, I am getting tired of being called an angel. Am I thin? Am I transparent? Do you see any wings sprouting?" She spoke petulantly.

"I beg very humbly for pardon. You shall be an angel no longer."

"Now, that's very mean and unkind of you to say I'm not angelic," she said with womanly contrariety, pouting.

"What *shall* I call you?" he asked in despair.

"My name is Miss Carling"—she looked saucily at him.

"I see you are determined to mock me. But will you not take my arm?"

"I think I will, under the circumstances. This reminds me of that picture in an old *Harper's*, where a gentleman on an icy day is asking a lady to take his arm. He says, 'Wilt take my arm?' The

second picture shows her taking it, with the words, 'Thanks, I wilt,' and in the third, labelled 'Wilted,' they are both seated on the ground."

"But I hope we shall not meet with the same fate," he said.

No sooner had the words left his mouth than, with a little scream, she said she felt herself slipping.

"Oh, no," he said confidently. She slipped again, strove to regain her footing, and, like the woman in the picture she had just spoken of, fell and dragged him down with her. His tall beaver flew off, and, altogether, he presented a rather discomposed appearance. What a predicament for the self-possessed Mr. Burnside!

A feeling of amusement at their position came over her, and she laughed gleefully. He picked himself up, assisted her to her feet and rescued his hat. She was the first to speak.

"You were not a true prophet. But seriously, is your hat injured?"

A rogueish smile was in her eyes, that rendered her charming, yet very exasperating, and it was no wonder his feelings were ruffled and that the rest of the way he conversed with her in a very stiff manner.

IV.

Mr. Burnside became a constant visitor at Mrs. Carling's, and was now called by the gossips a man who fairly worshipped the ground Miss Jessie trod upon. To himself Burnside always excused his devotion by claiming that he was studying Miss Carling and wished to teach her a lesson; yet it dawned upon him at last that his life would be a blank without the presence of that very coquette he wished to tame. Strive as hard as he could against it, his love for Jessie Carling was conquering him, and there came a day when he felt he must tell her of his passion. It was a struggle between pride and love, and love conquered. It would be hard to bear the gibes and taunts of his friends, yet he felt that he *must* tell his love.

Miss Jessie had seen this growing affection for her in his every act, and she tacitly encouraged it, though she meant, when his offer came, to refuse it with scorn. Sometimes, however, she felt a misgiving at her heart; somehow, the days when he was with her the world seemed brighter, and when she pictured to herself the time when he should turn from her after her scornful refusal, even while she gloried in the thought of his wounded self-conceit, she felt a feeling of sadness and woe steal over her. Was she, too, being tamed.

V.

The firelight shone on the wall: the twilight outside deepened, yet Jessie Carling sat with her head on her hands, unmindful of the falling night. Before her, spread out in her lap, lay a handkerchief, scorched and blackened, with the initial "B" worked in the corner. She had taken it out ostensibly to copy the initial she was working from it, but she often looked at the ragged and scorched object even when she was idle.

"A coquette." The words seemed to ring in her ears, and with a disdainful movement the blackened linen was thrown upon the floor.

A remembrance of dark eyes looking dreamily into hers, a remembrance of a manly face;—— with an exclamation that despised handkerchief was picked up and pressed to those red lips, and then Jessie Carling burst into tears.

Can I explain it? No, for woman is a puzzle always.

VI.

He had invited her to go with him for a sail. It was a beautiful day, and his yacht, the *Sea-Gull*, lay gently moving at her moorings. Over the summer sea to the westward the sun was high in the heavens, and the horizon line was dim and indistinct. It was just the day for a sail. Down the steps of the wharf came Jessie Carling, and with her a gay party of young people, all pretty and graceful, but she the most so of all. Beside her strode Walter Burnside, and how handsome he looked! His was a stern beauty, yet when his eyes fell upon that dainty creature in the pink robe at his side, her head and flowing hair enveloped in a filmy white head-dress, he became gentle and his smile was really sweet.

As the boat went bounding along Miss Carling walked forward and stood in the bow. Her cheeks were flushed with the strong breeze and her eyes sparkled as she drank in the beautiful view; she loved nature dearly. He was beside her, talking in his most engaging manner, now and then venturing on dangerous ground when he spoke more sentimentally than usual.

The breeze strengthened to almost a gale; dark clouds rolled up the sky, hiding the sun, and the sea looked leaden hued. The sailors shook their heads; they knew what that meant, a storm, and a severe one, too. The captain ordered the sails furled, and the *Sea-Gull* sped along under very light canvas. The young ladies began to retire to the cabin. The impending storm frightened them, but Burnside did not notice it; neither did Miss Carling. Regardless of the threatening storm they sat together. He was speaking earnestly; his voice was deep and tender; he was at last telling her of his love. His feelings had overcome him, and he felt compelled to speak. Miss Carling hardly repelled his speech, but she certainly did not encourage it.

"Miss Carling," he said, "You must have seen that I love you with a passion stronger than life itself. I love you; I know I am unworthy, so unworthy I have hardly dared to speak; but *won't* you give me some encouragement? Can't you say you like me a little?"

A curious look came over her face, a mixture of triumph and pain. The long desired revenge was at hand, and yet, strange to say, she did not seem to take much delight in the idea of refusing him. How happy she might be with him, she thought; but it could not be. The remembrance of his remarks about her came vividly before her, and her indignation rose. When she answered his impassioned words her voice was cold.

"Release my hand, Mr. Burnside; I am sorry you have asked me this, for I can never be anything to you. I am a coquette, so you once said, and I have not forgotten; neither have I changed since

then. Have you tamed the coquette as you intended?"—and her eyes were fixed on his with a look of triumph, which somehow seemed to be mingled with pain.

Walter Burnside heard, and he felt as if his death-knell had been sounded; she, then, knew all. Oh, curses on that tongue of his that had called her a coquette, curses on that tongue that had spoken of taming her. An icy hand seemed to clutch his heart. The yacht was rocking on the dashing waves now, but he did not notice it; the deck was deserted by all save the sailors, but he did not see; the captain had called to him, but he did not hear. Neither did Miss Carling.

"Miss Carling,—Jessie,—I love you. Will you blast my life because of my foolish and unthinking speech? Will you——"

But before he could finish there was an interruption; there was a sound of hissing waters, dark clouds hovered about the yacht, all was darkness. A huge wave came over the stern and swept the decks. Walter Burnside at that moment saw the impending danger. Without an instant's hesitation he placed his arm about Jessie Carling and held her closely to him. The sea poured over them and washed them against the bulwarks. Jessie was terribly frightened; she screamed but did not attempt to escape from Walter's encircling arm, but rather clung to him. The wind roared, and ahead of them arose a column of water; a terrible waterspout seemed about to break over the ill-fated yacht.

Walter and Jessie thought their last hour had come; he drew her closer to him, and whispered:—

"I have loved you so, Jessie; let me die clasping you whom I love. Oh, when we are so near death don't be angry about that petty speech."

She laid her head upon his shoulder, and with both arms about his neck made no answer; the action was enough; he knew she loved him.

The storm continued, the wind still blew and the yacht still struggled along, but the waterspout had passed away without striking them, and for the present the yacht was in little danger.

The storm swept by, the wind abated and the sea quieted down a little; they were safe. Many hearts gave thanks to God for deliverance from their peril, many souls rejoiced; but none were more thankful than Walter Burnside and Jessie Carling. She was not, she could not, again be so cold to him after her tacit confession in the storm, nor did she wish to be. Where was that courage of which she had boasted? Where was that courage of his which was to tame her? Where was the cutting refusal she was to give him? Where was that lesson he was to teach her? All vanished before the universal conqueror, Love.

Their engagement is announced, and every one is laughing at the manner in which they both were tamed. In Walter Burnside's pocket, next his heart, cherished as the dearest possession he has, lies a pocket handkerchief with the initial "B" worked in the corner by her deft fingers; and she cherishes a certain blackened and scorched piece of linen.

I, too, think both were tamed, do not you?

Mr. Emery was not so prolific of essays, though some have thought him at his best in this department of work. He was certainly very successful in this kind of writing, his "Rosetti," *Waverly*, August, 1884, winning the laureateship. Mr. Emery enjoys the distinction of being the only author who has held all three of the laureate titles. His essays were all of them upon literary subjects, and much of his writing was upon the poetry of Rosetti and Swinburne. His essays included: Charles Dickens, *Argonaut*, Sept. 1883; Nathaniel Hawthorne, *Our Compliments*, Sept. 1883; Rosetti's Sonnets, *Messenger*, Nov. 1884; Poe's Poetry, *Messenger*, July 1884; Ethics of the Rosetti School, *Zephyr*, August 1884; Rosetti and Swinburne, *Criterion*, May 1885; Canons of Criticism, *Bric-a-Brac*, Nov. 1885; Technique in Poetry, *Observer*, Dec. 1885; Locker's London Lyrics, *National Amateur*, 1887.

THE POETRY OF DANTE GABRIEL ROSETTI.

"Nor do I know what lyrics of any time are to be called great if we deny that title to these," says William Morris, speaking of Dante Gabriel Rosetti's collected poems, and these words have the ring of truth. The most searching criticism of these modern times has been exerted upon them and with the result of confirming the words with which we began this essay. Of Rosetti, as of Tennyson, it can be said that his poetry is brought to the highest state of perfection before it leaves the author's hands; in all of the beautiful things he has written there is hardly a word which could be bettered, hardly an idea which could be brought to a higher state of expression, hardly a figure which could be better applied; there is nothing crude, nothing unfinished about his works, and above all else there is hardly a subject of value or interest to man and his life with its various and complicated relations which he has not written about, and in all of these subjects he has avoided no difficulty, has treated no theme in a vague, unsatisfactory manner, and never has written languidly or heartlessly. In none of his poems is there any second hand thought to be atoned for by the beauty of execution; his thoughts are original, he delves in an unworked quarry, bringing forth new ideas and yet never letting the idea itself overshadow the beauty which compels a real poet to speak in verse and not in prose.

"The real pre-eminence of a poet lies in his ability to grasp the idea, to thoroughly realize the spirit; the poet who comes most directly in contact with the simple idea or emotion with the least intervention of form, color, images and other accidental or inevitable symbols, is the truest poet and has the 'vision and faculty divine' most completely developed," says a writer in an English review, and his words are especially applicable to Rosetti. He has that "vision and faculty divine" which enables a poet to express the most subtle spiritual

thoughts, the most mystic ideas, without the intervention of metaphor, coloring or any other accidental or inevitable symbol.

As a general thing, metaphor is used to make thought and emotion more palpable to the sense; an emotion may be too fine and rare to bear direct expression, too subtle and mystical to bear explicit wording, yet its sense can be indirectly apprehended by the mind through the image of which in the spiritual world it is the double; but Rosetti makes no such use of metaphor. When he does use it, which is very rarely, it has quite another effect, namely, of rendering the emotion more spiritual, of making it more intellectual, of investing it with a subtle form of the spirit's speech. It is his clear imaginative vision that enables him to do this, and this, I think, renders him a great poet, as William Morris calls him. It is this imaginative vision that produces his coherence, directness, simplicity, concentration and insight. There are, no doubt, other qualities which go to the making of a poet but there is none rarer than that which enables him to present to us without color or metaphor, but in sharp and clear outline, the emotion or idea in its simplest, most rudimentary and most intellectual aspect. In no poetry is this spontaneous and habitual interpretation of matter and manner more complete than in Mr. Rosetti's and hence we place him justly in the highest order of poets. His poems have been called by one great critic the most complete of their time and anyone who examines them separately or collectively soon reaches the same decision.

The most remarkable poems he has written are the *Blessed Damozel* and *Sister Helen*. These are generally considered his best works, excepting the sonnets, which place him on a footing with England's great sonneters, with Milton, Shakespeare and Wordsworth; certainly they are the most characteristic. The *motif* of the first of the poems is this: a maiden dies and goes to heaven where her lover on the earth imagines her to be waiting for him; he has seen her looking from the

"gold bar of heaven"

while by her the souls of the dead, fly

"like thin flames."

This poem undoubtedly owes its form to Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*. Rosetti was a worshipper of the beautiful, his genius was essentially Greek; hence he followed the footsteps of Coleridge, Keats and Shelley. In point of execution the *Blessed Damozel* is a perfect gem and its portraiture is beautiful. It leaves an impression on the mind that never departs; it gives a magnificent exposition of the beauty of peace and heavenly content. In this poem that imaginative vision we have before mentioned is plainly discernible, but it is here in a simple form; there are no subtle ethereal thoughts expressed, none but those that anyone can comprehend.

It has been said of Wordsworth that he did not thoroughly crystallize his poetry, that some portions still remained coarse and untransparent; this could never be said of the *Blessed Damozel*, for its every part is purely crystallized, it is a gem without a flaw, unless we should be hypercritical enough to say that the portraiture of an angel should

not be as worldly in body as Rosetti has made the Damozel. Some may claim that in the lines

> "Until her bosom must have made
> The bar she leaned on warm,"

a too material picture is drawn, that it destroys the etherealness of the being, but I think this is carrying criticism too far.

I have said this poem is a gem in execution and so it is. Consider those beautiful lines about her eyes:—

> "The wonder was not yet quite gone
> From that still look of hers."

and these:—

> "Beneath, the tides of day and night
> With flame and darkness ridge
> The void, as low as where this earth
> Spins like a fretful midge."

What a beautiful thought is this:—

> "And the souls mounting up to God
> Went by her like thin flames."

Is not this a really splendid verse?

> "The sun was gone now; the curled moon
> Was like a little feather,
> Fluttering far down the gulf; and now
> She spoke through the still weather.
> Her voice was like the voice the stars
> Had when they sang together."

Consider this:—

> "Are not two prayers a perfect strength?"

What pathos, what beauty lies herein:—

> "Alas! We two, we two thou sayst?
> Yea, one wast then with me,
> That once of old. But shall God lift
> To endless unity
> The soul whose likeness to thy soul
> Was but its love for thee?"

What concentration of thought is there between the beginning ("I saw her smile") and the ending ("I heard her tears") in the last verse.

These are but a few of the gems from a poem rich in them; a careful reading will reveal them all.

In *Sister Helen* there is an awful signification, an awe producing power which is only equalled by the effect produced by the *Ancient Mariner*. For a poem in which the scenes are depicted only by dialogue they are remarkably vivid. We can see the dark room with the melting, waxen image, then the cold moon in the sky, the brother standing on the balcony high toward the cold stars, then we see the father, the brother and the bride of the dying man, dying by the curse of the girl, whose forgiveness for him they implore, fall upon their knees in vain, and last we see the white, white spirit fleeing. The strange dialogue, the weird refrain, all go to make it one of the most remarkable poems of this century.

Of his lyrics, all are so beautiful, all so musical, so rich in imaginative vision, that it is hard to select the best. Our own favorite is that pathetic *Death Parting* in which the heart is opened and all its sorrow displayed to the reader, but *Alas, So Long, Three Shadows* and *The Cloud Confines* are nearly as fine; the first is an outburst of love, the second is also a song of love, but the last has a mystic, an ethereal meaning, sometimes difficult to apprehend. *A Last Confession* and *Jenny* are somehow connected with each other; perhaps on account of the subject matter, perhaps for their depth of feeling; both are strong poems, so full of heart and treated in a splendid manner. The portraiture of *Jenny* is the best and most distinct of any of Rosetti's, for as a general thing he does not draw complete beings. In *Jenny* occur some remarkable thoughts; we quote one:—

"Just as another woman sleeps!
Enough to throw one's thoughts in heaps
Of doubt and horror — what to say
Or think — this awful secret sway,
The potter's power over the clay.
Of the same lump, (it has been said),
For hônor and dishonor made,
Two sister vessels. Here is one."

The best of Rosetti's ballads is *Rose Mary*, which is founded on the legend of the beryl-stone; it is replete with beautiful thoughts and as example of its merits we quote a few lines:—

"Even as she spoke, they two were 'ware
Of music notes that fell through the air
A chiming shower of strange device,
Drop echoing drop, once, twice and thrice,
As rain may fall in Paradise."

Another very beautiful and powerful ballad is the *King's Tragedy*, which has been called one of the best ever written. We quote a characteristically musical passage:—

"But the bird may fall from the bough of youth,
And song be turned to moan,
And Love's storm cloud be the shadow of Hate,
When the tempest waves of a troubled state
Are beating against a throne."

Other well known poems of his are *Dante at Verona, Love's Nocturne*, remarkable for its beautiful rhythm, *The Burden of Nineveh, The Staff and Scrip* and *The Bride's Prelude*.

The House of Life, a sonnet sequence, is universally acknowledged to be one of the best collections of sonnets ever published and all who are unacquainted with it miss a great treat. Rosetti's single sonnets are also very beautiful. We will quote the one on Thomas Chatterton, which is said to be equal to any Wordsworth or Shakespeare or Milton ever produced.

"With Shakespeare's manhood at a boy's wild heart,—
Through Hamlet's doubt to Shakespeare near allied,
And kin to Milton through his Satan's pride —
At Death's sole door he stooped and craved a dart;
And to the dear new tower of England's art,—
Even to that shrine Time else had deified,
The unuttered heart that soared against his side,—

Drove the fell point and smote life's seals apart.
Thy nested home loves, noble Chatterton;
The angel-trodden stair thy soul could trace
Up Radcliffe's spire; and in the world's armed space
Thy gallant sword-play;—these to many an one
Are sweet forever; as thy face unknown
And love-dreams of thine unrecorded face."

It is believed that the first poem Rosetti wrote was *My Sister's Sleep*, and the last, *Czar Alexander II.*

The death of Rosetti deprived the world of a poet whose works have done much to improve poetry and whose school is slowly becoming popular and seems about to become the poetry of the future.

GEORGE EDWARD DAY.

In the latter part of 1882, Mr. George E. Day began to contribute poems to the amateur press. He was associated with Mr. H. C. Parsons in publishing the *Point*, and afterwards the *Postscript*. As a poet he became one of the most popular, and his popularity was based upon a solid foundation. He lacked dramatic fire and passion, was more beautiful than deep, and at times his sentiment seemed hardly sincere. But his poems were full of elegance and grace, of repose and sweetness, of rhythm and music. He sang of the beauties of nature, and produced beautiful instances of word painting. Indeed, he seemed to view nature more with the eyes of a painter than of a poet. But his coloring was many times vivid and laid with the hand of a master. Some of his best descriptions of nature are found in his "Near to Nature's Heart," *Sentinel*, 1885, which won the poet laureateship. Mr. Day also wrote sonnets of almost perfect technique and possessing many strong lines. Among his best were "Unsatisfied," and "The World and the Poet," *Critique*, November, 1883. "Two Guests," *Canada*, April, 1886, was also a good sonnet. These extracts show somewhat his power:

Why then, dear heart, should not thy Christmas be
A season to rejoice that thou art free?
Free as the wind that sweeps the starry dome!
Time and the grave are sternly set at naught;
The fight is ours in which we never fought;
For Christ stands victor over Death alone.

—*Christmas Sonnet.*

Her loving smile is beautiful
As shafts of sunlight after rain;
And when her tender eyes are full
With sympathetic tears for pain,—
No angel face from Paradise
Could look, it seems, one half so fair,

Or lift in silence to the skies,
For sin, a more beseeching prayer.
—*Sister Angelica.*

Mr. Day, in one instance, attempted blank verse ("Beyond Recall," *Critique*, December, 1883), but it was hardly a success. Some of his best work was published in pamphlet form in 1885, by Frank R. Batchelder, under the title "Wild Rose and Thistle." Mr. Day also wrote: My Garden in Winter, *Wise and Otherwise*, Jan. '84; Lover to the Moon, *Bay State Brilliant*, Oct. '82; Down the River, *Boy's Folio*, May, 83; He and She, *Northern Breezes*, Jan. '83; Thanks Be Unto God, *Northern Breezes*, Nov. '82; Tempest and Sunshine, *Lark*, Oct. '82; Day Dreams, *Lark*, Nov. '82; The Watcher, *Lark*, April, '83; Sister Jennie, *Our Optic*, April, '83; Drifting Heavenward, *Guide*, May, '83; Love and Life, *Mentor*, Feb. '83; From Gray to Gold, *Mentor*, Feb. '83; Midnight in the Street, *Boy's Herald*, Nov. '84; Song of the Bicycle, *Dart*, Dec. '83; Summer Sunshine, *May Flower*, June, '83; Rest, *Aspirant*; A July Journey, *Junior Press*, Dec. '83; Day Dawn, *Point*, Oct. '83; Flight of Time, *Bay State Pearl*, Oct. '83; Love's Young Dream, *Bay State Pearl*, Nov. '83; Christmas Eve, *Bay State Pearl*, Jan. '84; On The Hillside, *Bostonian*, Dec. '83; My Musician, *Laurel*, Dec. '83; At Sea, *Go-Ahead*, Oct. '83; In a Garden, *Index*, June, '84; Thyra, *Youth*, April, '85; After the Ball, *Youth*, June, '85; Pursuit and Possession, *Youth*, May, '85; In Absence, *Chic*, Feb. '85; December Twilight, *Messenger*, Nov. '84; A Song in Summer, *Messenger*, Vol. II, No. 3; Dawn of Day, *Messenger*, Vol. II, No. 1; To a Meteor, *New Century*, Dec. '84; Christmas Sonnet, *Sentinel*, Nov. '83; Sestina, *Sentinel*, Aug. '85; When Twilight Comes, *Sentinel*, Mar. '84; Incognito, *Phantasmus*, Feb. '85; Spring Weather, *Spectator*, April, '85; A Maiden's Yes, *E. A. Journal*, June, '85; What Gift, *Boy's Favorite*, June, '84; At the Threshold, *Telephone*, May, '84; Post Mortem, *Brilliant*, March, '84; When Summer Comes, *Criterion*, May, '85; The Outcast, *New Century*, Feb. '85; Roudeau, *Sentinel*, Jan. '84; The Ghost at the Wedding, *Sentinel*, Jan. '84; The Wild Rose to the South Wind, *Sentinel*, Feb. '85; Sister Angelica, *Sentinel*, Nov. '85; Billet D'Amour, *Quartette*, Dec. '85; Looking Back, *Dixie*, April, '86; Lost Love, *Palladium*, Jan. '86; To An Absent Friend, *Forest City Spark*, Dec. '85; Isolation, *Observer*, Dec. '85; Desolation, *Violet*, Dec. '85; The Dead Singer, *Waverly*, Nov. '85; Reverie, *Boys' Herald*, Apr. '86, Change, *Youth's Journal*, June, '86; A Blade of Grass, *Ath-*

enia, Jan. '87 ; The Poet's Songs, *Criteria*, Feb. '88 ; To One Who Does Not Write, *Palladium*, Dec. '87 ; Triolets, *Mistletoe*, Jan. '88 ; Complement, *Union Lance*, Jan. '89 ; A Shining Mark, *Nugget*, May, '89 ; Life, *Sphinx*, Oct. '83 ; A Look Ahead, *Sphinx*, Jan. '85 ; In a Castle Garden, *Sphinx*, Sept. '85 ; Late Rose, *Hyperion*, Mar. '89 ; A Fair Puritan, *Leisure Moments*, May, '87 ; Contrasts, *Leisure Moments*, Dec. '86.

THE WORLD AND THE POET.

As one who sits behind some leafy screen
And sees the children busy at their play,
So does the poet through the night and day,
With eager glance survey the worlds' gay scene,
That glides along like some forgetful stream ;
Eager to catch the impulses that move
The weak to courage, and the shy to love ;
And learn if life is but a fleeting dream.

But when the great world hears his music ring
Across its life so bowed by weary care,
It wonders how the poet learned to sing,
And why his gift was given him to bear ;
While yet his song to each dear heart will bring
Some sunny warmth to make the day more fair.

THE TWO GUESTS.

Into the silent chamber of the soul,
Sometimes there comes at twilight's changing hour,
Gray-robed Despond, whose melancholy power
Brings all our thoughts beneath her sad control.
In mournful chimes our saddened heart-bells toll
For Joy's young death, for true Love's overthrow ;
For hearts that ache beneath their blinding woe ;
For hands that strive yet fail to reach the goal.

On wings of love fair Hope again returns,
And dark Despond flees from her fair young face ;
With light and joy the silent chamber burns,
And all its depths are filled with fairest grace ;
Had not the first grave pilgrim paused to rest,
We might not love so well the later guest.

UNSATISFIED.

The silent shadows of approaching night
Grow dense and darker round my starless way,
While all the deeds of this departing day
Rise to my mind like phantoms cold and white ;

Some haunting deed I have not done aright,—
  Some work neglected for a moment's play;
  Or cruel words my lips were led to say
Will not be gone but still their wrongs recite.

The day is gone,—I cannot live it o'er;
  Lost moments come not back,—in vain I call
To friend and foe to trust me as before,
  But on deaf ears my tearful pleadings fall.
Yet let me hope! tomorrow holds in store
  The time and power whereby I gain them all.

LIFE.

For what is life? A gilded mockery;
  An airy bubble on a changing tide;
  A dark abyss that opens ever wide,
To sink our souls in deepest misery.
With mirth and sorrow over-runs the day.
  We gayly smile while yet our fainting heart
  Is torn and bleeding, by some venomed dart
Spite's cunning bow has sent our unwatched way.

We weep o'er graves that in their darkness keep
Some well-loved friend wrapped in eternal sleep;
  And fiercely strive for all the world can give;
But when at last we reach ambition's goal
The world is ours, but forfeited our soul,
  And at Death's portal find the way to live.

WHEELMAN'S AUTUMN.

On my swift wheel, when autumn woods are fair
With rainbow hues, that flame forth everywhere,—
  When 'mid the silvered birches, to and fro,
  In golden chains the moated sunbeams go,
And golden-rod its banner flings in air:—

When earth seems beautiful beyond compare,
With wood-bird's note and autumn blossoms rare,—
  Along the hills and through the fields I go
                On my swift wheel.

The graceful elms that bend as though in prayer,
The silver rills that ripple here and there,
  With liquid laughter as they onward flow
  Through deep ravines, where ferns and lichens grow,
All send me greeting as I onward fare
                On my swift wheel.

IN THE CASTLE GARDEN.

The midnight bell was scarcely done its pealing,
  And moonlight mingled with a soft perfume,
Was through the leaves and rose-hid lattice stealing,
  To bathe with light the inner depths of gloom.

The little birds half hid among the creepers,
That clung with loving touch to walls of stone,
No breath of song sent forth to wake the sleepers
But kept their music for their hearts alone.

He came with love's low voice of interceding,
And all the silent summer air was thrilled
With music sweet as some pure angel's pleading,
When round the throne the great, glad song is stilled.

Fair was her face that pushed aside the curtain,
Fair was the hand that plucked a dew-gemmed rose,
And through the darkness pallid and uncertain
Still on the air the long sweet song uprose.

The song was o'er, but ere its echo tender
Died into silence through the fragrant dale,
He raised his eyes and caught the softened splendor
That clothed fair Rilva in a radiant veil.

Sweet as a song the lute-like words that fluttered
Through the still weather to his loving lips,
Low as the night breeze were the answers uttered
Back through the lattice where the moonlight slips.

Dust are those hearts that on that night were throbbing
With love's awakened dream of dear delight;
And round that ruined lattice night-winds sobbing
Awake no echo of that calm still night.

Save for the vine that evermore is clinging
To walls that crumble 'neath its fingers fine,
No trace is left of lover or his singing
That I may weave into this verse of mine.

DOWN THE RIVER.

On the current's idle shifting
Quietly my boat is drifting,
While I watch the tender lilies,
Moving idly to and fro.
Or I watch the willows waver,
'Mid the ferns that quake and quaver,
Bending o'er the curls and eddies
Of the river's gentle flow.

Onward still my boat is gliding,
O'er the silver waters sliding,
And like some most lovely picture
All the landscape meets my eye;
All the changes of the shadow,
As it flits across the meadow,
And like some great arch above me
Bends the azure of the sky.

But the west begins to shimmer,
With that oft-repeated glimmer
Of the fiery sun encamping
Just behind the western hills.
And the song-bird, homeward flying
In the sunset slowly dying,
Sings a song so low and tender
That it all my being thrills.

Fragrant pines with boughs so dreary
Close above my head so weary,
Bid the wind with sweet enticing
Bear my drifting boat to shore,
Where, set free from all commotion,
Endless bliss shall be my portion,
Where the sin and weary working
Shall my burden be no more.

NEAR TO NATURE'S HEART.

I. — WINTER DAWN.

The little sleepy stars that all the night
Had rained on earth their showers of frosty smiles,
Fled frighted through the heaven's azure miles
Or veiled their faces in the morning light.

The east grew gray along the mountain wall;
The old moon swung far down the dreamy west,
Like some frail boat upon a blue sea's breast,
Where foam-capped billows neither rise nor fall.

Like pale pink roses pressed against a face
Of alabastine beauty fair and white,
So came Aurora with her rosy light
And bathed the snow-crowned heights in fairest grace.

II. — RIVER MIST.

Twilight dreamy and uncertain
Flutters like a wind-swung curtain
Round the purple-misted hills,
And the whip-poor-will's clear calling
Through the perfumed woodland falling
All the pulseless silence thrills.

On the green brim of the river,
Where the brown reeds bend and quiver
In the amorous autumn air,
Rise the white mists damp and chilling,
All the narrow valley filling; —
Dreamlike spirits frail and fair!

White-robed water-nymphs that hover
All the darkened river over,

In their cloudy phantom boats;
With their long white garments trailing,
And their siren faces veiling,
While the west wind by them floats.

But they vanish when the morning
Sends its rosy rays of warning
O'er the harvest-burdened fields;
For the daylight cannot cherish
Veiled forms that fade and perish
In the light the morning yields.

III. — THE DEATH OF SUMMER.

Fair summer fell among the garnered sheaves;
The southwind moaned to see its loved one lie,
With mute, parched lips and pleading lustrous eye.
The mountain maple wept its changing leaves;
And all the forest birds made mournful cry,
That she, who loved them most of all, must die.

The blood-stained poppies twined in ripened wheat
Still crowned her queenly wealth of gold-brown hair,
That fell about her shoulders brown and bare.
One hand was filled with lilies pure and sweet; —
The other bore the vineyard's fruitage rare —
Great globes of wine, blue-misted, like the air.

The purple asters and the golden rod —
Late Summer's pride — now Autumn's early bloom —
Still kept their watch beside her silent tomb;
And through the silence like the breath of God
The soft wind swept the wandering perfume,
Like some sweet spirit through the starless gloom.

CHARLES HEYWOOD.

Mr. Charles Heywood, one of the true poets of amateur journalism, entered the ranks in 1882, publishing *Northern Breezes*, with Mr. Frank H. Green. He was afterwards on the *Quadragraph*, and later associated with Mr. E. A. Edkins on the *Gauntlet*. In 1890 he was on the staff of the *Nugget*. Mr. Heywood belonged in later years to the extreme literary wing, and took no part in politics. As a critic he was very severe and sarcastic, and sometimes not discriminating. He hated a sham. His principal literary work was in the form of poetry. Though not many in number, his poems ranked among the very highest. There was an intense feeling in his lines. His poems were full of music, and instinct with life. His poems were: In Præsentia Mortis, *Athenia*, Oct. 1886; In Præsentia Mortis, *Athenia*, Jan. 1887; Departure from the

Lotus Eaters, *Highland Breezes*, April, 1887; Fortunatus, *Our Optic*, April, 1886; Verses, *Nugget*, May, 1889; Mariana in the East, *Stylus*, Jan. 1890; In Desert Places, *Ibid*; The Wandering Jew, *Gauntlet*, 1887; Funereal Bell; The Silent Speakers, *Nugget*, May 1890.

IN DESERT PLACES.

In the rushes by the river,
Which the herons haunt forever;
Where the silent moonbeams shiver
In a purposeless endeavor—
Like an index to the Styx,
Stands a lonely crucifix,
And the serpent comes not near it,
And the slimy creatures fear it.

There it stands and stands forever,
Where the yellow lilies quiver;
Where the sunlight cometh never
To the rushes by the river.

IN PRÆSENTIA MORTIS.

I.

It is not every day at its birth that brings to us such a fruit as this,
The union of trust in its purest sense and the love that is born of grief;
For the flower that springs from the breast of the dead is the promise of after bliss;
And the faint sweet wind of the burial morn may whisper a low relief.
In the dusky light of the gray-robed dawn that is stealing over the hill,
The Presence of Death has bowed the spirit, and the fountains of being start,
And beat in reponse to the ebbing pulse of the life that is growing still,
And the wild sweet chord of music struck is attuned to the Eternal Heart.

II.

Here in this room of the darkened light, with the face of the dead before us,
Grim with the scars of its war with death, and the great blank mystery o'er us,
Can you not hear like the stroke of a bell, or the song of a soul set free,
A heavenly voice in a nobler tongue, speaking to you and to me?
Can you not read, like a riddle solved, in the face that is turned to stone,
That the stillness is rest, and the pallor peace, and the labor forever done?
There is peace at last: and the bitterest scorn, or the pure white joy of faith,
Or the kiss of a girl or the grasp of a hand is nothing to him in death.

MARIANA IN THE EAST.

She bides in the east by the gray sea-wall,
Where the sun leaps up from the restless sea;
And the winds and the waves and great deep call
In the tones of an unknown tongue to me.
Then the sun went down, and a single bird
Hung like a blot in the evening sky;
And I dreamed of a voice I never heard,
And the smothering sound of a woman's sigh.

She bides in the east, where the day is born,
With many a hill and a dale between;
And many a field of the tasselled corn,
And many a sweep of the salt spray keen.
But her love hath leapt to the ends of the earth,
Borne on a breath of a passing wind;
For what is Time—or Eternity, worth
In the clinging clasp of mind to mind?

THE DEPARTURE FROM THE LOTOS-EATERS.

I.

Once more they gazed, then turned the prow away;
Without a tremor to the seas they sailed
Out the fair port where it was always day,
Out through the foam and flicker of the spray
To that dull line which marked where sunlight paled.
And as they moved the songs of watchers failed—
Instead, a hymn that prophesied decay.

And as they sailed, a little cloud hung low,
And something through the rigging sad refrains
Was whistling. Then a breeze began to blow
That roused a thought of half-remembered woe;
And presently the winds arose, and rains
Beat on their breasts, but could not wash the stains
Of thought away—and it was better so.

II.

Then o'er the waves there crept the hue of death,
A clammy fog enwrapt the fabled isles
Whose mystic vales and dreamy deep defiles
Gleam with the dews of youth's eternal breath.
And round the sea a shudder twined its wreath.
And hid the shimmer of its ceaseless smiles,
Like some young girl a widow's cloak beneath.

Through the damp air there came the songs of men
Who died in days when all the world was young.
Dim were their voices, weird the hymns they sung;
And from the fog-wrapt isles each misty glen
Flung the faint echoes sorrowful, and then
Shook the dun waves with a mightier tongue,
Pitched to a key that 'scaped the human ken.

BERTHA YORK GRANT.

Miss Bertha S. York contributed her first sketch to amateur journalism in 1881, but did not become generally known in its literature until a year later. At this time she contributed under various names, including "Topsy," "Rose Leaf," "Pansy," and "Galatea," but her principal works were signed "Bertha." In 1885 she was made recording secretary of the national association, and in that year she became the wife of Mr. Finlay A. Grant, an ex-president of the association. During that year she was one of the editors of the *American Sphinx*. In 1890 she published a paper called *Pansies*. Her poetry was notable for its charms of expression, its fine sentiment, its loving sweetness, and its beautiful imagery. It was said of some of it, and no doubt with truth, that it was obscure. This seemed to result not from design, nor from an ill-defined idea in the author's brain, but from the fact that what she so clearly and forcibly saw herself she fancied others could perceive as well, and consequently left some of her poems rather vague. Her technique was not always perfect, but her soul, which found expression in her spontaneous and sincere outbursts of song, was that of the true poet. Her poems evidently came from the heart and went to the heart. One of her striking works was "A Life's Poem," *Stars and Stripes*, January, 1884. It contained these lines:

DARKNESS.

I.

Upon the shores of Error's barren sands
A proud wreck — furious, trembling — faced rude storms
No human aid came from the neighboring strands —
But peopled fast the waste with seeming forms,
That were foul thoughts from drear Despair's abyss,
Sprung up to make a suicide's mad brain;
Through all that aching void Death lured to bliss;
Life held supreme grim Torment's bitter pain.

II.

The storm swept slowly past. The wretched soul
Grasped gentler thoughts; felt breezes mild and light;
Beyond the dreamy water's threatening roll
Gleamed 'neath the tender sun a far-off height.
A ray of light soft beckoned;— stirred the wreck,
Quick shivered — turned away — turned back; at length,
Slow-moving, glided toward the distant speck
An eager soul, lured on by heaven-born strength.

"Down by the Sea," *Signal*, December, 1884, contained strong lines. Among her other poems were: A Shell, *Stars and Stripes*, Mar. '84; Undone, *Stars and Stripes*, Sept. '83; Trolling, *New Century*, Jan. '84; Perfected Love, *Wise and Otherwise*, Jan. '84; My Ideal, *Wise and Otherwise*, Apr. '84; Regret, *Sentinel*, Mar. '83; Legend of the Lily, *Sentinel*, Dec. '83; The Shadow Picture, *Arnett's Phœnix*, Jan. '83; Christmas Night, *Guide*, Apr. '83; A Billet Doux, *Our Ambition*, Jan. '83; The Snow Storm, *Northern Breezes*, Feb. '82; De Profundis, *Northern Breezes*, July, '84; Rose and Heart, *University Herald*, Jan. '83; Disclosed, *Commentator*, Nov. '83; Her Secret, *Caprice*, Aug. '83; Jealousy, *Junior Press*, Dec. '83; A Message, *Our Endeavor*, Jan. '84; Fairy Land, *Zephyr*, June, '84; On Strawberry Hill, *Brilliant*, Dec. '83; Galatea Awakening, *Vidette*, Sept. '84; At Twenty, *Amateur Argosy*, Apr. '84; Her Book of Love, *Union Lance*, July, '84; Where He Lies Sleeping, *Red Letter Days*, Oct. '90; The Heart's Weird River, *Waverly*, Aug. '84; Cremated, *Messenger*, Nov. '84; Stanzas, *Dart*, Apr. '84; June, *Waste Basket*, June, '85; Her Picture, *E. Am. Journal*, June, '85; Daily Yours, *Violet*, June, '85; Equivatory, *Nugget*, July, '84; A Few Swift Years, *Telephone*, Apr. '84; Wait Not, *Telephone*, Feb. '84; Forgotten, *Comet*, Mar. '85; Stray Verses, *Nugget*, Apr. '86; Eureka, *Violet*, June, '86; Pansies, *Brilliant*, Mar. '84; Reconciled, *Nugget*, May, '89; Lines, *Sphinx*, Sept. '85; Frost on a Window Pane, *Dunlop's Magazine*, May, '89; Our Cactus, *Peninsular Press*, Mar. '83.

MY IDEAL.

'Tis he who daily, in the web of life,
  Draws through, unnoted by the careless throng,
  A thread of throbbing sympathy:—a song
Not set to music in all hearts, but rife
With hidden meaning, running through the strife
  In souls responsive, making firm and strong
  The strands that in the woof crowd out the wrong.
'Tis he who, chaste and pure as maid or wife,
Can seal with love's own chrism the lips of pride;
  And, weaving in life's mystic pattern strands
Of loyal faith and truth, can subtly guide
  The longing soul and tender, eager hands
To heights angelic:—he who can confide
  In heaven, and gladly give all love demands.

OUR CACTUS.

The house plants stood in the glowing sun,
And sparkled with glistening water drops;
While the cactus, old and tough, and grim,
Grew bright, with the sun in its thorny tops.
Baby, in innocent, glad content,
Crept to the plant that seemed to charm;
But his tiny hand touched not the green,
For the cruel thorns pierced his dainty palm.

One day soon after, an older child,
Drew near the plant in a curious vein;
And his hand felt a cruel, thrilling sting,—
But he tossed his head and scorned the pain.
A curious fancy, sought and found,
A place in my restless, weary brain:—
One tender heart smiled grief afar,
Another wept o'er transient pain.

The world is a cactus of mammoth growth,
In childhood's days it seemeth fair,
But alas! too soon we feel its thorns
In blighted hopes and weary care.
While young, we mourn o'er transient pain,
And o'er light griefs shed bitter tears —
Yet those warm drops cannot presage
The woe, that cometh in after years.

Time's wheel rolls on; we are but spokes
That with it whirl, nor care to pause;
We now brave grief with scornful smiles —
Smiles born of tears — that spurn applause.
We even laugh. On our broken hearts
Love's flower lies dead — we are filled with scorn,
For, striving to grasp life's hidden green,
We clasp but closer a merciless thorn.

RECONCILED.

I.

When merry time was young
And careless Youth had reign,
Life's saddest songs unsung,
And Love seemed purely gain;
Her maiden-harp was strung,
While Fancy briefly reigned —
But selfish Love was young,
And artfully restrained.

II.

Then, idly drifting with the years,
And owning Love full generous grown,

To catch the music of the spheres
She tuned her lyre. It might atone
The past to give Ambition rein.
But lo! There came, in mortal guise,
A joy that rent all else in twain —
She found her world in infant eyes.

III.

Then year on year the mother-love, expanding,
Sought through care-filled hours a higher plane,
Nor saw, with sense of perfect understanding,
How her ambitious hope had missed its aim.

But when the world had grown a poet richer,
Who stirred its very heart to throttle wrong —
Then, reconciled, she saw her travail bitter
Gave to the shifting years eternal song.

WHERE HE LIES SLEEPING.

"Come from the four winds, O breath."

Sweet South wind! breathe low as a sigh
Falling earthward from Angels on high —
Let thy spiced-breath all perfumes outvie,
Bid the birds softer croon as they fly —
Let thy sweetness all earth sanctify,
O'er the little mound tender watch keeping —
For you know where my darling lies sleeping.

O West wind! blow mist from the main
Gathered up into balm for mute pain —
Sweep broadcast the pitiful rain
O'er the parched, the blossomless plain.
O West wind, you rise but to wane!
For gently the rain falls to weeping
O'er the earth where my darling lies sleeping.

O East wind, mar not the blest place
Whence the spirit has sought endless grace!
From thy home where the earth and sky trace
The coming of dawn through drear space,
Aid the sun as he travels apace —
All his precious gold silently heaping
On the earth where my darling lies sleeping.

Bold North wind! you mock the dead year
Lying stark on its frozen-girt bier;
At man's sorrows you joke and you jeer
In icy gales flung far and near —
Yet evolve only snow, pure and clear,
Gently nestling, from out thy grasp sweeping,
On the earth where my darling lies sleeping.

WAIT NOT.

Were I to die to-night,
Then, one who now is wandering far,
Would quickly idle steps repair
To view the face Death left so fair;
Would gently touch the soft brown hair,
Would press pale lips in mute despair,
And breath a sad, vain, voiceless prayer.

Were I to die to-night,
Another might in sorrow steal,
To gaze upon grim Death's strange seal;
Perchance, beside its shrine to kneel
And plead—Ah, Death heeds no appeal.
Stilled lips no pleading kisses feel,
Cold hearts no tender love reveal.

Were I still lying here,
Relentless Death's fair, happy bride,
His signet ring this hand beside,
Where are the lips that then would chide?
All errors, selfishness and pride,
Loved ones to earth would then confide
By their unconscious author's side.

Ah, Life is mine to-night,
It sees no terror in the tomb,
It finds in death but transient gloom,
The spirit bursts its narrow room
And visions scenes that faintly loom
Beyond the gilded gates of doom,
That give to being joyful bloom.

And thus while life is mine,
While souls may loyal faith enthrone,
While hearts may love; while lips not prone
To make all sacred feelings known,
May freely give; while free to own
That patient striving shall atone
For grievous ills; give not alone

To hearts that Death hath chilled.
Bestow your kind caresses now;
Let the warm, living, throbbing brow,
Feel straying hands that love avow.
Let the rare fires of friendship glow;
Let votive lips their chrism bestow;
Wait not. 'Tis sad Death aught to owe.

A FEW SWIFT YEARS.

Tell me no more, no more
Of my soul's lofty gifts! Are they not vain
To quench its haunting thirst for happiness?
Have I not loved, and striven, and failed to bind
One true heart unto me, whereon my own
Might find a resting place, a home for all
Its burden of affections?

As one who often strives with yearning gaze
To pierce the rayless gloom of solemn Night,
And tossing fevered arms across its breast,
Sheds bitter tears upon its gloomy brow,
Crying for rest and peace with mute, parched tongue,—
Thus ever on the disc of by-gone years
Circled the tireless ghosts of my sad heart,
And ever on the grave of buried Love,
Dripped tears of blood from that same, throbbing source.

The busy world ran on; it heeded not
The mournful eyes of its young votary,
That ever turned upon its baffling face
In weary questioning; its careless heart
Recked not; its ruthless feet sped gayly on
Nor stayed themselves for mortal's weal or woe.
So speechless Sorrow grew familiar with
The sight of Love's fair, precious, sweetest gifts
Thrown sadly down, or thrust in breathless haste
Upon the reckless world's wide, carnal heart,
And grew to court absorbing Bitterness;—
That twines itself too oft among the mind's
Strong, clinging tendrils, near the fruitful vines,
To spread the germs of hatred and of woe.

Sometimes the peace of heaven falleth down
Upon the mourning spirit, swift and sure
As doth the lurid lightning cleave the sky;
Sometimes it steals as gently o'er the soul
As doth the warmly-tinted rays of light
Creep o'er the mountain tops to herald day.

Wan Sadness turned away from the wide pool
That seethed within the luring city's breast,
And sought the glowing solitude;— when lo,
A strange, warm hand clasped hers, and face to face
And heart to heart, she met, and viewed, and loved
Fair nature.

Mortal well may sing thy praise
O gentle spirit! Thy sweet voice instils
A happiness and calm that is not born
Of social joys, nor close companionship,

Nor friendships made with kindred heart of man.
And yet, thy deep instructions light the way
We all must walk, to bless that which we flee.
Regardless of the source from which they spring.
The gleaming lilies on the water's breast,
Unfold their petals chaste with calmest grace,
And shed their subtile sweets upon the air.
Conscious of ugly thorns, the sweet-briar bush
Grows fragile gems of blushing light, and casts
Its golden heart's frail fibers to cold earth,—
Bravely outblooming flowers of sterner mould.
May's dainty blossoms struggle into life
From 'neath the fett'ring vines that strive to blight
And turn their fragrant hearts to far-off heaven.
Giving their all unto whoe'er shall seek.

Upon the virgin soil that covered o'er
Love's sad, sad wounds, the flow'rs that greet the dawn
Of lightsome childhood sprang once more. They bloomed
By day, and nightly turned their perfumed souls
To heav'n for drops of spirit dew; and peace
Fell on grim, restless Woe, until it stood
Transfigured — and no more the faintest trace
Of sadness held mute reign o'er Hope's rapt heart.

Since that glad hour hath there been no more need
Of human love? Is granted swift desire
All that for which it pleads? Ask me no more.
Within the temple of each human heart
The quenchless fire of passion burns innate —
And ev'ry soul that nobly does and well,
And ev'ry heart that owns a pure ideal,
Forever yearns a fond, congenial mate.
To some it hath been given to know the joys
That fall like tend'rest benedictions o'er
The home of purest, sweetest, truest Love.
Its bosom is a haven of real rest
Where fervid heart-throbs meet responsive ones;
All thoughts, all hopes, all aims, all fond desires,
Meet thoughts and hopes and aims, as deep, as sweet,
As noble and as warm; and none so blest
As they who never weep and long in vain,
For all the blissful peace and sweet repose
That comes from sacred love and perfect faith.

For there are some to whom the garnered wealth
That snuggles in the untouched, secret depths
Of their warm hearts' rich mines is but a source
For restlessness and sorrow, vague unrest;
While also, many who are lavishing
The fresh sweet passion of their youthfulness

Upon a selfish idol, soon will know
The grief that saps the founts of unwise love.

And still the years sweep on:— hour follows hour,
Day succeeds day, and tender Night oft folds
Its sombre robes about earth's weary child,
That it may gain through wild outbursts of grief —
That day keeps ever pent within the breast —
New courage and relief, wherewith to cope
Successfully with all the deep and chill
Perplexities, Time daily gives fresh birth:—
And happy they who find fulfilled in age,
The 'luring promises of joyous youth.
Thus they are fleeting by, life's sunny years;
And though they fail to quell each lonely heart's
Mute cry for tranquil love,— in vain their strife
To hurl the spirit's haven, from its fair,
Calm resting place. There is a sweet, sweet peace,
That cooling winds, from far-off azure clouds,
Bear gently down to all who silent mourn;
There is a voiceless peace that dwells within,
Called into steadfast life from the calm sense
Of duties faithfully performed. Replies,
For all earth's tireless, eager questioners.
Than fame,— naught but a name, oft dearly bought,
Than love,— unconscious harbinger of woe,
More sweet the calm, low-brooding o'er the soul,
That owes its hourly rest to glad content.

As a sketch writer Mrs. Grant had a style peculiarly her own. As a delineator of pathetic phases of character she had no equal. There ran through all her work a seriousness, even a sadness, but it was not morbid; her stories were not gloomy, but were full of a touching sweetness, a tenderness, and an earnest sympathy. Her descriptions of scenery were vivid and very powerful, and her treatment of this portion of her sketches essentially poetic. Her plots were not strikingly original, but were developed in a manner essentially her own. The plane of her stories was high, and her sentiment of the purest tone. Many of her poems and sketches were published in book form in 1883, by Mr. Grant, under the title, "Only Buds." She wrote the following sketches: Sacrifice and Sacrificed, *Leisure Moments*, Mar. '86; April Fool, *Canada*, May, '86; Broken Fetters, *Nugget*, June, '86; Jack's Wife, *Stars and Stripes*, Feb. '84; That Hired Man, *Bay State Brilliant*, July, '82; My Christmas, *Boys' Folio*, Jan. '83; After Long Years, *Paragon*, Mar. '83; Little Papers, *Para-*

gon, Dec. '82; An Unsealed Letter, *Zephyr*, June, '83; Lena's Poem, *Meteor*, Mar. '84; Wrong Impressions, *Brilliant*, Mar. '84; Aunt Caroline's Story, *Nugget*, Nov. '88; Zadie's Journal, *Stars and Stripes*, July, '88; Jake Weston, *Sphinx*, Sept. '85; A Winter Memory, *Sphinx*, Aug. '84.

JAKE WESTON.

"A guilty conscience needs no accuser."

"Shall I go 'long, too, Jakey?"

"No, yer needn't. G'long inter the house, I tell yer, the deer b'longs ter me, 'n' I'll 'ave it. 'Fi can't bag that 'ere feller's game for'm 'thout eny help, why, th'n —" and the speaker's lips closed together grimly, and an ominous scowl settled over the hard features.

The poor old woman silently shrank back against the doorway, and wrung her thin, wrinkled hands in a fashion that had become habitual with her.

"Better 'ave a roarin' fire 'gin cookin' the animal;" and with a sardonic grin, Jake Weston shouldered his rifle and started for the neighboring forest.

A number of brisk steps brought him to a point where the road diverged into several foot-paths. Scrutinizing them carefully, Jake took the extreme left, and muttering, "This 'ere cros's t'other further on; we'll see, my fine gentleman, who brings down the game," he pushed stealthily through the underbrush, aiming for the track of a noble deer he had sighted the day previous.

It was still early morning. The October sun was rashly throwing from his glittering quiver innumerable golden darts along the eastern horizon. Many of them dipped their gleaming points into the placid waters that rippled before the open doorway of the hut wherein Jake Weston left his aged mother, while others, aimed higher, pierced the rising mists beyond, and touched the fluttering garments of the stately trees, until their robes were radiant with tints of matchless loveliness.

In the path extremely opposite the one taken by Jake Weston, a blithe young sportsman, noting the beautiful sunrise, stopped. All earth to him was glorious. On every breath he drew in, with keen delight, the fresh October air. Involuntarily he bared his head to the kiss of the cool winds, while a favorite melody burst from his lips in a clear, joyous whistle. The moments sped by. What was there about the scene in that wild, northern wood, to remind him of a pile of bones he once saw bleaching in the sun, at a mountain resort in far-off New Hampshire? He instinctively shuddered. Perchance his straying thoughts then wandered to his city home, and lingered lovingly about his gentle mother's sweet face. A tender smile lighted the handsome, boyish features, as he replaced his cap.

"Well, well; what sort of a huntsman are you, anyway, Arnon Leigh, that you stand here like a post? How do you know but your fine buck has already been brought down by that fellow that lurked here yesterday?" and the stranger hastened on.

Meanwhile Mrs. Weston — in her second childhood, poor woman — after finishing the homely duties indoors, tied an old scarf over her white locks, and left the hut, intending to do as she had often done before — startle, or head off, a deer for her son.

She wandered on a long, long way, but no unwonted sound disturbed the loneliness of the woods; she neared the verge of a broad clearing that lay, dry and fragrant, in the happy sunlight; she sat down upon a fallen log with a faint hope of seeing a deer, and a strange dread of Jake finding her.

The wind sought the frost-touched grasses at her feet, and playfully threw their heads together, making a rustling monotone not unlike music. A partridge cooed softly in a thicket near by. Beautiful leaves, decked in their holiday attire of gold, crimson and marbled tints, fluttered above her like fairy messengers of light. An audacious squirrel ran nimbly up the decayed trunk of a fallen tree at her side, and eyed her knowingly, then skipped off with his cheeks puffed out as though in silent laughter.

Strange thoughts wandered vaguely through the clouded brain, and happy dreams flitted there, not wholly unlike dreams of ours, good neighbor mine. On the evanescent walls of Fancy's castle we lightly trace grand, glorious visions, that vanish if sought by a simple worldly touch — as the fairy scenes with which Jack Frost beautifies the window panes deftly elude the generous sun, who smiles benignly down to gild the outlines of their magic tracery.

Jake Weston strode through the woods with every sense on the alert. He had struck the track of a deer, and was nearing a point where there were few trees and nothing but light underbrush for many rods. He stopped suddenly at sight of something away beyond, moving slowly to the southeast. Following with his eyes the direction of the moving object, he sighted upon a rising across the clearing a noble buck. The dark object was creeping in the shadows of the heavier timber toward the beautiful animal.

Now, my good neighbor, if you and I, from the "sublime heights of our philosophy," see a rival carry off the trophy for which we are striving, we doubtless nourish our spite to vent upon the primary object of our avaricious desires; but Jake Weston was not of our kind.

All the germs of fiendishness that lay dormant in his ignorant, cruel heart, sprang into being, as his quick eye noted the scene, and his quicker sense comprehended the advantage his rival held over him. With hot, bated breath and glaring eyes, Jake Weston aimed at the unsuspecting sportsman, and pulled the trigger of his Winchester. He considered himself an unerring shot, and when he saw the object of his brutal vengeance fall, he waited for no more, but fled back through the warm shadows of the wildwood.

The feeble woman, who sat smiling at the beautiful bird that had poised upon a branch near her resting place, and aroused her from her trance-like dreaming with its sweet carol to the morning sun, was startled by the sound of crackling brush, and surprised into immovable silence by the sight of a strange young man who emerged from the

shadows a short distance beyond, and stepped into the path before her.

He noted not the quaint figure, but moved stealthily on. The trunk of a fallen tree impeded his progress; he placed the handle of his rifle upon the ground to aid him in vaulting over. The woman heard a deafening report; she saw the prostrate form of what she had confusedly deemed a charming vision. She heard the dull thud of lead as it struck the tree just above her head. She staggered to her feet. Did a mother's unfailing eyesight discern the dim outlines of a human being fleeing from the radiance of the glad sunlight in the dim distance? A withered hand was unwittingly passed across the bewildered eyes; the trembling footsteps strayed themselves beside the wounded stranger.

The placid face and tearful eyes seemed like the features of an angel to Arnon Leigh, as he slowly recovered from the first bewildering sensations of the terrible shock his system had received. He ascertained his injuries, and arose to his feet: his rifle had discharged the contents of one of its chambers through his right arm. He asked the gentle woman if she could give him temporary accommodations at her home. A look of terror stole over the wan face as he questioned. The thin, worn hands were wrung together; then they seized the stranger's uninjured arm, and the voice trembled with perplexed entreaty:—

"No, oh no!" pointing the opposite direction from the hut, "there's 'elp there." Dubiously, "Jakey oughter 'ad the deer." With eager declaration, "He al'ays hunts 'ere."

With sudden energy the withered lips were pressed to the boy's firm hand, and the old woman turned away and set her troubled face toward her wretched home.

Solemn tears filled the eyes of Arnon Leigh as he watched the awkward figure out of sight; and he took away the remembrance of that uncultured woman's kiss as the memory of a sacred blessing. In the long after years he was spared to his own loved mother he never wholly forgot Jake Weston's.

* * * * * * *

The warm, odorous zephyrs that sprang up to usher in the soft October twilight gently fanned the careworn face of Jake Weston's aged mother, as she sat upon the steps of their rude dwelling, awaiting her son's return. The water rippled in a gentle monotone at her feet, and the beautiful clouds that hung above the western horizon looked like enormous sea-shells, with rose-tinted hearts, floating in a sea of sparkling sherry, that slowly faded into huge white billows, floating gently up on an ocean of heavenly blue. But the beauties of nature were powerless to woo the mind of the poor lone woman from its vague, confused wanderings.

The shadows were deepening all about her as Jake Weston emerged from the darkness. As he neared the steps and caught a glimpse of his mother's ghost-like figure, he started back affrightedly; then recognizing her, with a muttered oath he strode into the hut. The gentle woman, unquestioningly, arose and followed him. He had

no game, and flung his rifle into a dark corner of the room, and sought his couch in sullen silence.

Away along in the night Jake's mother, with timid anxiety, sought his bedside. As she lightly kissed the feverish temples of her son a strong arm flung her aside, and wide, horror-stricken eyes stared half insanely at the prostrate form beside the couch.

* * * * * * *

Life, that had never been very bright for that poor woman in the backwoods, suddenly grew darker. When another October blessed the earth with its gorgeous splendor the weary heart, had it been capable of forming reproaches, would have pronounced existence a wretched bane.

The game law had passed, but Jake Weston's rifle lay rusty and neglected; he who had once been the most untiring of huntsmen sought no more for trophies in the neighboring forest; he sat about the hut a terrible wreck of that strong, vigorous boy that had spent most of his life in outdoor exercise.

But rumors of the well-stocked wilderness floated out toward many who were eager for sport. The mild October day was at its dawn when unwonted sounds disturbed the serenity of the solitude in that northern wild.

Jake Weston's mother sought the window, and a soft, pretty glow tinged the wrinkled cheeks as she saw a party of gay sportsmen nearing the rude dwelling. Half unconsciously she murmured, "Like the other one." The tender smile upon her lips turned to an expression of tremulous fear as she felt the hot breath of her son upon her neck, and the fierce grip of his hand upon her arm.

She was pulled from the window instantaneously, and the wild eyes stared into her innocent ones with frightful intensity, "*Like who?*"

The poor woman sank down upon the floor and buried her face in her hands. Perhaps she had a faint idea that something more terrible than she could imagine would happen to her if she confessed to having conversed with Arnon Leigh.

The sounds of conversation and laughter died away in the distance. Jake Weston drew back from the wretched figure as though a vague comprehension of his brute-like savageness had pierced the rough exterior of his half-maddened brain.

The day wore slowly on. The sound of several rifle-shots pierced the hearing of the inmates of that dismal dwelling; when the tired woman, glancing up from her homely duties, saw her son moving stealthily toward the door, with a bundle in his hand.

"Where goin'?" she inquired; then with a stifled cry of agony, she sprang to his side: "Don't go, Jakey; don't."

Jake Weston looked savagely down upon the inanimate form of his loving mother, and laid down his bundle. Then he got some water and restored her to her senses. He was, unconsciously, resting upon his knees beside her as she opened her troubled eyes, and before he was aware of her intentions, the wasted arms were clasped tightly about his neck, and the feeble lips murmured, half-hysterically:

"Jakey, I couldn't 'elp it; his arm was 'urt. He talked so pretty, and he was so good, Jakey; he went 'way 'thout the deer."

What had happened? Had God sent back the affectionate boy that had blessed her life in years agone?

The warm October twilight enveloped the little hut in the woods, and quietly softened the uncouth proportions until it presented a strangely picturesque appearance. The twilight deepened, and the "lamps of heaven" shone forth in all their splendor. Little Mrs. Weston stood at the uncurtained window of her humble dwelling, and looked wistfully into the calm heavens. Perhaps a faint longing stirred the clouded soul,— a longing for angel voices to bear the tidings of her wondrous happiness to the companion of her maiden days. She looked long and wistfully at the golden stars that winked shyly at one another while gazing down upon her from the benign, peaceful face of heaven.

What affinity could there possibly exist between her misty longings and calm delight, and the wishes of the fair mortal who stood at her casement and prettily raved about her Romeo being cut into little stars to make the face of heaven so fine?

The moon coyly played hide-and seek with the great white clouds that floated on and on in majestic grandeur; a fish leaped to the surface of the beautiful water, and sent silver sparkles rippling toward the silent dwelling. The gentle woman turned away at last, and all through the brooding night mused with wondering joy on the unutterable blessedness life had given her.

The moon rose higher and still higher. It peered into the face of Jake Weston, that lay upturned toward the heavens; a half-smile lingered about the lips, and such a look of relief and mute happiness rested upon the features of the happy dreamer, that fair Luna drew back abashed, and left the inmates of that humble dwelling in unwatched, undisturbed peacefulness.

BROKEN FETTERS.

The long summer day seemed at last drawing to a close as the sun, coquetting among the Western mountain peaks, threw his last warm glances upon the pleasant veranda where Harold Rogers sat reading, and leaving a soft golden glow upon the pages of the book, withdrew behind the solemn fir-tops, leaving pale Luna in undisputed sway high up in the glowing heavens. As the red and gold and purple rolled together in the track left by the departing god, Rogers' dreamy eyes left the page of fiction and seemed searching for some message in the changing brilliancy in the West.

The chair in which the dwarf sat was low and broad, and its hollow form half concealed the misshapen figure of the poor hunchback, while the blue velvet rest upon which his head was heavily leaning showed to advantage the fine forehead and clustering curls that seemed so fitting a crown to so noble a face. At the angle caused by the position of his head, Rogers had a limited view of objects near at hand; only a road that skirted the edge of a steep though short eleva-

tion of land, not very far beyond the road passing his home, — then a grove whose distant outlines seemed reaching into the beautiful West's gorgeous dye-pot. In reality, innumerable meadows, hills, fields and and forests, lay between the fine grove near Harold Rogers' home and the mountain peaks and rows of dark firs that were ever striving for communion with clouds; and mayhap his thoughts involuntarily grasped the paradox, but only momentarily, for in the midst of his meditations and in apparent response to a creation of his vivid imagination, a slender figure appeared upon the hill that cut the first line in his view of the landscape, and paused to look at the delicate, pale tints that had been evolved from a half hour's conflict among flaming hues beyond.

With the swift thrill of pleasure as Rogers noted the symmetrical form, mingled a chill that pervaded his entire being, for the vision with golden-crowned head — a bonnet swinging from one shapely arm, — was clothed entirely in black, while the creations of his fancy were always robed in tints of purest pearl. As the figure moved slowly on, Harold assumed an upright position and turned to his neglected book, but he felt unaccountably disturbed, and soon discovered his eyes were following the movements of the stranger — for he was certain whoever it was must be a stranger to that quiet country town, nestled among and even perched upon the still, picturesque hills that had never sent frightened echoes after an express train.

The road taken by the lady led up to an untenanted but fine house, where by following a foot-path down the eastern side of the grounds, where the elevation was merely a gentle slope, the road that passed Rogers' home was gained, and had but to be followed down its curved length to reach the common, across which, to the south, stood the large Hotel, the townsfolk's pride, and a building of which they could pardonably boast. It was with an emotion of inexplicable satisfaction Rogers saw the graceful form move along the foot-path until lost to view behind the trees and profuse foliage, yet he returned to his book and read on and on until entirely oblivious of his surroundings.

"But just think what a reopening of the past that will be to us two: how we shall seem to see ourselves standing there as we were seven years ago;" he read. A sweeping, outward motion of a sombre robe attracted Rogers' attention, and in another instant he was on his feet on the broad steps of the veranda saying, "Agnes! Agnes Whidden!" — And then the thin, outstretched hand fell at his side, and the pale face flushed painfully. But the lady had paused and turned her wide hazel eyes upon the trembling, misshapen figure, then the sweet lips said, "Can it be, Harold Rogers?" and the strange pair clasped hands, and the lady accepted a rocker beside the hunchback's low, easy chair, and they were soon engaged in cordial though desultory conversation.

As Rogers had again occasion to pronounce his guest's name, she turned to him quickly and gently protested. "Not Whidden, my friend; but Agnes, Agnes Van Kirk," and a mist veiled the clear eyes before the lids had time to conceal the tell-tale sign of pain.

As Harold had already noted the mourning garments that clothed the form of his vision with an almost superstitious chill, so, now the sombre garments were nearly close enough to touch with an outstretched hand, he felt even colder. Was her husband dead, he wondered; and then he thought of the years that had elapsed since, in a far distant city, he had escorted this girl, — "this woman," now, — then a girl, of seventeen, to the Amphitheatre where the pupils of the schools graduated: how he had taken supreme delight in hearing her voice as she took part in the exercises, and recalled her gaiety as she tendered him her diploma in its blue streamers, with "True blue, you see!" And a wave of sadness quite akin to pain swept through his being, for as a faint perfume was wafted from the direction of Mrs. Van Kirk, he once more inhaled the fragrance of blossoms and buds that had bloomed seven long years agone, all dead and withered now; then the weight of those years suddenly magnified, and he felt very old as Memory marshalled troops of pleasant recollections before his searching vision.

The hazel eyes were uplifted, and he was recalled by the soft voice beside him. "This is your old home, is it not? Have you a family, Harold? — I need not call you anything else, please?"

"No, you need not; I like Harold best from your lips; it recalls our youthful friendship. This is my home, as it always has been, always will be, — and I live alone with my mother and sister."

His companion caught the look of pain upon his face as he glanced towards his delicate white hands and tiny feet, but she could not at once speak. She felt that, quite unintentionally, she had wounded the sensitive being at her side, and considered how little he had altered since she bade him farewell in the city that had been the home of her youth.

Faint recollections of the tenderness, the wit, and, what to her girlish mind was genius, that had lavishly beamed upon her in those bygone days, returned, and the poor, deformed body beside her that must figure in the thronging memories, slowly dissolved into the spiritual, for that only glowed from the mild brown orbs that sought hers. This stunted, misshapen body was the abiding place of a spirit pure as the pale, silver light that was gently flooding the veranda where they sat. A half-formed thought as to how some people could shudder and turn away from the hunchback, resolved into contemplation of many manifestations, which were easily recalled, of the wonderfully beautiful nature of her friend.

"How long ago it seems!"

Mrs. Van Kirk turned her face to Harold's and replied, "Yes, very, very long."

"And I drift on in the same old way. I never was a favorite of fortune, and have ceased caring to be. But you, Agnes, how has Fate treated you? Sadly, I fear." And his finger tips touched the hem of her heavy robe.

With a quick, nervous motion, Agnes Van Kirk arose and said, "Can you not walk with me to the Hotel?" Rogers took up his cane and after seeking his hat in the hall, they stepped together under the

gleaming stars. "Fortune has been kind to me, Harold, but Fate! It has been kind enough to allow me to bury all that I possessed of life and joy. Of what value is gold when hope is dead, and one's life centres in a grave?"

"Hope lives *forever*, dear friend," — and Rogers' free hand involuntarily sought and clasped Agnes Van Kirk's as if its life must add warmth to the coldness of her lot; and the touch of sympathy was sweeter than any speech to the woman grown weary of condolence that existed only in well-worded phrases or elegantly written epistles.

They were silent after, until the hotel steps were gained, when Rogers said, "Do you remain here for any length of time?"

"I have engaged rooms for the summer."

"You will allow me to call, Agnes?"

The query seemed so foreign to Rogers' nature, a ghost of a smile flitted across Mrs. Van Kirk's face, but she recognized the delicacy that shrank from intruding upon a private sorrow, and replied gently, "If you can endure my society, it will please me to see you often, Harold. But I warn you, I am not as cheerful as I was seven years ago."

With a few other remarks they separated, and Rogers slowly retraced his steps, pondering over the sad circumstances that had estranged Agnes Van Kirk from the cheerfulness of social companionship, and sent her into solitude and among strangers; for he was sensible enough to know — the truth — that the woman who had so graciously assisted him in gathering together the broken threads of their early friendship, had no thought of his existence when she chose to dwell in Farmingdale for one short summer. As Rogers lingered upon the threshold of his door, drinking in the beauty of the perfect solemn night, Farmer Robinson, who lived on the road he had walked with Agnes Van Kirk, arose, and knocking the ashes from his pipe, entered his door and remarked to his wife, — "What's goin' to 'appen! Rogers escorted that young woman down by here awhile since; the fine one that come in the coach to-day, and's goin' to board at the hotel all summer. I b'lieve she called at the house up there. Must a known 'em. They walked mighty slow, and didn't appear to have much ter say. 'Twas a queer sight, I tell yer,—that slender, pretty woman with her light step and infarnal gown, and that cripple hobblin' 'long side her."

Upon entering her room, Mrs. Van Kirk sought the low couch which seemed wondrously beautiful in the silvery light that had filled the room during her absence, and reclining there, gave way to the anguish that clung so tenaciously to her every thought, and unconsciously manifested itself in her movements. Although it had been two years since her husband's death, her grief seemed as poignant as ever. Orphaned and widowed in one year, it is not to be supposed she could easily rally, — yet youth is hopeful and too vigorous to be permanently prostrated,— therefore the silent, reserved grief of Agnes Van Kirk had become well-nigh unbearable to her most intimate relatives and friends. Yet the sorrow that appeared incomprehensible to those good people,

was painfully keen to the woman wholly wrapped in contemplation of the vindictive bitterness of Fate as applied to herself. If she had looked about her, she would have long since discovered living afflictions far more cankerous than those with which death had burdened her; yet nothing had transpired to awaken the dormant sympathy and tenderness which Agnes Van Kirk really possessed for the world's unfortunate.

But this night the weeping of the lonely woman augured well, for she lay quite still and the tears dropped slowly: tears of sadness and regret they might be, but not rebellious, bitter ones. Then, too, Mrs. Van Kirk soon discovered there was something beside herself to think of, for the meeting with Harold Rogers had been a great surprise, — and if she had chosen to seclude herself in a far-away, quiet village, to be alone and free to indulge in morbid fancies to her heart's content — or discontent — it is scarcely to be wondered if the surprise was faintly tinged with unpleasantness. Not that Agnes Van Kirk had betrayed any such feeling, because her manners had long been conceded faultless, yet the accidental discovery of the hunchback detracted from her prospective comfort in solitude.

Despite all this, and in perfect accord with her strange yet generous nature, Agnes Van Kirk went carefully over the details of her unusual friendship for Harold Rogers. She recalled the moment of their first meeting, — the only summer he had been in the city where she was, — and the effort it took to greet him as she would any other gentleman, for pity will creep even into the eyes of those guarded when they behold a crippled body, especially when the spirit shines forth so steadfastly and clearly as from Harold Rogers' eyes. Then drifted into her thoughts the memory of long talks they had found opportunity to indulge in, wherein each discovered in the other wondrous harmony of thought and feeling both pleasant and satisfying. Bars of tender songs her friend had sung for her, and recollections of dainty souvenirs his skillful hand had wrought, came many and fast. Subsequently the long letters filled with rare bits of wisdom and wit and fond remembrances; at last the long, long silence in place of the eternal friendship so often pledged.

Quite unconsciously, Mrs. Van Kirk had been unusually cordial with Harold Rogers, and the pleasant recollection of the hour caused her to decide suddenly that she would seek the acquaintance of his mother and sister, and try to interest herself in the trio. The decision was sudden, yet it took considerable self-communing in the peaceful moonlight to bring it into life and action. For the resolve meant earnest action to Harold Rogers' young friend.

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A week had elapsed, and Agnes Van Kirk was spending an afternoon with the Rogers family. It had not required much of an effort to interest herself in the feminine portion of the household, for they were refined and gentle ladies, and had hearts full of kindness toward the sad, lonely woman. Mrs. Van Kirk had been entertained very satisfactorily, for Harold possessed fine collections of considerable

value, of minerals, silver coins, birds and stamps, and a huge cabinet filled with curiosities from many countries. There were also many unique and pretty things which his fingers had skillfully fashioned, that could not fail to interest and please, while as a crowning monument to his patience, a complete, full-rigged vessel was placed on a table before her for criticism. She was evidently delighted with it, and lingered over the details of its composition, examining the minute ropes and ladders and pretty sails; but when Harold's sister, Miss Minna, sensitively imagined their guest wearying, she proffered her one of Rogers' scrap-books. There was a series of them, all carefully labelled and numbered: one for scientific scraps, one for moral, one for religious, one for poetic, and one for romance in prose, but the one Agnes held was dedicated wholly to home subjects, — home-life and affections.

Rogers reclined on the sofa opposite Agnes, but the vessel obstructed a fair view of her face, so he was dreamily noting the curve of an eyebrow and curl of an eyelash that were presented from between spars and ropes, when he fancied the eyelid moistened and in another instant several tears were vigorously winked away from the pretty lashes.

Words of rebuke to his sister for her thoughtlessness in giving to the sad woman so many touching pictures of happy homes, rose to his lips, but were restrained, and as Minna immediately after removed the ship from the table, to Rogers' amazement he saw that Mrs. Van Kirk had turned but two leaves in his book, and was reading the dedicatory preface he had entered there. A tremor of joy momentarily possessed him, for of such a reward he had never dreamed when composing the lines consecrating the volume to those who enjoyed the kindly cheerfulness of their home life. To Agnes Van Kirk, it was as if one had spoken from the grave in those pathetic lines. The years parted, and she again beheld the noble, unselfish nature of her old friend even more clearly than in those days when she had been a care-free, joyous girl. She had known that little household so brief a time, and yet already sympathy for the feelings of others was beginning to stir within her. And as the weeks swept past them, Harold Rogers, who was a keen observer, grew to rejoice in a certainty that she was awakening from the lethargy of sorrow into which she had seemed so irretrievably fallen.

Before many weeks passed, Agnes had discovered how faithfully her memory had been kept in that pretty little nook of whose very existence she had forgotten. She found the names she and Harold had chosen for one another in the long ago, cut upon a ledge at the east side of his house, — graven rudely, for it must have required much patient labor to cut in the solid granite, yet they showed distinctly: — VULCAN, VENUS, — one below the other. Agnes was alone when she made the discovery, and as she stood sadly gazing at the letters, she soliloquized, — "If poor Vulcan stole fire from heaven, — and I almost believe he did, for his writings show unmistakable proofs of the fire of genius and purest love glows from his beautiful eyes upon all objects,

— he has dearly paid for his rashness in having always to carry an ugly, misshapen temple in which to keep his spoils." — Then Minna Rogers joined her, and they strolled on and up to the hills above.

Mrs. Van Kirk afterward found a tender tribute to her girlhood in a sonnet entitled *Agnes*, written in Rogers' familiar penmanship upon a blank leaf in one of his private books, which one day chanced to lie open upon a table before her, and which she did not refrain from reading; and when later she read a few sweet verses upon the blossoms she wore upon that memorable Graduation day, she confessed to herself with tear-bedimmed eyes that it was a beautiful, yes, a sacred thing, to find one so faithfully remembered — past circumstances so carefully cherished.

Thus with many an incident to call forth in Agnes Van Kirk the generosity and tenderness for others that had so long slumbered, the Summer passed, and Autumn witnessed her departure from Farmingdale. Through the long winter, correspondence was renewed between Agnes and Harold, and when Nature once more clothed itself in robes of light and beauty, Mrs. Van Kirk again turned her face toward Farmingdale.

"I am so glad," were the first words Rogers said to her after her arrival, as his fingers lightly touched her garments: and she smiled as she replied, "So am I. You see you have convinced me you were in the right."

She had laid aside her mourning robes; not that she felt a stranger to sorrow, but because Rogers had succeeded in causing her to entertain his own peculiar views in regard to the usage of crepe, — and in her new and lighter attire she made a picture very fair to look upon. The following morning Mrs. Rogers and Minna called upon Mrs. Van Kirk, and their friendship was renewed where to outward appearances it was broken off. So Agnes became a constant visitor at Rogers' home. The apple trees were blossoming, even the one that somehow derived existence from among the huge ledges that extended to the east of Rogers' house, while the violets and honeysuckles were growing together in bewildering profusion on the hillsides, and in the very yard before the grand, silent house upon the hill beyond.

It was a perfect morning, and Mrs. Van Kirk and Minna had gone up the road and across the hillside to gather some of the beautiful wild flowers. Rogers, who was feeling indisposed and so unable to accompany them, reclined in his own particular chair, and watched them until they disappeared from view, thinking of many things, but principally of the change that had crept over Agnes Van Kirk.

She was very cheerful and beginning to appear like the girl he knew when he was younger,—"Yes, when younger,"—and he sighed, for he was seven years older than Agnes, and had often thought that one good reason for their friendship. Yet he smiled bitterly at the far greater reason, hydra-headed, which had ever restrained him from being more than a friend to any woman.

That any one could not sympathize with his ambitions, he had never doubted since he had known Agnes Van Kirk, but that he could

be truly loved was a subject he had never summoned courage to face. Yet why he should have lacked it was rather strange, considering how thoroughly capable his own nature was of the divine passion.

The morning wore away, when Rogers, awakening from a light nap into which he had unconsciously fallen, saw the young ladies coming down the road laden with trophies of their rambles. Mrs. Van Kirk was smiling and shaking her head at Minna, and as they approached nearer and passed the window, Rogers saw she held a spray of violets between her lips. Upon entering the room, Agnes Van Kirk crossed directly to Harold, and stooping over him, murmured, "Take them." He obediently caught the delicate blossoms as they fell from the sweet, red mouth, but his eyes closed, and he turned so very white Agnes exclaimed, "You are worse!" But he only opened his eyes and smiled back a "No." She explained that those violets were especially for him, for his coat lappel, and after placing the bunches of various hued blossoms that filled her hands, upon a table, she fastened the sweet violets upon his jacket.

Mrs. Rogers had entered the room directly after the young ladies and was a keen observer of all that took place. Yet she made no sign; and immediately the flowers were arranged in vases, — while she served a dainty luncheon to the trio she found in the pleasant sitting room.

That evening Agnes Van Kirk was unusually restless, and after pacing her rooms awhile, sought the quiet country roads, wandering about for sometime. It was a still night. The heat and darkness grew oppressive, and feeling rather lonely, Agnes finally took the road up to Rogers' home, and upon reaching it, thought she would step in for a moment. A faint light shone from the windows near the front door, and as Agnes stepped through the open way into the hall, she paused and leaned out toward the silence and darkness for another breath of the perfume that floated from the lilacs beyond the path.

"But she is cruel, Harold!"

"Mother!"

"She *is*. Is it generous to seek the love of a man who dare not ask for happiness? To place herself in your way and —"

"Hush! I will not listen."

"But I *will speak!* You know your heart is consumed within you. You know her beauty —"

"BE STILL!" Sternly and harshly the words rang out on the night air and pursued Agnes Van Kirk as she groped blindly and silently down the path to the road.

The following morning, as Harold Rogers was taking a late breakfast, a note was handed him signed by Agnes Van Kirk. Its contents consisted of but few words — "I will return. Wait for me."

For an instant Harold felt that Mrs. Van Kirk's sensitive nature must have been touched by something in his mother's manner the day previous. Yet he knew she had not betrayed her displeasure — yea, anger — until Minna had retired, which she did early, and they were

alone. Still, despite its puzzling brevity, the message possessed an occult charm for Harold Rogers.

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The long, hot season wore away, and the beautiful Indian Summer of October delighted every inhabitant of New England. Yet, among all these, none felt the beauty and peacefulness more than Agnes Van Kirk. She sat in the library of her own elegant home, and looked thoughtfully at the closely written sheets before her, then from the open window to the glorious scene without, and a sense of harmony between both pictures made them blessed unto her soul. The memory of that hour was ever a sacred one to Agnes Van Kirk.

She had completed a letter to Harold Rogers, — the first words after the brief message of four months since, and now that the pleasure was over, she realized more than ever the ineffable peace that possessed her soul.

Those four months of self-exile had not been idle ones to the woman so suddenly and thoroughly aroused from a lethargy of morbid sorrow and selfish idleness. Viewing her life in comparison with that of the cheerful hunchback's, she felt keenly its poverty and barrenness; and hers was a nature which once stimulated would rise to incomprehensible heights. She could find no rest until her thoughts and affections were in purer, grander and broader channels. And with the widening of aims and purposes, her soul sprang up full-statured and bade her write Harold Rogers; bade burning words of eloquence plead for her soul a resting place upon the level of his own. All the restraints and barriers conventionality would raise were swept aside as the sweetest and most sublime in Agnes Van Kirk's nature appealed and responded to the holiest in that of Harold Rogers.

A week later the post bore messages to Agnes Van Kirk which extinguished the flame of joy that had so transiently warmed her life-blood, for her unopened letter was returned by Minna Rogers, with one from her brother, and an explanatory epistle relating to his death and burial.

Yet hope and cheerfulness never deserted Agnes Van Kirk, and in haunts of poverty and degradation her beautiful face and wise benevolence carried sunshine, and hope, and faith, for graven upon the tablets of Memory were the last words Harold Rogers penned, — fraught with two-fold meaning unto the woman who had severed the chains that bound her in pessimistic selfishness, only to find that Death had broken fetters which confined a soul scarce long enough to teach her the way to live:

"EVER FAITHFUL FRIEND — It has often seemed a long time to wait, in looking forward to that moment when Nature would undo the tangled skeins of our interlaced existence, yet never time so long as this which thy word has pressed upon me. Friendship, aye love, would obey its mandate, but upon the mystical shores of eternity my spirit hovers, looking back but to say unto thine:

'No stream from its source
Flows seaward, how lonely soever its course,
But what some land is gladden'd.'"

HERBERT C. PARSONS.

Mr. H. C. Parsons published, with Mr. G. E. Day, the *Point*, and later the *Postscript*. He entered the ranks in 1882. He was chosen president of the New England association in 1884. Outside of his editorial work his best efforts were essays, though he wrote the poems, Golden Rod, *Point*, Oct. 1883; To George E. Day, *Point*, April 1884. He also wrote an interesting sketch, Their Rural Christmas, in *Northern Breezes*, Dec. 1882. His essays were: The Practical Value of Literary Taste, *One*, August 1886; Twenty-one Years, *N. E. Official*, March 1884; and What to Read, *Point*, Oct. 1883.

PRACTICAL VALUE OF LITERARY TASTE.

Literature is a branch of art. Its study requires the same devotion in order to attain a full appreciation and its practice demands the same natural gift in order to reach a considerable success that are necessary to appreciation and success in other branches of artistic study and work.

It is not less impossible to truly understand fine literary production without toil and to practice without the inborn ability than it is to criticise or execute a fine painting without the discrimination of a connoisseur or the natural artistic ability. I doubt whether the ability to really write well is a more general gift than the ability to paint truly and feelingly. There is a popular conception that to write readable and valuable matter is less a task and requires a less degree of native ability than to produce a truly commendable painting, and the consequence of such an idea is that a thousand write and publish mediocre stuff where one thrusts on the public a defective painting. But while we have but few artists who wield the brush with such feeling and grandeur as to win them deserved praise, we have no larger number of poets who reproduce man's deep devotions with any notable correctness and no larger number who depict human nature ideally, yet truly, in the novel. With a score of noted painters, we can name no more than a score of noted poets, no more than a score of noted literateurs in any branch.

But as has been noted, there is a vastly larger number of workers in the literary field than in that of other art and there are many writers who attain some degree of excellence, even though falling short of permanence in the literary firmament. History, whose deliberate processes extinguish many a temporary light, will reveal that many who to-day dazzle us with their brightness are but falling stars that in the lapse of a generation are forgotten, while perhaps there are those whose brilliancy is hidden from us by the cloud of our own lack of appreciation that in time will be recognized as fixed stars of the first magnitude.

With an all-absorbing ardor thousands of pens are defacing as many fair pages as the result of the racking of as many exhausted or

incapable brains in search of an idea where ideas are as rare as diamonds in the rocky pastures of New England. What is to be done? Are we to encourage this poorly-paying work? We can hardly deny it the right to accomplish what it may; and indeed before we condemn the practice of writing as a profession, let us consider that it is a source of pleasure to mankind, to the toilers themselves, and to the circles, large or small, of their admirers; that it is a source of improvement, and that the more we lead people away from the commonplaces of life the higher we elevate mankind. The profession is a legitimate one and those in whose productions we now discover no merit may be the ones who shall develop into something better and of actual value. As a means of direct pleasure and profit the profession of literature can but receive our support, even though the plodders who follow beaten tracks are numerous and wearisome.

The question our title suggests is whether literary tastes are of value to those who court success in other fields. To the man who must win his daily bread by manual labor, is a knowledge of the poets, of philosophy and of grand fiction of practical value? If it can be shown that a man can carry a hod up a ladder with any steadier tread by having read Shakespeare and Milton, or by thinking, as he ascends the rounds, of the theory of the advance of being step by step from mere protoplasm to man, then we will admit that a literary and scientific education is essential to ideal hod-carrying. If it can be shown that a grocer can attain better success — using the word in a limited business sense — by having in his mind thoughts of poetry and philosophy, or can transact his common business affairs in better shape because his hand tingles to record the vagaries of a poetical thought, then it becomes the duty of a humane people to offer every inducement for such education. But such is not clearly the case, for we count it self-evident that the closer a man's thought, endeavor and desire are concentrated on a certain object, the more likely is he to obtain that object, and the more systematic will be his progress.

To take this same principle on a higher plane, those men who have made themselves especially useful to the world have been thoroughly one-idea men; their usefulness must be credited to their having sacrificed all other inclinations and tastes to the concerted endeavor toward a special end. Near me, as I write, is a standard work on botany; in its many pages we have given us all that is known of the science, and perhaps a single unpretending paragraph represents the uninterrupted endeavor of months of time. It is by Prof. Gray and we know of him that he has won his position as chief of this study by the absolute devotion of his mind and endeavor to its work. He is unfamiliar with the kindred science of mineralogy; his knowledge of the languages, of mathematics and of astronomy may not be above that of the average pedagogue of country districts, but he has been a bountiful benefactor to the toiling world who would know something of the flowers that bloom along the way. Diffusion of his time and study over a half dozen sciences would have robbed the world of its greatest botanist.

Centralization is the demand on minds that would be useful. So far as a man allows any natural tastes to lead him away from that manner of business which by circumstances he is obliged to follow in order to win a competence, just so far does he lessen the degree of his success in that business. Men who attain prominence and usefulness in science, politics and religion, reformers who deserve the name, are necessarily one-idea men. The holding of and acting on one idea, toward a well defined and unvarying end, can alone bring a man success. Then I would conclude that literary tastes are not otherwise than a hindrance to success in unliterary work. Does it follow that we should discourage literary culture among the common people? Rather the opposite, for on the highest development of the people depends the success of our institutions and the happiness of our homes. What we need is not so much concentration on methodical business conduct, but the development of men in all their faculties. We aim by our schools, by our churches, by our peculiar system of government to make broad, successful men rather than merely successful grocers, or farmers, or hod-carriers. Develop them in letters, in art, in music to that degree where their hearts will tune some response within when any of these are presented in beauty or melody without.

The study of literature and the cultivation of literary desire and ability should be placed on the same basis as the study of painting — indulged in order to develop true manhood and so indirectly to fortify our nation against the degeneration which has levelled other governments to dust.

If a man seeks success in any limited way, he may well concentrate his every thought and endeavor on the pushing toward the desired end. But if he would be a successful man in the broadest sense, he can not afford to put literature and art behind him. And these are what the world needs, men who are well developed in all their faculties and not deformed by the devotion to one idea.

There will be specialists enough in spite of a policy of a general and varied education for the masses and the cultivation of literary tastes among them.

JENNIE M. DAY.

Miss Jennie M. Day, sister of Mr. George E. Day, contributed her first poem to the *Point* for November, 1883, entitled "Bitter Sweet." Her poems were of a simple, sweet nature, and were not numerous. With Miss Frances A. Parsons she edited the *Duett*. She wrote one sketch, of considerable power, entitled "John," and published in *Arena*, April 1888. Her poems were: My Garden, *Sentinel*, April, 1884; The Heart, *Violet*, Dec. 1885; God's Temple, *Will-o'-th'-Wisp*, Jan. 1885; Ox-Eye Daisies, *N. E. Official*, March, 1884; Twilight, *American Sphinx*, Feb. 1884; Class Song, *One*, July, 1886; A Quaker Maid, *Arena*, April, 1888.

GOD'S TEMPLE.

I live in a beautiful temple —
A temple ancient and grand,
Time-worn with the foot-steps of ages;
A temple not made with hands.

Enduring and firm its foundation,
Stately and massive its wall;
And the smile of the master-builder
Sheds halo over it all.

As I gaze entranced on its beauties —
Its vault of celestial blue,
And its carpet of living verdure,
Sprinkled with heaven-sent dew —

The voice of the master — the builder —
Comes on the song-laden air,
And woos, with a gentle entreaty,
The soul from its doubt and care.

OX-EYE DAISIES.

O, some may like the lily fair,
Or give the rose their praises;
But give to me a sweeter flower
Our modest ox-eye daisies.

The blossoms of my childhood's choice
When earth seemed fair before me.
Thou modest, unpretentious flower,
I from my heart adore thee!

Desert the lonely fields and lanes
To lend my love thy graces;
And ne'er could mortal wish to see
Two fairer, sweeter faces.

With silvery light thy petals shine
'Gainst throat of snowy whiteness;
Aud brightly gleam thy golden eyes
'Mid locks of sunny brightness.

Fit emblem of a soul so pure!
The blossom of my praises.
May more, like her, as fitly wear
The sweet and modest daisies.

FRANK ROE BATCHELDER.

Mr. Frank R. Batchelder entered amateur journalism in 1883, publishing for some time the *Go-Ahead*. It was not until the latter part of 1885, however, that he began to publish poems, which soon gained for him considerable reputa-

tion. His early poems were mostly written in the fixed forms of verse. He possessed a lively wit and could write very taking light verse, but little of it was published in the amateur press. His religious poetry had the ring of genuine devotion. He wrote: Quatrains, *Bric-a-Brac*, Jan. 1886; Rondeau to F., *Bric-a-Brac*, March, 1886; Ballade, *Bric-a-Brac*, June, 1886; When Daylight Fades, *Breeze*, Nov. 1885; The Photograph, *Bumble Bee*, Jan. 1888; Lines on a Double Red Pink, *Canada*, Sept. 1885; Circe, *Canada*, Oct. 1886; A Lay of Forgetfulness, *Highland Breezes*, Jan. 1887; To Louis Riel, *Youth*, Nov. 1887; Song Bird of Night, *Sentinel*, Jan. 1886; To a Friend, *Sentinel*, Feb. 1886; Pansies, *Athenia*, June 1887; My Books, *Violet*, August 1886; A Dead Sparrow, *Wise and Otherwise*, May 1887; To an Atheist, *Epoch*, Feb. 1887; Her Mandate, *Epoch*, Feb. 1887; Unprepared, *Union Lance*, May 1889; Father McGlynn, *Nugget*, Jan. 1890; A Dream of New Hamsphire Hills, *Leisure Moments*, July 1886; When My Ship Comes In, *Epoch*, Feb. 1887.

UNPREPARED.

When I was ill, there came to me one night
A sad-browed angel, wrapped in gloom, who laid
His hand on mine, and said: "Be not afraid;
'Tis thy friend, Death, art ready for thy flight?"
And in my heart there was no trace of fright.
So, answering him, I smiled, and calmly said:
"I am prepared — my peace with God is made;
I do not fear to stand before His light."

"Thy peace with God?" The angel shook his head:
"Bethink thee, then, of thy poor brother-man.
Are there no erring ones still unredeemed?
Are there no homeless orphans still unfed?
Hast thou no chance to be Samaritan?"
And lo, he passed away; and I had dreamed!

WHEN MY SHIP COMES IN.

I, Mabel dearest, seek your hand
And heart, at Cupid's sweet command,
And fondly pray your eyes of blue
To smile upon me, when I woo
And whisper of "*la passion grande.*"

How now? "Have I," you ask, "the sand
'Gainst life's rude buffetings to stand
And guard you ever brave and true?"
Aye, Mabel, dear!

And may you drive four-in-hand?
And spend the "season" at the strand?
And on "old masters" feast your view?
Aye! all will I bestow on you,
Er — when, of course you understand,
I'm able, dear!

TO AN ATHEIST.

And thou canst walk about, and with cold eyes
Look on these flowers — watch them bud and bloom;
Breathe the soft air filled with their sweet perfume;
Hear the blithe songsters chanting to the skies
The praises of their Maker; and, all-wise
In thy conceit, dare boldly to assume
That we may have no hope beyond the tomb;
That God is not; or that His words are lies!

O man of error! who hath scoffed and sneered
At that which better men have long revered,
How darest thou, confronted face to face,
With His great works, deny His truth and power,
When round about thee, brook and bird and flower
Attest His glory, His omnipotence, His grace?

RONDEAU.

Her eyes of blue are frank and free,
And in the azure depths I see
An innocence so sweet, so shy,
That I to win her dare not try;
And so I 'plain of Fate's decree.

No other smiles so sweet as she;
No other looks so fair to me;
No other's orbs, to me, outvie
Her eyes of blue.

Ah! if she would but hear my plea!
From me my sadness then would flee;
Love would no longer me deny
The happiness for which I sigh;
As guiding stars, to me, would be
Her eyes of blue.

EDITH MINITER.

Miss Edith May Dowe, who was latterly known as Mrs. Miniter, entered amateur journalism in 1883. She, at one time, published the *Worcester Amateur*. She was known principally as a sketch-writer, and in this field she gave early promise of reaching a very exalted position. It can hardly be said that this promise was entirely redeemed. Indeed, it

is a question if her later sketches were of higher quality than those written in the early stages of her career. But in certain lines of writing she had no equal. Her strongest points were her power of minute description, her dramatic sense, and her portrayal of child life. Her powers of description were wonderful in their microscopic detail. She applied them not so much to natural scenery as to the dress and appearance of her characters, and to the man-made characteristics of the surrounding scenes. She would describe an interior of a farmhouse with such charming fidelity as to make the scene vivid to the reader. Her pictures of childhood in her early sketches were strong, although even in these traces may be observed of a disposition to portray the morbid and abnormal rather than the natural. This disposition was unhappily fostered, and eventually caused her to give utterance to such productions as "The Solitary," *Leisure Moments*, May, 1886, and taking another and more objectionable turn gave publicity to a sketch like "For a Big Roll of Money," *Dilettante*, July, 1890. But in her best work there was much that was charming and touching. The childish chat of her characters was reproduced with pleasing vivacity and naturalness, and she found it easy to see the amusing side of character and incident. If she gained in anything in her later sketches it was in dramatic sense. The plots of her stories were often disconnected and abrupt, scenes were broken off and transitions were sudden, but she had a master's eye for a dramatic situation. A good example is the close of the sketch "An Eye for an Eye," *Brilliant*, January, 1887. Her sketches were often in a psychological, introspective vein, in which, though oftentimes brief and unsatisfactory, she displayed much power. Her serial published in the *New Century*, beginning with the February, 1885, number, entitled "Back o' the Mountain," won the serial laureateship. She wrote a very pleasing story called "Phillis, the Fair," which was published in Dunlop's Amateur Library in 1886. Her works were: 'Lizabeth Prue, *Palladium*, March '86; Who Brought the Children Home, *Duett*, Nov. '85; Quien Sabe, *Our Optic*, Feb. 1886; From the Ideal to the Real, *Violet*, Dec. '85; The Solitary, *Leisure Moments*, May, '86; Her Secret, *Dispatch*, Nov. '85; A Lover's Quarrel, *Eastern Amateur Journal*, June, '85; A Mere Nothing, *Index*, Dec. '84; Jeanne and Jane, *Canada*, Oct. '86; Peace and Joy, *Youth*, Apr. '85; Lady Agnez, *Zephyr*, Sept. '85; True Friends, *Messenger*, Nov. '84; After Many Years, *Junior Press*, Oct. '85; Kitty Atwood, *Rising Age*, Oct. '85; At Christmas Time, *Canada*, Dec. '86; To

Thine Own Heart Be True, *Ideal*, Dec. '87; Bub, *Bric-a-Brac*, Jan. '87; Scenes from Child Life, *Bumble Bee*, Dec. '85; The Other Elizabeth, *Nugget*, Nov. '86; At The End, *Nugget*, May '89; Deborah, *Free Lance*, May '89; Dot, *Sphinx*, Sept. '85; Woman Over the Way, *Ubiquitous*, June '87; Romance of Little Ann, *Spectator*, Apr. '83; When The Fog Lifted, *Nugget*, June, '90; Love, *Ubiquitous*, Oct. '86; How I Met Miss Millicent, *Litera*, Aug. '85; Visit to a Wayside Inn, *Langill's Leisure*, Aug. '84; Character of Miranda, *Stars and Stripes*, '85; All Hallow E'en, *Amateur Gazette*, Feb. '86.

DOT.

Evening was just coming on — the evening of a dull, sunless day. The clouds, themselves the color of twilight, hung heavily over the earth, and so closely embraced the horizon that the distant hills were half hidden with ragged edges of mist. The temperature was autumnal, and all signs of nature showed October to be near at hand. The earth was covered with brown, frost-stiffened grass; the trees were slowly doffing their red and yellow foliage; the orchards glowed with heaps of ruddy fruit; purple frost-grapes glowed on the dead vines festooning the roadside trees; the baying of dogs and the sharp crack of the hunter's rifle alone broke the stillness of the hills. The sheared grain stood in shocks on the bare hills; the dried husks of corn fell apart and showed the tempting yellow kernels within. The cricket, chirped harshly all the long dark eyenings, and an almost wintry wind whined in the chimney of nights. The period of farm work was almost over, the time for the farmer's wintry drowse was at hand. Meanwhile it was the hunting season. And it also was a happy season for one fond of fireside life.

Within the kitchen of a farmhouse, situated among the hills of a favorite resort for New England hunters, was gathered a cozy group, on this chilly autumnal evening. The thick green glass of the broad windows was covered with drawn curtains of red cotton, hanging from slender brass rods. The kitchen further had an uneven stone paved floor, a plastered ceiling, through which projected several massive beams, and walls of smoke-darkened planks. Strings of drying apples, of scarlet peppers, of white seed corn, and of brown beans, hung against the walls. A huge fire-place gaped at one side of the room. In it burned a small fire of wood, and over it a bewildering variety of kettles and other cooking utensils hung from an iron crane. A tea-pot of blackened tin set on the hob, and the polished copper tea kettle was boiling vigorously, sending forth clouds of steam from its nose, while the lid danced gayly up and down. Two Satanic-looking jet black cats were blinking their yellow eyes, as they dozed by the fire, and three great yellow dogs stretched their limbs in its cheerful blaze. A Dutch clock ticked solemnly in one corner, a set of shelves covered with china and pewter occupied the other. A blazing, tottering, tallow candle, in a brass candlestick, stood on the table, and aided the

fire in giving light to the room. An old man, with long white hair falling over his shoulders, and a long white beard hiding his breast, was nodding in an elbow chair. In his hand he held a toasting fork, which was stuck into a smoking slice of bread.

A table, covered with a white cloth, was already set for an evening meal. Near it was the only other occupant of the room, a small girl, who was bending over a leather covered book. This child was sitting in a high, straight-backed chair. She was clad in a patched gingham gown, from which depended a long length of black stocking, ending in a couple of soiled white slippers. Her hair, chestnut brown in color, was of great length, and fell far below her waist. It was rough, but not curly, and had been clipped about her face like a pony's mane. Her face was white and sharp, almost sickly looking; her eyes, as she raised them, were large, dark, wild and haggard in expression.

"Grandpa," she suddenly said, "Grandpa, wake up. The bread is burning."

The old man opened his eyes, blinked aimlessly about for a moment, then turned the toast over, and calmly went to sleep again.

"Grandpa, shan't I hold the fork?"

"No, no," snarled the old man, "I'm old, I know I'm old, but I guess I can make toast yet." And then he calmly snored.

At this point the girl was startled by hearing a firm knock at the door. Slipping down from her high chair, she ran to the door and lifted the latch. At that moment a stronger hand outside pushed the door open, and a young man entered. He was tall and slender, clad in muddy leather boots and a velvet shooting coat, and carried a rifle.

Placing his gun in the corner, with one hand he closed the door, while the other arm stole caressingly around the small girl.

"Glad to see me, Dot?" he asked, "Hasn't to-day been lonesome?"

The child shook her head, and began feeling his game bag with her slender white fingers.

"Oh, its empty," said he, almost pettishly. "Of course I never caught a thing. There was a wood-cock in the swamp, and the little beggar led me a pretty chase. I've been following it all day. I shot three times and missed. There! I know I never can do anything until Jack comes."

"Come, sit by the fire," said Dot, gently, "and get warm. Never mind about the birds. I'll get Grandpa to kill a chicken to-morrow."

"Chicken!" said he, with good-humored scorn.

"But chicken stew *is* good," said Dot.

Harry DeWitt drew a chair to the fire and sat down, calmly removing his wide-awake and game bag, and handing them to Dot. She hung them on a peg on the wall, standing on a chair to reach it. She then came and placed herself on a stool by the fire. Harry, feeling quite at ease with all the world, carelessly rumpled Dot's hair, and asked what she was reading.

"Such a nice book," she said, "'Scottish Chiefs.' I've read it before, but now I know Sir William Wallace."

"My hair is not red," laughed Harry, proudly smoothing his crop of yellow curls.

"Oh, but I wasn't thinking of you at all," said Dot, with her usual sober manner. "I was thinking of my very dearest friend."

"Naughty little chicken! Do you mean to say I'm not that? When I've told you stories of the city, and given you the plumage from every bird I've shot, and brought you nuts from the tallest trees in the forest, and praised your long hair, and promised to write you every week when I get home, and given you the ring that was my sister's for your pretty forefinger,—and now you say I'm not your best friend. Well, women are all alike—old or young—fickle and inconstant ever."

"But," protested Dot, "he did more than that for me. Two years ago, Mr. DeWitt, you would not have called me anything but a beggar."

"Don't say DeWitt, I beg of you," said Harry. "DeWitt! I've hated the name ever since I was a school boy, and my chums dubbed me 'Witty in name only.' Say Harry,—all my young lady friends do."

Dot raised her eyes to his. "I am only a little girl," she said, "and very different from your young lady friends. But I'll say Harry, because I think it prettier. But I *was* only a beggar girl once, on the streets of New York. And it was always winter, cold and snowy, with the wind blowing fierce and dreadful; or else it was summer, and the sun shone hot, and there was no air to breathe, and nights it was so stifling that it often seemed as if I would die. And one Christmas I was sick, and it was very cold, and there was no fire, and I was lying on a bench by the basement window, all wrapped in an old blanket and most freezing. Jule was living in a basement then, and she was out at the saloon on the corner, trying to get some gin on trust. I was looking out of the window, and watching for the sun. For every day, just before it went down, there was some sunlight used to fall right down the court. And then, *he* came along. And he saw my face, and, I suppose, it looked pretty bad, because I was crying, and he came right in, and after that I was all right. For he had me go to see a doctor, a young friend of his, who was studying medicine at the hospital, and then he brought me here. And how beautiful it seemed! The air was so fresh and bright, and the house so clean, and Grandpa and Sally so kind, that it was about like heaven. Only sometimes I was lonely, till you came out here hunting. But he writes me long letters, all about books and strange people and strange places, and some time I shall see him again. I know I'm awfully small, but I want to be a little girl. He told me to be one because, he said, I never had any childhood when I ought to, and I'd better enjoy it now. And so you see I should like him best."

"That man," said Harry, "ought to be Sir Charles Grandison himself."

"Oh, but he isn't silly at all," said Dot. "He swears sometimes. Oh, he really does!"

Harry leaned back in his chair and laughed.

"That a young lady should bring forward profanity as a virtue in her hero!" he said, "Fancy!"

Harry had learned the history of Dot almost at the beginning of their acquaintance, but it was very fascinating to him to hear her relate it, in her high-pitched childish voice and pretty, sober, precise manner. Dot was nearly always in earnest. She took all Harry's jokes solemnly, and did the most commonplace acts with a sort of tragical air. Mixed with the credulity of a child, was the intellect and speech of a woman. Her early sorrows had sombred her, and made her very grateful for the smallest favor. She was almost uneducated, in the normal sense, but she had an acute knowledge of abstract feelings and opinions. This had been fostered within her by the letters and advice of her far away guardian and protector. Harry had seen long lists of books which Dot was to read, lengthy opinions which she was to consider, and arguments which she was to refute, in the packets which Dot weekly received from the mythical Mr. Carlton. Harry rather shrewdly saw that Dot's protector was an eccentric, who possessed odd theories on education, of which Dot was receiving the benefit.

"But haven't you his picture?" Harry asked.

Dot shook her head. "I would have liked it," she said, "but he did not offer it, and I have never asked him for anything."

"And you read all those tough books through I suppose," said Harry, lazily leaning back in his chair. "Never shirk a bit, eh?"

"Oh no!" exclaimed Dot. "He knows what is best for me. I read it all, and try to understand, but sometimes I can't. But all he wants of me is to try my best, and then lay the book away for the year."

"Does he write you on nothing but books and such trash?" inquired Harry, who loved to catechise Dot, while she was never so happy as when discoursing on her protector.

"No," said Dot, a little wonderingly. "He never tells me a bit about himself. I don't know whether he's rich or poor,—"

"Married or single," put in Harry. "What if he were the former — eh?"

Dot looked into the fire. "He's in love," she said. "That is, —I think so. I think that is the way they act. Were you ever in love?" she added, looking solemnly at Harry, and folding her small hands in her lap.

"In love!" said Harry. "Scores of times. I began breaking my heart at the age of six, and have kept on in the same way ever since. But they say cracked things last longest. Why do you suspect 'Sir Charles' of the tender passion?"

"Because," explained Dot, "he writes poetry."

"Sure go!" ejaculated Harry.

"And he's just about to propose to her," continued Dot. "I've guessed it, because he writes so melancholy. Doesn't every one feel unhappy before it?" she inquired.

Harry thrust his hands into his pockets and leaned back in his chair. "Bosh!" he remarked, "I made three proposals in a month

once, myself, and felt all right, ate my regular meals and so forth the whole time."

"Now you're joking," said Dot, with great gravity, "and you must tell me all about it."

"Well," began Harry, pulling his hair to refresh his memory, "this was the 'how' of it. First: Her name was Lulu, and I, feeling pretty good natured, exclaimed, 'Lulu, wilt thou be mine?" She looked up into my eyes, and commenced to tremble. Whether a refusal or acceptance was forthcoming I knew not, and I immediately changed the subject, and did not give her a chance to do either."

"That was very nice," remarked Dot. "What came next?"

Harry arose, and leaned against the heavy wooden shelf over the fire-place, in a lackadaisical attitude, placing his head on his hand and his elbow on the shelf.

"'Adele,'" he began, in a romantic falsetto, "'as the rivers rush to the sea gleefully, so rushes my heart to thine; as the beautiful mountains attract the lightning, so hast thy beauty attracted me; as the turtle-dove cooeth for a mate, so cooeth I for one. Will, oh will you be mine, as I am ever thine?' 'Give me time to think.' 'Well, Adele, I am not in a great hurry, I'll wait — say, three months — and then come for my answer.' That, Dot, was four long years ago, and I haven't gone for my answer yet.

"As for number three, it was something in this style:

"Mollie — 'I love you.'

"Harry — 'So do I.'

"Mollie — 'Believe me.'

"Harry — 'Forever.'

"And we both willed, and soon was heard the music as if a clam shell had fallen open side down upon the beach, and all was silence. Curtain, red lights, orchestra and applause, but no recalls."

At this nonsense Dot actually laughed. Despite her sweet voice, her laugh was harsh, discordant, mocking and horrible. It was the laugh of a cynical old woman. Harry, as he listened to it, almost shuddered. Suddenly Dot burried her face in her hands, and burst into tears.

"Oh, I am so sorry," she said, "so very sorry. You will never like me now."

Harry knelt by her side, and coaxingly drew away her hands. "Poor little Dot," he said, raising her tear-stained face to his, "I should like you if you were as unpleasant as your laugh. As it is — why Dot, you know how I care for you. I am your friend forever; you know it, dear."

"Thank you, Harry," said Dot, in her usual calm manner, putting her trembling fingers into his.

A moment later the door was opened, and Sally, the housekeeper, cook and maid-of-all-work, entered the kitchen. She bore in her hands a huge platter, smoking with ham and eggs, and she immediately began to good-naturedly scold Dot for having neglected waking up Grandpa, and making the tea. And after that there was no more chance for a tete-a-tete talk with Dot for that evening.

Upstairs in his own room that night, alone with a cigar, a tallow candle and his precious rifle, Harry sat before the mirror, communing with himself. He listened to the wind whining about the house, to the scratching of a tree against his window, to the fluttering of the swallows in the chimney, the gnawing of a rat in the wall, and occasional dropping of an acorn, as it fell from the oak which towered above the house, and rolled over the steep roof to fall on the gravel walk with a thud.

"Here," said Harry, "is a nice state of things. A young man having a two months holiday goes out into the wilds, and takes lodgings in a farmhouse. Every day he goes out hunting, and regularly returns with an empty bag. Every evening he snatches chances to talk with, and look at, and study, a — what is it? A child or a woman? Is it her precocious mind or diminutive body that is the greatest wonder? Of course Dot is only a child — but *such* a child. Does that eccentric Carlton know what sort of a heart and brain is waiting for him up here in the wilderness? Dear little Dot — I can't tear myself away from her. Be it interest, affection or love that I feel for her, I can't tell; but I'm going to wait and see the play out. She's an enigma, and I always *was* fond of puzzles." And with this Harry threw away his cigar, yawned fearfully, and proceeded to pull off his boots.

* * * * * * * *

On the following evening Dot was leaning on the front gate, and looking up and down the short stretch of grass-grown road visible. She was wrapped in a faded scarlet shawl, and the soft folds about her face gave a bit of color to its almost ghastly paleness. Back of her was the large house of unpainted clapboards, moss-grown and partly covered with woodbine, now brilliant with purple berries and scarlet leaves. She was standing in the small front yard overgrown with rank grass, straggling flox and marigolds. A hedge of lilac and sumach restricted the view on both sides. In the center of the yard was a single balm o' Gilead tree, tall and straight; its fragrant yellow leaves came showering down on the girl's head. In front of the yard ran a massive wood fence, with gate posts rotten and huge. The gate on which Dot leaned her folded arms, had been rudely repaired many times, and now sagged wearily on its rusty iron hinges. It was nearly sunset, after a long, bright, typical October day. The sky was a pale blue, and the few low-lying clouds were light gray and copper-colored. Dot was in the shade cast by the house; she was looking almost anxiously up the road, which ascended a little hill, and abruptly disappeared from her sight against the sky line. Despite her gazing, Dot did not expect any one. Harry would come from the opposite direction, and it was as yet too early for him to return. But Dot was fond of standing by the roadside at this hour, and looking up the hill. She often wished that when Mr. Carlton came she could be standing there, as if expecting him. She was thinking about him on this evening, and vaguely wondering if she could ever express to him one-half the gratitude she felt for him, when, quite suddenly, a stranger came over

the hill, and stood still for a moment, sharply defined against the yellow-gray sky. The last gleams of the sun lit up his rather slouching form, and then it disappeared behind the horizon, leaving the sky dazzling, but the earth half obscured by a tender gray twilight.

A moment later Dot's small fingers were clasped in a couple of large, warm hands, while a deep voice said, "Child, you remember me?" Dot was happy. Mr. Carlton had once more returned, and she had been at the gate to meet him. She looked eagerly up at him, and found his dark blue eyes looking earnestly into hers. She saw a tall, rather ungraceful figure, with stooping shoulders, and clad in gray clothing of a somewhat unusual fashion. Mr. Carlton's face was long, thin and sallow; his eyes were deep set, his nose rather large and bony. A pair of large spectacles protected his eyes, and a broad-brimmed *sombero* of felt covered his head. As he removed this, Dot saw that his hair — light auburn in color — was long, curly, and very thin on the top. Despite his various oddities, Dot felt that the most beautiful face in the world was looking down at her. In cultivating his protegé's brain, Mr. Carlton had — consciously or unconsciously — aroused for himself a deep love in the depths of Dot's heart. And he, as he looked at her on this chilly, gray evening, felt the protecting tenderness which had always accompanied his thoughts of her, changed into a strong, satisfying affection.

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"Gracious!" said Harry DeWitt, as he sat by the kitchen fireside that evening, making one of a group of three, "who would ever have thought that Dot's Sir Charles, her goody, goody Mr. Carlton, was my delightfully wicked and *blase* old chum Jack?"

Dot, sitting on her low seat, as usual, gave a contented smile, and looked trustfully up into the face of Jack Carlton. And he, as he smiled back at her, was so oblivious of Harry's remark as to exasperate that individual into starting to his feet and abruptly quitting the room. Later on, as Jack looked into Harry's chamber before seeing his own, he found Harry busily smoking, and also writing a letter. The photograph of a girl, with bold, black eyes, and a gay smile, was propped up before him, and as he wrote he often looked at the picture.

"Hallou!" said Jack, "haven't you yet cut your acquaintance with Mollie Oraette?"

Harry doggedly shook his head.

"She's altogether too dangerous for small boys like yourself to seek entanglements with," began Jack, when Harry sprang to his feet, and exclaimed: "Your code of morality is original. You flirted with her yourself, and now you seek to win the childish heart of little Dot."

Jack looked for one moment at Harry, and then turned away. He saw the condition of affairs at a glance, and he felt glad that Dot's love for himself was not the love of a child who cares for the first lover.

The hunting season is over, snow drifts about the farm house, and biting winds creep in at every crevice. Harry DeWitt, with a wound in his heart, is flirting desperately with the brilliant Mollie Oraette, away in a distant city. Jack Carlton, satisfied that Dot loves him,

still wishes her to enjoy her free childhood — the childhood of which early troubles have defrauded her. And already the world has begun to talk of Dorothy Cregan, the wonderful young poetess. For Dot's enigma has been solved. Her strangeness was the mark of a genius, and now she has found her voice and can sing.

"AN EYE FOR AN EYE."

The gusty wind of a March morning, warm and damp from the South, blew about the house and twisted the bare branches of the trees into strange shapes. The sky was of a dull gray ribbed with black and white. Flocks of neutral-tinted sparrows, interspersed with drifting leaves and bits of straw, scudded aimlessly about. Occasionally, for a few seconds, the sun shone out with watery yellowness, then the rain fell in large drops, intermingled with flakes of snow and rattling hail-stones. The brown grass, showing bits of newly spotted green, was drenched and dank. The buds of the willows looked like tags of drowned fur. The gravel path had been washed down to bare mud. Brown pools of water covered the beds between the yellow box borders.

The house was shut in by forest-crowned hills. Its windows were covered by a wet mist, through which the landscape must have presented a ghostly aspect to an observer from within. The structure was wide and low, built of plain boards, its corners and window frames garnished with timber cut to resemble stone-work. Its color was a pale drab, the paint being worn off in streaks. The tinned roof and the waste-water pipes were rusted and the stains had run over the house-wall. The pillars of the porches were decayed at top and bottom; the floors were rotting away at the edges and sunken in spots, preventing the mud and water from running off. The grass of the lawn had grown long and straggling, and weeds a foot in height waved at the entrance. The arbor-vitæ hedge, which separated the lawn from the road, had grown so tall as to hide the door and darken the front windows. Down in the orchard withered leaves covered the ground, while the ungarnered fruit was yet hanging to the dead twigs or had rolled down the hill into the ditch at its foot. A straggling grape-vine, outgrowing its arbor, spread its death-giving tendrils over half the shrubbery on the lawn.

A woman, quite alone, was walking rapidly down the road, — even that was grass-grown. Her black gown and shawl were drenched; her felt bonnet glistened with moisture. She was short and slender, with dull-yellow hair, uncoiling at the back and falling in a wet strand over her shoulders. Her eyes were of a soft and passionate blue. Her profile was meagre, for she had small features and a clefted chin. Her cheeks were touched with pink where the rain dashed against the skin. Her hands, covered by frayed and mended gloves, were small, and she carried them folded before her.

She was hurrying. Her breath came short and quick, the bare, thin neck throbbing with every gasp. The broken gate was swinging violently, blown to and fro by the wind. Taking advantage of an

opening swing, the woman darted through the gate and went quickly up the walk that led to the front porch. With a half smile she took hold of one post and stretched her arm around the corner of the house. Her fingers fell in a little crevice behind a shutter. Here, surely enough, lay a key, where it had been placed one summer afternoon years before.

The key-hole was choked with dirt and the key was rusty; but after a few moments' effort the lock yielded. The woman turned the knob, the door swung open, and the wind and herself swept into the hall.

She put her hand on her heart: it was beating wildly. Hardly glancing about her, she went up the stairs, which gave little snaps at every step, and down a long, bare corridor. Some potted plants stood on a wire stand before a window. They were dead long before, and the earth was dried into the semblance of ashes. She pushed open a door that stood ajar, and entered her own room. It was as she had left it. The ruffled pillows were somewhat crumpled, for she had taken a nap on the afternoon of her departure. On the dressing-table lay the roses, now withered, which she had chosen for the evening's wear. A yellow lace gown of a by-gone fashion was thrown over a chair. The bureau drawers were open. Before the mirror lay the third volume of a novel she had been reading. She recalled her interest in it and smiled as she remembered that she had never read the fourth volume. An ivory comb lay between the leaves, marking the last page read. Shrugging her shoulders, she drew off her drenched clothing and reclad herself in a long wrapper of a dull-red stuff, with edgings of soft black fur.

The air throughout the house was breathless, damp, and chill, permeated with faint odors of by-gone food, smoky fires, and withered flowers. Down stairs in the parlor a fire of apple-boughs had been ready laid and on this rainy morning was coaxed into a blaze. The piano was open,—a half-sung song on the rack. A work-box lay bottom upward on the floor, and the rusty crochet-hook was yet entangled in a bit of lace.

The rain fell faster and wilder. It dashed against the windows and walls with such force as to fly back in clouds of whirling mist. The path had become a turbulent stream.

The hills were hidden as in a smoky veil. The room grew dark, although it was only noon. Occasionally there came a faint flash of pale yellow light, followed by a dull rumbling, nearly overpowered by the constant roar of the wind. Raindrops fell down the chimney and hissing into the fire.

The woman knelt before the fire and looked wearily about. There was a deathlike suggestion in the fact that these inanimate objects were unchanged. No one had deemed it worth while to touch the disorder she had left. The house and herself alike had been neglected. She crouched over the fire, clasped her hands about her knees, recalling the events of the past.

The face of her first love was before her,—a dusky face in tints

of brown overspreading a flush of red,—a face ill-defined, with indistinct features. But the dark, hard eyes looked out at her with an air of ownership, and she felt herself claimed by a heart as dark and hard. Her own nature was gentle and yielding, her love tender and unexacting. Her timid self was startled by this fierce new love, which exacted the sacrifice of her entire self, her heart and soul. She was vaguely conscious of encouraging this love, fearful of it, yet fascinated by it as youth is ever fascinated by mystery. And so the time passed until there appeared to her a second face,—that of the man whom she loved even as the other loved her. A weak and womanish face it was, tender and mild, with no lines of passion. She saw herself fling by every feminine scruple and work in all ways, wrong or right, bold or coquettish, to gain his love. She began to doubt whether he possessed a heart,—whether his soul could ever be made to leave its dead level. Her eyes filled with yet scalding tears as she remembered her many failures, bitter and disappointing.

"Yes," she said, "the time was fall. The trees were all yellow and red, and the avenues seemed a blaze of sunshine and fire. I wore a white gown, because he had once said, 'A woman looks best in white.' It was morning, and the sun streamed into our little parlor, and I stood at the window, looking down under the maples, waiting for him to come. I remember how cold the glass was when I put my cheek against it. And when he came and was in the very room with me, how my whole soul went into the hand I gave him! And the words he said! I can feel them thrill me yet—yes, and make me shiver with misery afterward. 'Dora,' he said, 'will you be my wife?' Would I not? And yet the agony!—no word of love, no tender, silly talk: 'When did you love me first?'—'Do you remember my words on such a day?' or, 'Did you ever think I loved you before?' I was afraid to say a word beyond 'Yes,' fearing he would even take back his bare promise if I demanded more. I was starving, and he gave me but a morsel.

"But we were married, and we came here. It was joy to be with him even though he remained cold and unresponsive. If I dared not kiss him, there was his cloak, there his riding gloves, which I could caress and no one ever be the wiser. If he did not understand and love me, I could endeavor to train myself into something not abhorent to him. I was childish in my imaginings; did he come in and pass me without a word I thought 'if he were blind he could not see me,' or 'if he were dumb he could not speak.' He thought me giddy because I entreated him to go with me into the world. He did not know that there I might be happy—happy because he was too proud openly to deny me the attentions which other husbands gave their wives. How many nights have I never slept, but watched him,—his fair face calm as if in death,—while I worshipped in silence and tried to believe myself a loved and happy wife!"

These reflections made her restless. She rose abruptly and began to explore the house. Old memories thronged upon her as she went from room to room and found every object as it had been left. Up

stairs in the nursery she paused longest. The two cribs were dismantled,— she remembered the very sham battle in which the pillows had played a part. René's headless doll was still personating John Rogers at the stake, surrounded by a stack of crumpled picture books, while Bobo's worsted soldier and a crowd of clothes-pins represented the newly-widowed Mrs. Rogers and her "nine small childred and a baby at the breast."

"Yes," sighed the lonely woman, whimsically, "Bobo would not have his curls unsnarled, and he roared about it, and René forgot to say 'please' at luncheon, and so he — he ordered them not to go out. Even my children were not mine alone. And we stole down the stairs — René and Bobo and I — that afternoon, so he should not see us. I remember that he was in the library, at his desk between the windows. He had his back towards us. I looked through the balustrade to see. I carried Bobo, so his little feet should make no noise, and René walked on tiptoe. We went out into the grove and sat upon the pine needles. It was a very hot day. The grass was so smooth that Bobo's feet slipped and he fell. How pretty René looked! She wore a white dress, and her pink neck and arms looked so sweet and dainty through the lace yoke and sleeves. And I remember we used to braid her hair in six strands. It is funny, but one strand was not so large as the others. And Bobo had four curls — yes, and another on top of his head. And —"

She stopped and put down the toys with which she had absently filled her lap.

"Why am I here?" she said, and smiled. She rose and went down again to the parlor and the fire.

It was now afternoon. Over in the west the sky was clear and blue; but from the clouds overhead the rain still fell in fine drops. The wind sighed a little in the chimney and crept in around the windows.

She folded back the paneled shutters and let the sunlight stream in. It fell across the room in long rays. The rain had ceased.

She wound the clock on the mantel and set its hands at the hour of three. Its ticking seemed loud and almost human. She listened with an air of triumph, almost as if she had set the whole machinery of the deserted house running again.

Then there was a step on the gravel, the creak of a rusty wire, and the jangle of a bell. It was, indeed, as if the household had returned, bringing visitors in its train. She was startled.

"What have I done — what have I done!" she exclaimed, looking at the clock.

She heard the click of the door, the rustling of garments in the hall, and then —

Calm, face to face, stood the husband and wife.

He was round-shouldered and hollow-chested. His black clothes were seedy. Patches showed through the mud on his boots. His light hair, thin and straggling, fell over his collar. His cheeks and eyes were hollow, and his face wore a pleading expression.

"Dora," he said, softly, "you have come back. Tell me, why?"

She looked at him tenderly, passionately. She saw that he was changed,— that he was as she had once wished him to be.

"Yes," she whispered, coming to his side, "I love you,— I adore you,— I always have. He was nothing to me — you can believe it. He loved me first. He was always about me. He never came to this house, but while we were here he was near. I knew it and felt it, and it troubled me — not that I thought you would care, but it disturbed me because I wanted to think only of you. I remember one night when you were angry with me. I loved you so much, dear, that a very little word was enough to make me unhappy. I must have been mad. I went out of the house. It was dark, until the moon came up. Somehow I seemed to know that he was there on the hill, by the bars at the end of the lane, before you enter the pine grove; and he was. You cannot understand, but he is very strange. He understands every thing before it is explained. Indeed, I did nothing wrong, then nor afterward, though we did see each other often. I do not know — when I was with him I forgot that I was unhappy, that you did not love me; I thought only of what was for the moment. And that afternoon, when René and Bobo and I were up in the pines, I did not know he would be there. It was like making myself drunk. I drank some wine once, to forget; and when it had gone out of my brain I did not remember it any more. When I was with him I did not remember you: but when I was away from both, you were whom I remembered and loved. And when that message from you lay before my eyes, after we returned, that afternoon, I wanted to die. I had thought it was very still when I came to the house. Your letter said: 'I have gone away and sent the servants. I have no wife, no children.' You remember it? I wanted to die. But I left everything; I locked the house and went away. I cannot tell you all I have done since. I wandered everywhere. The children are at school: I could not have them with me. I saw nothing but this house and your face. And now ——?"

She looked up. She was standing close by his side. She took his hand and drew it about her neck, looking up at him with a smile.

"Dora," he said, bending over her, "I have been always to blame. I loved you ever: I would not tell you, for you was so young. I thought I was too staid for you. When you trembled in my presence I thought you loved him."

She looked up into his eyes with an adoring glance and drew his arm closer about her.

"Our misunderstandings are over," she answered. "This house shall be alive once more. We will be happy.

Joy dwelt on her whole countenance. She moved about the room replenishing the fire and repairing the disorder.

The sun dipped down behind a long black cloud ridged with purple and pink. The forgiven wife was kneeling beside the couch where lay the man she loved. His face was flushed with happiness; his eyes, as he occasionally opened them, expressed perfect contentment.

She looked at him, triumphantly. He had fallen asleep. She caressed his hair, she kissed his eyes and lips. Then she rose to her feet, "I am tired," she whispered to the in-creeping twilight. "It has been long — long and weary. I have conquered."

She looked at him once more. Then, deliberately, she drew a handkerchief from her bosom and knotted it about his neck. She was tenderly careful to arrange his hair outside its folds.

Then, regarding him lovingly the while, she drew the noose tight with her utmost strength. He made no movement, no sound. She loosened the handkerchief, drew it gently away, and once more hid it in her bosom.

She bent over him and felt at his heart: it had ceased to beat. No breath came from his nostrils. He was dead.

With that smile of glad triumph still on her lips, she cast a backward glance at the still form on the couch, and left the room. Outside the house, she locked the door, swung herself around the corner post, and returned the key to its hiding-place by the window.

While her hand was yet before the glass the fire within gave a dying blaze. The ruddy glow shone out and fell upon her hand: the hand was red as blood!

The woman went down the muddy path and out into the road. The gate clanged behind her, though no hand had touched it. The sun was far sunken; the sky was blood-red.

The woman, too, while the light fell upon her, seemed blood-red as she went into the darkness.

ANNIE J. FELLOWS.

Miss Annie J. Fellows contributed but three poems to the amateur press, but they were of such a nature as to give her considerable reputation. Her first and longest poem was entitled "Apple Blossoms," and published in February, 1884, *Melange*. It was followed by "Yesterday," in *American Sphinx* for August, 1884. But her greatest work was "An Old Song," in December, 1886, *Brilliant*. It was a finished production, full of tender sentiment.

APPLE BLOSSOMS.

I'm all alone in the gloaming,
Down by the orchard gate;
No one is coming to meet me,—
Why should I longer wait?
But then, there are guests in the parlors,
Music and laughter and light,
And I, with this heartful of memories,
Care naught for pleasure to-night.
Some one up there is singing —
A fair young girl, this time.

She is singing a quaint old ballad,
Sweet in rhythm and rhyme.
Her voice sounds through the darkness
Far off — like a happy bird.
And whenever the waving grasses
And leafy boughs are stirred
By the wing of a passing night wind,
There floats on the drowsy air,
Faint with its sweetness, and heavy,
The odor of apple blooms rare.
Oh! blossoms, beautiful blossoms,
With petals of rose, pink and white,
Fresh with the glimmering dew-drops,
Sweet with the kisses of night,
The breath of your magical incense,
Blent with that ballad's refrain,
Brings back the years that have vanished,
Brings me my childhood again,
Dorothy's here with me playing,
Under the old apple trees.
Down in the shadowy orchard,
Drowsily droning, the bees
Hover and hum o'r the flowers,
Opening wide to the sun.
A robin sings low to her nestlings,
"Summer-time now has begun."
Oh, days of our innocent childhood!
Days that too quickly have passed!
Each seemed to be at its dawning
More perfect and fair than the last,
Memory turns slowly the pages,
Reading, in loving review,
Chapters by childish hands written
Under those heavens of blue.
These are the ones she deems fairest,
Days when each wandering breeze
Blew little gusts of faint perfume
Down from the blossom-bent trees,
Sending in showers of beauty,
Dreamily dropping and slow,
Petals like sun-tinted snow-flakes,
Down on the grasses below.
How dearly Dorothy loved them!
Once in the twilight gloom,
I broke off a branch above me,
Heavily laden with bloom.
Gently the wealth of the sweetness
Laid she on bosom and hair.
Into her eyes, a soft dream light

Came, as with finger-tips fair,
Tenderly touching the blossoms,
She smilingly said, half in jest,
"These I shall wear, and no others,
"When, as a bride, I am dressed.
"Or," and the face grew sober,
"If I may never be wed,
"I want them strewn over my pillow
"And laid on my heart, when I'm dead."
Dorothy, Dorothy darling,
Fair shines your face on me now,
Just as it looked that evening,—
Apple blooms kissing your brow,
Caught in your shimmering tresses,
Hiding in meshes of lace;
While with deepening dimples
Blossomed a smile on your face.
Next day in the cool of the morning,
When the 'wakening earth smelled sweet,
And the quail's clear whistle sounded
Over the fields of wheat,
She went 'cross the dewy pastures
With a basket on her arm,
To look for ferns in the wood lot,
Down at the edge of the farm.
I sat and sewed on the stairway;
Wide stood the door of the hall.
Through it shone glimpses of meadows,
And lanes pink with peach bloom. O'er all
Smiled the May sky. And the plow-boy
Sent from the furrow his call.
The old-fashioned clock in the corner,
Busily ticking along,
Broke on the hushed air that lately
Trembled with Dorothy's song.
Slowly the morning wore onward,
Rang out the noon hour at last.
Echoes away in the distance
Answered the dinner horn's blast.
Someone passed in at the gateway;
Under the lilacs they came.
Dropping my sewing. I started,
Calling my Dorothy's name.
No merry voice made me answer;
The footsteps came heavy and slow.
Over the threshold, a shadow
Fell like a presage of woe.
Dorothy's lover stood silent,
Leaning against the door,

Needless for him to utter
The tidings his white face bore.
Breathless, I waited the message,
His lips strove vainly to frame.
For, as they quivered in anguish,
Came but a whispered name.
What! Is it true that he whispered,
"Dorothy's drowned in the stream?"
Ah! no, there must come an awakening;
'Tis only a terrible dream.

* * * * * *

They bore her over the threshold
Into a darkened room,
And shut the door on the sunshine,
The bird song and the bloom.
As day stole toward the twilight,
Some one took my hand,
Led me to her bedside;
But I could not understand
Why Dorothy should lie there
So deathly cold and white.
And o'er and o'er I called her
To wake and see the light.
There were blossoms on her pillow,
Upon her lifeless breast
And in her little fingers
A sunbeam from the west
Stole through the latticed window
Down gently to her side,
And shone on her calm features
Till the face seemed glorified.
Then her lover entered softly.
"Beloved," murmured he
As he knelt and kissed her forehead,
"Mine through eternity."
Then at last I understood it.
My Dorothy was dead,
And with hot tears swiftly flowing,
I turned away and sped
Through the pathway in the orchard,
Adown the blooming lane,
To be alone with my sorrow
And weep away my pain.
'Tis many years since that happened.
Still, when the night wind brings
The fragrance of apple blossoms
On its flutt'ring, restless wings,
Murmuring through the branches
In cadence soft and low,

I live again through the sorrow
Of that May day, long ago.
Still, I'm alone in the gloaming;
The voice at the house sings on,
Although the rooms are darkened
And all the guests are gone,
It sings the same old love song,
With its tender, dreamy rhyme.
Swaying and sighing above me,
Apple boughs swing to the time,
Just as they swung that evening,
When there together we stood,
Watching the moon slowly rising
Over the dark, gloomy wood.
Dorothy, Dorothy darling,
Stretch out your little white hand,
Lead me out of this darkness
Through gates of the spirit land
Into the light and the glory
Of your far-off paradise,
Where my tears shall cease their flowing,
When His hand shall wipe my eyes.
I am so tired of groping
Alone through the dark and mist.
Are you waiting for me, darling,
By the gates of amethyst?
Stand close beside the portal;
For when the angel Death
Comes with his welcome summons,
I want the faint, sweet breath
Of the blossom you took up with you
To be the first to greet
My happy heart as I enter
The city's golden street.

AN OLD SONG.

"Home, home, sweet, sweet home; There's no place like home."

As soft and slow as dripping rain
Fell the sweet notes of that refrain
From the musician's bow.
Grew hushed and still the crowded hall,
While faint and fainter came the fall,
Until it dropped so low
The sound seemed lost in caverns deep,
Where silence lulled it into sleep.

Spell-bound, all hearts were strangely thrilled,
And eyes with tear-mists dimmed and filled
Looked backward through the haze

Of years, and saw the shadows thrown
Again upon the old hearth-stone
Where once a ruddy blaze
Warmed hands and hearts now grown so cold
In wandering from the dear home fold.

As one the leaves would slowly turn
An old-time chronicle to learn
Traced in some dusty tone,
So in the ashes cold and dead
Each heart its happy memories read
And looked on scenes of home,—
While fainter, softer came the flow
Of music from the quivering bow.

One saw the far-off northern pines
Lifting their sombre, weird outlines
Against a cloud-racked sky,
And heard the spirit of the storm
In battle with each giant form,
And then a lullaby
The wind sighed as it rocked to rest
The frightened birds within the nest.

Another saw, as in a dream,
A candle in a window gleam
Far up the mountain side.
As when from heaven's gate the bar
Of clouds swung back, and Bethlem's star
Became the Shepherd's guide,
So through the misty years the light
Led home a wandering child that night.

Amid the prairie flowers' bloom
Another passed through gathering gloom
In at an open door,
And knelt beside an old arm-chair,
Feeling a soft hand touch his hair
As when in days of yore
In childish tones he lisped a hymn
When came the twilight hushed and dim.

And then the surging of the sea
Beat through that rhythmic melody,
And on its rocky shore
A little fisher-lad at play
Looked outward through the misty spray,
Wishing the white sails bore
A ship to him that had somehow
His own name written on its prow.

A boyish whistle clear and sweet,
And then a patter of bare feet

Along the dusty lane,
While homeward in the deepening shade
The cows through meadow grasses strayed
As day began to wane.
Night dropped her wings and hovered over
The fragrant fields of dewy clover.

Familiar voices, hushed so long
By silent years spoke in the song;
And through the interlude
The croonings at the cradle-side,
The murmured prayers at eventide
In dreamy tones were strewed,
As golden-hearted lilies gleam
Along the surface of a stream.

Thus in the one sweet song is blent
The happiness and deep content
Not of a single home,
But every place where firelight falls,
In peasant's hut or palace halls,
Beneath the starry dome;
And all the joy that in it lies
Man brought from out lost Paradise.

ARTHUR LEWIS TUBBS.

Mr. A. L. Tubbs began his work in amateur journalism in 1884. His productions were almost wholly in verse. Mr. Tubbs did not rank among the greater poets of amateur journalism. His efforts were often crude and inexact, and his ideas commonplace. Occasionally he rose to higher levels. Some of his work was as good as this:

Each little flower doth a sermon bear,
A loving message from beyond the sky;
They bud and bloom, with fragrance fill the air,
Perform their mission and contented die.
And so should we perform whatever task
The Father places in our power to do;
Be sure no greater labor He will ask
Than that which proves us in His service true.
'Tis not the loud vibration of the chord
That brings the sweetest harmony of sound,
Great deeds may not receive the best reward,
For only in the motive worth is found.

—*By the Mountain Brook.*

His productions were very numerous, among them being: Storm at Sea, *Stars and Stripes*, Mar. '86; A Water Lily, *Violet*, June '86; A Cherished Song, *Genius*, June '88; Dora,

Violet, June '86; By the Mountain Brook, *Union Lance*, May ,89; The King's Kisses, *Violet*, June, '86; 'Mid the Roses, *Sphinx*, Sept. '85; The Dead Queen, *Amateur World*, May '85; Love in a Cottage, *Index*, Dec. '84: Fairies of the Night, *Rising Age*, Feb. '90; Trailing Arbutus, *Canada*, June '86; Dream of the Judgment, *Leisure Moments*, May, '86.

'MID THE ROSES.

When roses sweet were growing,
I saw her standing there,
The breezes softly blowing
Her wealth of golden hair.
O, never rose so fair was seen,
As she, my love, my life, my Queen.
Her cheeks like roses glowing,
Were still more fair to me;
My love to her was flowing,
Like billows on the sea.

Her eyes were gently gazing
To Heaven's blue above,
Her loveliness amazing —
The eyes that gazed with love.
Upon her bosom, nestled there,
A bunch of roses, sweet and fair,
And Cupid still was knitting
Her heart-strings into mine,
And it seemed very fitting
Together they should twine.

The ends came near and nearer,
'Till woe was all forgot,
And life grew dear and dearer,
As Cupid tied the knot
Which bound our hearts together in
The bond of love's own sacred kin.
'Mid roses sweet I found her,
Where joy alone was seen,
With roses sweet I crowned her —
My throne had found its Queen.

KARL M. SHERMAN.

Mr. Karl M. Sherman contributed considerable verse to the amateur press beginning in the latter part of 1886. His work was usually of a light nature, and was not remarkably strong either in form or ideas. He wrote: A Heart's November, *Highland Breezes*, Apr. '87; Ballade of a Tear, *Highland Breezes*, Jan. '88; Sonnet, *Ibid;* Fishing, *Ibid;* Northern Lights, *Highland Breezes*, Jan. '87; Foot Prints, *Irving Magazine*, Jan. '88; A Vague Fancy, *Athenia*, Oct. '86; A Mod-

ern Pan, *Athenia*, Jan. '87; With Critic's Quill, *Athenia*, Jan. '87; Answered, *Athenia*, Apr. '87; The Silent, *Athenia*, June '87; On Clinton Scollard, *Athenia*, June, '87 ; A Serenade, *Athenia*, June, '87 ; The Mourner, *Violet*, Mar. '87; A Paradox, *Bijou*, Jan. '88; Good Night, *Union Lance*, Mar. '89.

ANSWERED.

A lover to a maiden spoke
While feeling passion warmly burn,
"I love you dearly, O sweet one!
And can you not my love return?"
And she looked up with saucy smile—
He was a common, country clot
And she a belle, and so she said:
"Why, certainly! *I* need it not."

GOOD NIGHT.

Good night, love! and when in dreams
On to other lands you go,
May the joys around you flow
Glistening in golden streams.
May your dreams be calm and sweet—
Visions all of joy and peace;
May all noises 'round you cease,
And your rest be rest complete.
May each dream of yours be fair!
May each one of them be bright!
May they fill you with delight!
May they drive away all care.
If with these it will agree
(With these wishes for your joy)
If such dreams will not annoy
Darling, may you dream of me.

THE SILENT.

To-day I wandered in a wood
Where all was motionless and still,
A spot upon a thick groved hill
Where giant trees in grandeur stood.
The place was beautiful and good
Yet lacked one charm its bound to fill;—
There was no silvery running rill—
No birds were singing as they should.
And so some men have thoughts sublime
But cannot put them into words;
They want the faculty of rhyme
That brings the notes in merry herds:
These are the silent woods whose clime
Knows not the voices of the birds.

A MODERN PAN.

Throughout the woods soft music swells,
  Our hearts with strange, sweet sadness fill,
  The birds and beasts, amazed, grow still
To hear the rhapsody that wells
Around the temple where Pan dwells:
  Thoughts come of her he lost until
  The hours are sad, too sad to kill,—
This with his reed the wood-god tells.

But Pan long since has fled away,
  'T is not his flute sounds o'er the mead,
Not it that holds with magic sway;—
  The notes that call us, followed, lead
To where a boy, bright-eyed and gay,
  Plays on his only love, a reed.

CORA LYNCH OTTINGER.

Miss Cora Lynch made her first contribution to the amateur press in the summer of 1886. Her poems, while faulty in workmanship and imperfect in construction, contained some fine thoughts. As for example:

His life was one grand harmony;
  The first note struck at birth,
And the last grand chord was swelling
  Just as his soul left earth.

A collection of some of her poems and sketches was published under the name of "Coral Gems," by Mr. John J. Ottinger in 1887. In June, 1888, she was married to Mr. Ottinger. Her principal works were: Death the Crown of Life, *Our Compliments*, July, '87; Autumn, *Nulli Secundus*, Nov. '87; Sunrise, *Nulli Secundus*, Sept. '88; Nature's Beauties, *Nulli Secundus*, Aug. '89; After Work Comes Rest, *Nulli Secuudus*, Aug. '89; Memories, *Juvens Vade Mecum*, Dec. '87; Shadows, *Minerva*, June, '87; Dreamily Dreaming, *Mercury Magazine*, Apr. '89; Light's Growing Splendors, *Nulli Secundus*, Dec. '87; Sunset, *Norm*, Aug. '87; A Query, *Corncracker*, Nov. '87; Peace, *Violet*, Sept. '87; Harmony, *Irving*, Sept. '87; The Sacrifice, *Aspirant*, Dec. '87; The Rainbow, *Bixby's Bazoo*, June, '87; A Fragment, *Brass City Herald*, Feb. '87; Apple Blossoms, *Norm*, Dec. '86; Lingering Fragrance, *Helios Magazine*, Dec. '87; Faith, *Youth's Pilot*, Dec. '86; Only Fragments, *Brass City Herald*, June, '87; Noon—Evening, *Pen and Press*, Aug. '87; The Sailor's Song, *Juvens Vade Mecum*, Dec. '88; The Heart's Guests, *Mercury Magazine*, Nov. '89; Dinna Ye Worry and Fret, *Union Lance*, '88.

DEATH THE CROWN OF LIFE.

Did they tell you I am dying; that my sun is sinking low,
That my bark is being wafted, by the heavenly winds that blow?
That the sun that now is sinking far adown the distant sky,
Will not come again to greet you, e'er I bid you all good bye?

I'm so tired of the struggling; weary of the long, long pain,
I shall be so well and happy e'er I meet you all again.
Earthly love will be but strengthened, I shall watch and wait you there
And shall oft-times venture earth-ward on the sunset steps of air.

You will feel my presence near you often in the morning ray,
Then again when thou art weary, struggling with the long, long day.
We but vanish from the presence; yet friends murmur "They have died."
Death is only love perfected, earthly love but glorified.

RETROSPECTION.

Oft in fancy do I wander backward o'er the by-gone days,
See the golden sunrise glimmer, stand at eve in sunset rays,
Hear from out the old cathedral notes of sweet, exultant praise.

Hear again the low, sweet chirping of the wild birds in the trees;
Catch the perfume of the lilies, borne upon the scented breeze;
Feel again the wild, sad longings, as the master sweeps the keys.

Far away the restless ocean breaks in ripples on the shore,
Restless as some haunting spirit, maddened at its own wild roar;
Far away like specks of sunshine do the sea-birds circling soar.

See the sorrows slowly, surely drifting o'er thy weary way;
See the dark, dark background forming, that revealed the perfect day,
Till thy life lay pure and stainless in the penetrating ray.

In the purple shade of twilight, that September, long ago,
When the world seemed softly resting in the sunset's afterglow;
And the lilies, pure and saintly, in their leaves swayed to and fro,

In that purple, mystic splendor, lo! a waiting angel band;
And thy brow to gleaming whiteness by their snowy wings was fanned;
And they took thee, loved and loving, to their home, the heavenly land.

Oft my soul has grown so weary that my heart within me cried;
And I longed to wander backward, see again my spirit bride,
Kiss again thy beauteous features, as I did the night you died.

Yet the waves of life flow onward, each breaks nearer to my feet,
And my days are growing better, all with kindness more replete,
For I'd not come empty handed to that land of joy complete.

SAMUEL SCOTT STINSON.

Mr. S. S. Stinson published the excellent magazine called *Leisure Moments* during 1886. He had previously, in 1884,

issued a small paper called the *Nugget*. At the Philadelphia convention of the national association in 1887 he was elected president. During his term of office he published the *Arena*. In poetry Mr. Stinson was, perhaps, the most perfect master of light verse, of the so-called *vers de societé*, amateur journalism has produced. Not but that other writers have written better verse of this description than Mr. Stinson, but it has been with them only an occasional fancy. Mr. Stinson wrote but little else, and his best work was done in the fixed forms of verse. Scarcely any of these forms escaped his attention. He had a graceful wit, and could turn a sonnet or a rondeau in a very pleasing manner. He was an adept in the tricks of verse, and alliteration he sometimes carried to an extreme. Rhythm and rhyme were not always perfect, but there was usually a smoothness which caused the reader to overlook this. There was but little of depth or real worth in his poems, though his sonnets had something of these qualities. Some of his poems were published in book form by Mr. J. Parmly Paret, under the title of "Flutterings of Rhyme." He frequently wrote under the name of "Zanomi."

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

I knew a girl named Mary Carty,
Who tho' poor was hale and hearty;
She used to wear a gingham gown
And took my mother's washing down.
But now she's making quite a stir,
With quite a fortune left to her,
She now assumes the air *blase*
And spells her name Marie Carte.

QUATRAINS.

LIFE.

I plucked a rose from its native thorn
And breathed of its fragrance rare:
'Twas filled with the dew of early morn
And it was unearthly fair.

DEATH.

I moodily crushed it in my hand,
And, though its beauty had fled,
The perfume it gave was far more grand,
Than before the rose was dead.

TRIOLET TO LU.

You sit and watch me as I write,
And smile, as tho' you knew my theme,
As, by my side in rapt delight,
You sit and watch me as I write.

My brain is in a whirl to-night;
And as I sit and idly dream,
You sit and watch me as I write,
And smile, as tho' you knew my theme.

TRIOLETS TO H. C. C.

You gave me a rose,
And I wore it that night,
My heart nearly froze
When you gave me a rose,
For I did not suppose
That you would—though you might?
But you gave me a rose,
And I wear it to-night.

It is precious to me,
Is that dear little rose!
I'm sure you'll agree
It is precious to me,
For it touched—don't you see—
Your dear little nose!
It is precious to me,
Is that dear little rose!

RONDEAU OF TRUANT AFFECTIONS.

Pray tell me, Muse, when I am gay,
And mirth and laughter fill the day,
When all the earth seems doubly fair,
And birds are singing everywhere,
I write a *villanelle* to May,
Why is it that my thoughts will stray
To other fields, and in dismay
I'm giving her Lu's golden hair—
Pray tell me, Muse.

An ode to Lu I oft' essay,
And ere I know, her eyes of gray
Have turned to brown, I do declare;
The eyes of May, so debonnair.
To which shall I my homage pay?
Pray tell me, Muse.

SONNET.

Written on the fly-leaf of a volume of Austin Dobson's "Vignettes in Rhyme."

In London town 'mid dust and stain,
Where silvery sunbeams seldom stray
Between the house-tops, tall and gray,—
'Mid flavor of old porcelain
And musty books, that still retain
The odor of Queen Mary's day,—
Content to dream the hours away,
A poet sings in sprightly vein.

"On London stones" he courts his muse,
Nor sighs for greener fields than these;
Content if he can but amuse,
His aim no higher than to please.
We love him as he is, and choose
His lyrics, and an hour of ease.

THE MISTS AND THE WIND.

Up from the river, low in the vale,
Dismal and damp and doomed to decay,
Dim in the dusk of departing day,
Ghouls of the grave so fragile and frail,
Grim-mantled ghouls, so ghastly and pale,
Silently creeping like spectres gray,
Writhing and twisting upon their way,
Leaving behind a miasmatic trail.

Sobbing and sighing and intertwined,
Weird and low, like a voice from the tomb,
Tired of toiling, the weary wind,
Choked in the clutches of deathlike-gloom,
Seeking the rest that it cannot find,
Struggling for mastery, meets its doom.

A CONFESSION.

Upon the porch where sweet vines grew
In fair profusion, wild and free,
I parted from the charming Lu.

Her flashing eyes had pierced me through,
And seemed to laugh in roguish glee,
Upon the porch where sweet vines grew.

An innocent amusement, true;
But ere she cast a spell on me
I parted from the charming Lu.

But still, before I said adieu,
We flirted, oh, just dreadfully,
Upon the porch where sweet vines grew.

Ah, yes, I kissed her. Pray now, who
Would not have done so? For, you see,
I parted from the charming Lu.

I can't forget it, nor could you;
(It may have fled *her* memory.)
Upon the porch, where sweet vines grew
I parted from the charming Lu.

PANTOUM.

Down in the soft. white sands we lay
With tiny wavelets at our feet,
Upon that sultry August day
When ocean breezes were a treat.

With tiny wavelets at our feet,
Content to while the time away,
When ocean breezes were a treat,
I watched the white sails down the bay.

Content to while the time away
Beneath a sunshade with my sweet,
I watched the white sails down the bay,
Flirting with her, despite the heat.

Beneath a sunshade with my sweet,
With just a sprinkling of the spray,
Flirting with her, despite the heat,
I thought of pretty things to say.

With just a sprinkling of the spray,
I strove in vain old Time to cheat.
I thought of pretty things to say,
And thought my happiness complete.

I strove in vain old Time to cheat;
Down in the soft, white sands we lay,
And thought my happiness complete
Upon that sultry August day.

THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

I used to know a little maid,
A blossom fair,
With eyes a-laughing, brownish shade,
With lips that seemed for kisses made,
And finer than an old brocade
Her silken hair.

Her frowns and smiles she threw on all
Like an expert;
And though but ten years old, and small,
A host of courtiers she could call
To hold her fan, her glove or shawl,
The little flirt!

I used to be her willing slave,
Ah, happy lot!
She scolded, did I misbehave;
Then turned at once and quite forgave,
Because she had some boon to crave,
The cunning tot!

And we were as chummy then
As chums could be.
Often do I remember when
She wished that I were only ten,
Because, she said, she hated men —
All men but me!

But time passed by, and year by year
We both have aged.
She's now eighteen or very near,
A reigning belle, calm and severe;
Then, too, what makes it seem more queer,
She is engaged.

Sometimes I wonder if she thinks
Of days when she
Would sit in church and tip me winks.
Ah, no! she's now a frozen sphinx;
And she's engaged, the little minx,
Engaged to me.

Mr. Stinson could tell a story with considerable feeling and spirit, and he possessed much dramatic power. But he wrote but little in prose, "Swipsey's Lady," *Rising Age*, January, 1890, being his principal sketch.

SWIPSEY'S LADY.

For months she had been in the great bulk-window, the self same smile upon her pink face, the same stare in her glassy eyes. For months she had revolved on her pedestal before the admiring glances of the ladies outside. Some of them were critical and did not hesitate to express their disapproval of her gorgeous attire, while others went into raptures over the beauty and richness of her dress. But the lady in the window heeded them not. She smiled as sweetly upon one as upon another, never pausing in her endless revolutions. Swipsey often wondered if she did not get dizzy going round and round. He would stand at the window and look at her by the hour, and his wretched heart would throb with pride as he noticed that she smiled just as sweetly upon him as she did upon the fine ladies. To Swipsey this was a new revelation. That he should be favored in the same manner as other people so startled him that at first he was abashed. But gradually he became bolder, and as he passed the window never failed to stop and look at her.

Once he had passed the store at night. The street was almost deserted and nobody stopped at the window. The lady was standing still, and he wondered if she had stopped to rest. He had never been alone with her before, and as he stood and gazed rapturously at her lovely pink face, he imagined that she looked sad. Her eyes had never seemed so sorrowful before, and she was looking directly at him. Swipsey felt a lump rising in his throat and a tear trickled down his

nose. His heart went out to her at once and all the chivalry of his poor, simple nature was aroused. Ever afterward he felt a deeper interest in her welfare, and waking or sleeping his thoughts were always of her.

Swipsey had never known a mother's love. Ever since he could remember he had shifted for himself and the streets had been his only home. A kind-hearted cook who sometimes gave him a warm breakfast in the basement, had been the nearest approach to a mother he had ever dreamed of. But one morning when he had unbosomed himself to her and told her about his lady she laughed at him. Swipsey was very much hurt, and as he mentally compared the cook's rough but good natured face to that of his lady his attachment for the latter became stronger than ever.

Swipsey sold papers for a living. He was a familiar figure around the newspaper offices, with his shrill voice, his pale, watery eyes and his freckled face. He was the junior member of the firm of Nosey & Swipsey. Nosey was a hero in the eyes of his simple minded partner. He was big and strong, and often boasted that he could "knock de stuffin' out uv any duffer what he caught snaggin' Swipsey," and he was as good as his word, as had been proven on more than one occasion. Nosey took a fatherly interest in his weaker friend and humored his fancies, while Swipsey confided in Nosey and relied implicitly upon his judgment. But for Swipsey's lady Nosey had a supreme contempt, and although he was careful not to show it, tried to dissuade him from thinking of her. "See here, Swipsey," he said one day, "what's de use uv t'inking about dat lady all de time? What's she carin' 'bout you? Yer on'y makin' a measly blokey uv yourself. D' ye spose a gran' lady like dat cares anyt'ing about a kid like you? Don't be such a idjut."

But Swipsey held his peace, and after feebly grappling with the situation, concluded for once that Nosey was wrong.

During the warm summer nights, the two friends dispensed with the luxury of a bed, and found ample accommodations for sleeping in the open air. Their favorite haunt was a large dry goods box which stood in a secluded alley way, and which they had appropriated for their use. Turned on its side and filled with straw, it made, as Nosey proudly asserted, "a boodwar dat mustn't be sneezed at." Here they repaired one warm night, tired and worn out with the heat of the great city. Lying side by side, Nosey was soon sound asleep, but Swipsey lay for a long time, looking up at the stars that shone from the narrow strip of sky between the tall buildings. He was thinking of his lady, and of what Nosey had said about her. His simple mind was troubled. Finally he fell into an uneasy sleep. Even then he could not rid his mind of the lady. She was ever in his thoughts. He saw her in his dreams, as she stood silently in the window. Her face was turned toward him, and her eyes had a beseeching look. She no longer smiled. Her mouth was drawn as though in pain. For an instant her whole frame seemed convulsed, then slowly she raised her arms and held them toward him. With a cry, Swipsey awoke. He was almost

suffocated, and gasped for breath. Nosey's heavy breathing proclaimed that he was still asleep. Noiselessly Swipsey arose and crept down the alleyway. He was now wide awake and his only thought was of his lady. As he emerged into the street, he encountered a policeman asleep in a doorway. Silently slipping past him, he turned toward the store in the window of which he had last seen his lady. Would he still find her there? He quickened his pace at the thought. It was but a short distance, and he was soon standing before the window. She was still there, smiling as usual. His eye saw this at a glance, and also saw something else. Far back in the store, a tiny ray of light, before which a shadowy figure flitted. Swipsey fell on his hands and knees, keeping before the glass, and peered into the store. There was no mistake about it. There was the tiny stream of light, and he could now make out two forms. He wondered what they were doing there. He was not quick to think, and his small supply of wits refused to act. Finally he thought of his lady, and then of his dream. They were after her. The blood rushed from his face, and his hands were tightly clenched. Quickly he crept to the door. One look showed him that the lock had been broken. A wild thought entered his brain. He would rescue her. He lifted the latch and the door opened. Without a moment's hesitation he rose to his feet, and pushing the door wide open, rushed wildly into the store. There was a commotion in the rear of the building and the stream of light vanished, then all was still. Swipsey quickly groped his way to the window. There was a glass door opening into it. This he quickly opened, and sprang into the window. Without a thought but that his lady was in danger, he tenderly clasped her in his arms, and lifting her off the pedestal, sprang with her back into the store. There was a muttered curse from the darkness, and a hoarse whisper, "It's only a kid. Grab him before he gives the alarm."

Swipsey's only fear was for his lady. Never once did he think of himself. Hugging her precious form tightly to his beating heart, he sprang toward the door, only to find it blocked by a burly figure, which he recognized by the shining buttons as a policeman. Back into the darkness he crept, only to hear the same hoarse voice raised in warning, "Keep back, I say! Keep back!" Still he crept on, scarcely knowing what he did. Suddenly there was a flash from the darkness, a report, and he felt a sharp, stinging pain in his side. A dark form rushed past him, and he fell to the floor, his lady still clasped in his arms.

* * * * * * *

The sunlight was streaming through the windows when Swipsey awoke, the white cot on which he lay scarcely whiter than his poor, simple face. By his side sat Nosey, and a tall man dressed in black was feeling his pulse. He felt tired, and closed his eyes again, but Nosey bent over him.

"Swipsey," he whispered, "Swipsey, don't yer know me?"

"That you, Nosey?" said Swipsey opening his eyes again. And then, as his face lit up with a smile, "I saved her, Nosey."

"Yes, ye saved her, Swipsey, but ye got hurted. Feel better now!"

"Yes, on'y I'm tired. But I saved her, didn't I? Where is she?"

"Ye can't see her now, Swipsey; but she's all right."

"Yes, she's all right. I'll see her after 'while. ——— But I — saved her, didn't I? I'm so — tired — now. Tell her — tell her —"

Nosey leaned over to catch the words, but Swipsey was dead.

EDITH CALLENDER.

One of the least prolific, but one of the highest in rank, of amateur poets was Miss Edith Callender, who contributed her first poem, a sonnet, to the *Point* in April, 1884. She contributed about one poem a year until 1889. Of these, "In Summer Woods" gained for her the laureateship. There may be found in her poems many striking and original metaphors and expressions, and her lengthy poems were well sustained. Her mastery over blank verse was as nearly perfect as any poet in amateur literature, and a lively but well controlled imagination played charmingly over all her work. Her poems were: King's Answer, *Highland Breezes*, Jan. '88; A Moment, *Postscript*, June, '85; In Summer Woods, *Sentinel*, May, '86; A Prophesy, *Athenia*, Jan. '87; To a Wood Anemone, *Athenia*, June, '87.

IN SUMMER WOODS.

THE ENCHANTMENT.

O strange, hushed silence of the summer woods!
The trees, as if by some enchantment bound,
Thronging in stately groups on every side,
Filter the sunshine through their webs of green,
Stealing its heat and glare and letting fall
A light so pure and cool, that it might be
Even the charmed light of Fairyland.
The wind, that wanders through the fields at will
Walks with light footfall here and scarcely dares
To lay a gentle hand upon the leaves
Or stir the aster pale that leans against
A mossy log. Like music heard in sleep,
The plashing fall of water on the rocks
Lingers a moment on the ear and then
Blends with a silence sweeter than all sound.

THE DREAM.

Is it a Fairyland, and has some elf
Stolen my soul away and left instead
A new-born sympathy with soulless things,
So that I listen and can understand
Their mute, sweet utterance? I seem to hear
The low, light ripple of a maiden's laugh,

And through her floating robe of dainty green
Glimmer the white arms of the Silver Birch ;
Shyly she whispers gentle tales and then
Draws back in coy alarm. Better I love
That ragged gypsy with a sunny cheek,
The Yellow Birch-tree, rising in the midst
Of stalwart Chestnuts and tall, ancient Pines,
Roving no more along the dusty way,
But cooling in the moss her naked feet,
With years of sunshine sleeping in her veins
And glistening on the scrolls, where Nature writes,
In mystic tracery of lichen growth,
Secrets that men have never learned to read.
Sybil, thy smile can make denial sweet —
I turn away, the secret still unread,
And listen while the dark, mysterious Pine,
Lifting his lofty head above the rest,
Tells me the secrets of the changing years ;
For standing here, long, long ere I was born,
He watched the morning and the evening star,
The rising and the setting of the sun,
And saw each voyage of the wandering moon,
Sometimes across a calm, untroubled sky,
But often tossed among the angry clouds
Or in a gulf of darkness overwhelmed ;
And many a morning he has seen the hills
Put off the nunlike veil of mist that clung
About their brows, and let their beauty shine
Upon the world. Unchanged alone
Throughout the changing year, O royal Pine !
The Northern tempest never dares to rob
Thee of thy crown, but with his icy hand
Rushing across thy harpstrings, fills the air
With surging waves of solemn melody.

Poet and hero of a silent world !
Nature denied to thee a soul, and yet
Thou art akin to those great, lonely souls
Who tower above the crowd of common men,
Breathing untainted air, with wider views
Of earth and heaven spread before their sight,
With such stern beauty and such matchless strength
That, when the North wind of adversity
Doth sweep away the garments of men's pride
And make a dreary winter in the world,
It draws from them those grand inspiring strains,
The music of brave words or braver deeds,
That echo on through all the centuries.

THE AWAKENING.

The dream has gone. For, lo! the sunset rays
Creep underneath the edges of the leaves,
And all the dusky wood is paved with blocks
Of golden light; the cobwebs swing like ropes
Of gold from every tree, and through
The parted tops of trees that bend above
The brook, great shafts of sunlight fall, to pierce
Its brown, brown current moving evermore;
And now the silence by a sound is thrilled,
So sweet and clear and high it does not seem
To break the spell that kept me dreaming here;
The song of that rare bird, who only sings
Within the deepest shadow of the woods,
Their quiet grace and beauty it translates
To music, melting into silence now,
Then floating forth in sweetness measureless,
To die away amid the hush and gloom
And leave a happy peace within the heart.

THE KING'S ANSWER.

Edward, the king of Deira, driven forth
In childhood from the realms that were his own,
Wandered for weary years from court to court
Of friendly kings, yet still by foes pursued;
Till childhood passed and boyhood's happy dreams,
Bright with the glory of a dawning life
And buoyant with its strength, had rolled away
Like mist from mountain sides, and let the man
Behold the rugged path that he must tread.
With sinews knit for manly conflict then,
A heart made bolder still by each rebuff,
King Edward struggled on, and ofttimes caught,
Upon the hilltop of some victory,
A glimpse of that far height he longed to reach,
The throne whereon his father sate, and ruled
A goodly land, a people rude, yet brave,
Well worth the struggles of an exiled king.
Oft through the shadows of some deep defile
His pathway led, and hid that heighth from view;
Still Edward kept, undimmed and beautiful,
The vision morning pictured in his eyes.

To Rednald's court the weary exile came,
And found at length a welcome warm and true,
That stirred the hope long-sleeping in his breast —
Aye! gave it wings for bold and eager flight.
Not only shelter, pledged the king, but gold
And stalwart men, his kingdom's best, to drive

The strong usurper from his vantage ground.
And yet not many days had sped away
With lighter steps than ever days before,
When came three embassies from northern lands,
In fiery haste, with promises of gold
For Edwin's death, and threats of cruel war
Should Rednald dare to give him shelter still.
Long stayed they with the king, and thro' the court
A busy whisper crept, till all men knew
That either greed of gold or fear of war
Had shaken Rednald from his high resolve.

A friend of Edwin learned the king's new will,
Read Edwin's doom in every courtier's eye,
And with a scowl deep-set upon his brow
And anger deeper burning in his heart
He strode away to seek King Edward's room,
And, just at sunset, called the king without.
One keen, inquiring glance King Edward gave
And then with downcast eyes and folded arms,
As stands a rock before the coming tide,
He heard, unmoved, the warning words that seemed
Like foremost waves upon a sea of fate.
In silence he received the offer made
Of guidance to a safer lurking place,
And when the low voice ceased and died away
Musing a moment stood the exiled king.
"Ah!" thought his friend, "the king stops not to rage
Nor waste in words the breath he needs for flight,
But makes already plans for his escape.
And that were well; for even now the sun
Lowers his shield upon the quiet west,
And shoots his arrows at the tumbling sea
Till every wave that dies among the reeds
Is red with blood and welters on the shore;
The heron rises from her weedy nest
To flap his heavy wing across the fen;
High in the golden haze of sunset hangs
A cloud of swallows circling to and fro,
In swift pursuit of all the winged notes
That float in sunshine through a summer's day
To make their merry meal at eventide,
So seems the life of man to one who knows
How false can be the promise of a king,
How swift he turns and swoops upon his prey!
I blame him not; his nature 't is, and mine,
And every creature in this warring world.
Yet what avails the struggle? Death at last
Will steep his keen blade in the stoutest heart.
As well to sport like insects in the sun

And leave ambition to the kites and crows!"
So thought the waiting friend, and turning then,
With eager look, to seek the king's reply,
He saw a ray of sunlight fall aslant
The fair, tossed locks that lay on Edwin's brow,
And straight they seemed a crown of ruddy gold;
It pierced the darkness of his deep gray eye
And kindled there a light so full and strange,
The man drew back abashed.

Then Edwin spoke,—
Ay, then the kingly soul; that never yet
Had crouched to any man in slavish fear,
Nor sold its birthright for ignoble ease,
Rose in his bosom, leaped into his eyes,
And in their deep and glowing gaze told more
Than all the slow, strong words his lips let fall.
"My friend," he said, "I cannot do this thing.
Shall I be first to treat the solemn pledge,
Which from so great a king I have received,
As but a thing of naught? And that when he
Hath never done me any wrong, nor shown
Me enmity. Better if I must die."
Here spoke the weary years of wandering,
"Better if I must die, that Rednald's hand
Should take this life than any meaner man's."

With one sharp gesture of despair his friend
Turned and walked back; and Edwin, left alone,
On the stone bench within the king's court sat
While silence gathered and the night drew near,
While one by one the sounds of day were hushed,
The far halloo, the nearer murmur ceased.
The deep sky filled with stars, and winds were still,
What starless gloom, what night of deep despair
On Edwin's soul had fallen none may know;
When suddenly a voice the silence broke,
Out of the dusk a man stept forth, and asked
Why at that hour, when every other slept,
Alone, he watched through all the weary night.
Unknown to Edwin were the look and dress,
The long dark garment of the Christian priest.
Who, heeding not the exile's proud repulse,
Still asked, in graver tones, "What meed the king
Would give to one to freed him from his cares,
What meed to one who promised he should live
To pass in power all other English kings
Who came before him?"

Struck with wonder then,
The lonely exile pledged his word to give

A meed well worthy tidings such as these.
"And what," went on the stranger, "if the man
Who had foretold to thee such wondrous things,
Could better guidance give for life and soul
Than any of thy kin have ever heard,
Then wouldst thou hearken to his words, O King?"
So Edwin gave the promise. Laying then
The hand of benediction on his brow,
And bidding Edwin know that he should claim
His promise by that sign in after years
The stranger vanished. In the dusk his form
So soon was lost, that Edwin held his voice
Had been some spirit's from another world.

How after years that prophecy fulfilled
All England knew; how Rednald kept his vow
And won a mighty battle for his friend;
How Deira stretched her arms to greet her king,
Her war-tried hero, on whose ruddy cheek
There tarried still the morning flush of youth,
But with an eye that like the noonday sun
Let none behold it save with veiled glance,
Yet searched the secret place of every heart;
How the wild forest and the grassy dale,
The rugged hills and moorlands of the north
All echoed to his tread; how one by one
The sunny valleys of the south were laid
In mute subjection at their master's feet;
How north and south, how east and west bowed down
And Edwin ruled supreme from sea to sea.

Now seemed the dream of making England one
At last to be fulfilled; and Edwin felt
The reins that guide the flying steeds of fate
Firm gathered in his hands. But no man knows
Whither will lead the path that he pursues.
Out of the conquered land of Kent there came
The king's fair daughter to be Edwin's queen,
And brought with her the aged Christian priest,
His dark hair falling round his thin, worn face,
Who long ago had planted in her heart
That beautiful and ever glowing faith,
Which now she sought to make King Edwin own.
And all the winter long King Edwin mused;
Day after day he spent in silent thought,
In deep communing with his inner self;
But when at length the happy springtime came
To break the deathlike slumber of the world;
When sweet-breathed April sowed the dewy mead
With daisy stars, and in the budding wood

All day the cuckoo called unto his mate;
When far away the hazy distance flowed
Into the light and glory of the sky;
Either the same sweet influence awoke
The thought of God in Edwin's heart, prepared
By the long musings of the winter-tide;
Or, haply, passing by the hallowed place,
Where knelt his fair young queen with folded palms,
And turned to him her prayer-illumined eyes,
A glimpse he caught of beauty infinite,
As looking down upon a tranquil lake
The boundless arch of Heaven one beholds. —
We know not how the secret change was wrought,
But when the Christian priest his solemn hand
Laid upon Edwin's brow, and claimed the king's
Fulfillment of the pledge the exile gave—
Then Edwin's soul the bond of custom broke,
And bursting from its ancient prison-house
The light that cometh down from heaven hailed.

So lived the king of Deira, going on
From height to height, and swerving not aside
When doubt aud danger threatened, or defeat
Stood frowning in his face with sullen eyes.
And so he died, struck down upon the field
Where fell the cause in which he fought so long.
True to the last, and dreaming not he won
A victory far greater than he lost;
For God took up the work that he laid down
And crowned his seeming failure with success,
Until the faith that severed England's sons
Became their firmest bond of brotherhood,
And made their happy isle a shining star,
A guiding light upon the stormy seas.

D. B. STEPHENS.

One of the gifted editors of the *Brilliant* in its palmy days of 1885–8, was Mr. D. B. Stephens. He also issued several numbers of a beautiful magazine called *Phantasmus.* The few pieces of poetry that came from his pen were of classical mold. He had but few faults of technique, and his sentiment was good, but there was somewhat of a coldness in his lines. He wrote: Sonnets in Light and Shadow, *Brilliant*, Autumn, '87; April, *Phantasmus*, Feb. '85; When Winter Comes, *Brilliant*, Jan. '85; Pan, *Brilliant*, March, '86; And Thou Shall Call His Name Jesus, *Brilliant*, Jan. '85.

"AND THOU SHALT CALL HIS NAME JESUS."

The Day's supernal dawning pales o'er the Holy City
And lights with prescient glory the lowly cattle-shed.
The Virgin-Mother travailed; the lowing beast doth marvel
To see the infant stranger usurp her straw-lain bed.
The morning-star hath faded; the crimson dawning breaketh;
Edisto's wave is ruffled; the Rabbi calls to prayer.
Now Bethlem's rabble stirreth; the way-worn Magian neareth
The desert-pillowed cradle that bears Jehova's Care.

By Bethlem's lowly manger the Magi kneel together
And gaze with adoration upon the holy sign;
A joyous morning zephyr steals through the stable casement
And stirs the dewy lashes, with breath of tame-eyed kine.
The reign of Darkness waneth; the Beacon-moment lingers
To share the purer radiance that beameth from His hand.
A thrill of joy prophetic o'er Israel's valley stealeth;
A light from out the gloaming hath beamed upon the land.

SONNETS IN LIGHT AND SHADOW.

CHARLES LAMB.

Blithely pathetic idler in the ways
Worn smooth with endless passing of the throng,
With forehead bent, I watch thee pass along
Or halt meanwhiles to dream of April days
In bloomy English fields. Thy face betrays
An Eldorado's wealth of tuneless song.
Ah, gentle soul, what mystery of wrong
Is interlined with all thy hand essays!
So filled with gentle moods, and hate-forsworn,
Thy deep, pathetic eyes might conquer Fate.
The grieving viol tempers the loud horn,
And Sorrow waits when Mirth doth compensate, —
As when a chord in April's windy tune
Breaks and lets in a perfect strain from June.

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

There is a dream wherein no slumber lies
But the strong sleep which bears the dreamer hence
To a far, unawakened Thule, whence
No sound but the sound of light doth ever rise.
Tears are the serviture of weary eyes,
And these are always bright, howe'er intense
The light may glisten, nor however dense
The dark may seem in twilight lanes and byes.
There is a music in the falling leaf,
And autumn winds have secrets to impart;
But he who feels the keys with kindred grief
Alone may cause the notes to trembling start
From Nature's diapasons low and deep,
Till darkest dreams emerge to light and sleep.

Mr. Stephens as a critic was discriminating and judicial. He wrote a fragment of a sketch called "A Torn Leaf," in *Phantasmus*, February, 1885, and in the *Brilliant* for December, 1886, he had published a sketch of much power, entitled "The Lodger at Amen Corner." It was entitled to high rank among the sketches of amateur literature. The plot, simple though original, formed but the ground work upon which the real value of the sketch rested. The delineations of the characters and of their feelings were the great strength of the story. These, though not fully shaded, were skillfully and artistically drawn. The descriptions, too, were graphically done.

THE LODGER AT AMEN CORNER.

It wanted a day to Christmas Eve. December's early dusk crept over the city, touching it with a somber color, as if Nature were jealous of the daylight. In the falling darkness the wide vista of gas-lit streets seemed like some great animate thing in awed wonderment of what might lie beyond the sunset.

Along the Park front a row of gas-jets in their square chambers glimmered fitfully through a haze of frosted glass and falling snow, bringing into shadowy relief the towering pile of gray stone that blocked the extremity of the square. From this point the outlines of St. John's church looked like a network of sinuous lines. A light snow was sifting through the atmosphere, each feathery flake halting languidly as it approached the earth, as if in search of an inviting spot whereon to alight.

The snow was packed hard in the city streets and lay deep in the suburbs. The neighborhood of St. John's church revelled in the white spoil. It clung to the stone walls, choked the gutters of the water-spouts, heaped itself high on the wide window-sills, and covered the tesselated paving of St. John's walk deep out of sight. The iron rails surmounting the stone parapet along the Park front alone looked out, bare, black and uncomfortable in the surrounding whiteness. Inside the rails a row of evergreens, Norway spruce and Canada hemlock, nodded and beckoned with their snow-laden twigs and branches to their bare, deciduous neighbors standing in line like sentinels in front of St. John's church, across the way.

In both its exterior and interior aspects St. John's church had always owned a sort of classic respectability, no matter what the season; but in this snowy Christmas weather the effect somehow seemed perceptibly heightened. St. John's was a fashionable church, its great oaken doors, turning so heavily on their hinges, having proved a sufficient barrier against those who were not of the fashionable elect of St. John's parish.

The parish of St. John's was likewise the parish of St. Mark's, although this is rather in the way of a mental reservation. In behalf of St. John's church it were no great thing to say that most of the

worshippers who went thither in their carriages and livery knew nothing at all of the existence, in a back avenue some squares removed from St. John's Park, of the little wooden chapel of St. Mark's.

This may have been a good deal St. Mark's own fault, however, for it had located itself in a quarter where liveried coachmen were seldom given occasion to drive, and where, if the truth must be told, their presence was less agreeable than their absence. Notwithstanding all this, St. Mark's had a large congregation,— larger than it could hold, sometimes,— while a great many of the high-backed mahogany pews in St. John's church were oftener empty than full. At any rate, if the fashionable church knew anything of the unfashionable one it wisely kept its knowledge to itself until it had an opportunity to use it in its own way, which it soon had.

The meek little curate of St. Mark's, who periodically donned his frayed vestment and exhorted his hearers to shun all worldliness, might have said something about this attitude of St. John's church, had he been a trifle less meek and a good deal more worldly-minded himself. But when a committee of the trustees of St. John's church called upon him, one day in late November, to prefer a request which should never have been granted, a chance witness to the conference would have said that the little curate was the favored instead of the favoring. The representatives of St. John's church had learned that the organist of St. Mark's was accounted something phenomenal in the handling of his instrument, and since their own organist had failed them at a critical moment in the preparation of their usual Christmas recital — in brief, would St. Mark's church be so obliging as to help them out?

As he listened, the little curate was inwardly thankful that his own plans did not conflict with those of his visitors. Christmas recitals were things with which St. Mark's congregation had long since accustomed itself to dispense. For his own part the little curate mildly acquiesced, but since their organist was merely voluntary it would be necessary to ascertain the gentleman's views; should he consent, St. Mark's would be only too happy to assist St. John's.

With the circumstances before him the organist did not hesitate, and so on the following Sabbath his place was filled by a little faded gentleman, whose appearance was much more in accord with the surroundings, and who differed as much from his predecessor as the curate of St. Mark's differed from the rector of St. John's. Strangers who visited St. Mark's church out of curiosity had wondered what invisible means of support the little chapel could possess to warrant its indulgence in what was apparently high-priced music, and many of them regarded with unconcealed interest the young man who presided over the instrument. Not that Paul Etherege cared. He had entered the chapel of St. Mark's in a vagrant moment, drawn thither by the simplicity of the place, as well as by the great organ which entirely filled the fore-part of the church, brave in its black walnut furnishing and pipes newly gilt, a relic of some larger place of worship, which had no doubt outgrown it. It was not a difficult matter to scrape acquaintance with the homely people who occupied the pews beneath, and a time

came when Paul Etherege was regarded as the legitimate master of St. Mark's organ-loft and its little band of choristers. He was a passionate lover of music, and in the intervals of his more engrossing labor at the easel he would resort to the great organ without much thought, perhaps, of the vast service he was performing for the congregation of St. Mark's.

The interior of St. John's church, with its stained windows and steep arched ceiling, was always a place to loiter in, but on this evening, with here and there a gas-jet burning low in the side aisles, it was more than ordinarily attractive. The light shone dimly across the frescoes of the walls, and, dipping down among the pews that stretched their high mahogany backs in profile. lost itself in the dusk which enveloped the lower parts of the church. Green glossy leaves and winter berries in profusion hung pendant from the altar front and strayed in negligent disorder over its dark panels. Behind the altar spread the indistinct outlines of the chancel, and above was the wide organ-loft, bathed in a soft blaze of light.

The long afternoon rehearsal was over at five o'clock, and now the bells were striking the half-hour after six. The last member of the choir had departed, but the organist still sat on his bench and idly fingered the keys.

Had Paul Etherege been in an ordinary mood he might have elected to shut down the heavy lids and hie him home to "sit by the fire and toast his toes," and, it may be, to con the latest Illustrated. But this influence gradually stealing over him was no common experience. He yielded to an impulse and allowed his fancy to lead him where it would.

Uppermost in it all was a fair oval face, that fascinated him and seemed to draw him into a peculiar, close sympathy.

Was he in love? Oh, no; he did not think so. He had been in love before, and it could not be that. This was very different. It was a long time since he had suffered such things to trouble him.

If the object of his thoughts had still occupied the place she had just quitted, close by his side, quietly turning the leaves of her score, the young man might have gone about his business outwardly unconcerned. But there was now no need to be conventional. The tender eyes, so rarely uplifted in the flesh, looked shyly back into his, till his pulse was stirred into a fierce tumult, and he began to wonder vaguely at his temerity. They were deep violet eyes, clear and reflective as some mountain rivulet. He was exalted by their look, and found himself speculating of what tender moods the possessor of such eyes might not be capable.

He started when the door swung open in the vestibule and closed again. Light footsteps approached the stairs leading to the organ-loft, and a voice inquired softly, "Mr. Etherege, would you — may I see you for a moment?"

The tones were familiar, and he did not wait. Taking his hat and overcoat he descended to the chancel. They walked down the aisle in silence, and she did not speak until they had passed into the half-shadow of the porch. Dark though it was, however, he could see a troubled look in the violet eyes uplifted to his.

"I did not want to trouble you, Mr. Etherege," she began slowly. "I saw you at the organ; you did not seem occupied, and [a pause] I waited for a long time, till the carriage came, and then —"

There was a faltering note in the soft voice, and he knew that she was trembling with suppressed nervousness. An undefined feeling of his own prevented him from questioning, but he instinctively seemed to feel the cause of her alarm, and moved toward the door.

A glance outside revealed a double sleigh upturned close to the curb. The driver had succeeded in freeing the horses, and now regarded them perplexedly as they stood, with the broken harness about them, in the snow. His face cleared somewhat as Etherege approached. Together they righted the sleigh, and with some difficulty succeeded in attaching the horses. Seeing that the animals were restive, the young man suggested that they be driven home. The coachman assented, and, after he had turned the corner safely, Etherege returned to the church porch. Brushing off the snow, he ran lightly up the steps and looked about for his companion. She was sitting on the sacristan's bench, and rose as he approached. A faint color showed in her face as she looked at him.

"You have taken a great deal of trouble," she said, softly.

She stood, half-expectant, her fair hair waving about her forehead, her ripe lips parted. She spoke in a questioning tone, but for some reason he did not chose to regard it so. He was unversed in the language of polite society, but he was too thoroughly a gentleman not to feel that his companion was embarrassed. Both were undergoing a kind of ordeal. The tear-traces were gone from her face, and in their stead was an inquiring look, not unmixed with anxiety. As he noted it he found himself nursing a vague resentment against himself that this slight, fair creature should have waited troubled and alone in the dark vestibule, while he was dreaming idly at the organ.

But was it idly? She had watched him as he sat there, and, thinking of it, he wondered what the effect would be could she have fathomed his thoughts then. He might have let the fancy linger, but the inquiring look had deepened.

"Miss Weston," he began, slowly, "you are alarmed. I fear this has been an exciting experience for you; but it is all over now."

There was nothing in the words, but his tone was reassuring, and he was rewarded with a faint smile. She seemed about to speak, and then paused as if undecided, with a quick glance at the snow and darkness outside.

"I have sent the sleigh home," he continued, seing her hesitation. "I could not think of letting you run the risk of another such accident. If you will let me accompany you home you will — you will make me very happy."

The words came impulsively, and he may have said more than he intended. She was looking down and tapping the floor with one tiny foot. He began to be angry at his stupidity. Why had he been so impetuous? Why ——?

But there was no annoyance in the face just then lifted to his.

On the contrary, an amused look was in the violet eyes, and she seemed to be shyly enjoying his discomfiture.

"It is very good of you, Mr. Etherege, to pretend that you are not annoyed. I do not wish to inconvenience you, but as it is I am forced to avail myself of your goodness. Papa will thank you very much for your kindness to me."

It occurred to the young man that he was being gently quizzed, but he was too well satisfied with the arrangement to complain. The playful reminder that his company might, perhaps, be a forced acceptance, did not trouble him at all, and as he led the way out he answered her smile with a similar one of his own.

On reaching the sidewalk both paused, as if moved by a common impulse. All the winter world had yielded to the darkness, and the snow held possession of the earth. A sort of white calmness filled the atmosphere, softening the outlines of surrounding objects, and veiling the gas-lights with its indefinite haze.

At length he placed her arm within his own, and they walked on. He may have drawn her closer to himself than the occasion demanded, for when they passed out of St. John's Walk her fur garment was brushing the snow from the twigs that projected through the railings.

It had almost stopped snowing. The white covering sparkled softly in the dark spaces between the gas-lights. A sleigh dashed past, tossing the light snow from its runners. Roused by the bells, the young man looked up, and for the first time was conscious that his companion had become strangely silent. Could it be that she was afraid of him? It had not occurred to him that it was his place to help the conversation, and it might not have occurred to him now had she not shrunk closer to his side as they passed a yawning entrance-way. The cause of her alarm was apparent when a nondescript figure emerged from the blackness and slunk away in the shadows. An evil, hungry face glowered for an instant, and then vanished, but not before Paul Etherege had felt the small gloved hand tighten its clasp on his arm, and had returned the pressure with a closer one of his own.

"How wretched he was," she said, simply, "and how cold and hungry he must have been. I wonder sometimes if nothing can be done for such as he."

His own face became tender as he caught her upward glance, luminous with pity. She had looked thus once before, he remembered, when in chance conversation he had told her something about the meek little man who preached in St. Mark's church. Now he almost envied the homeless outcast, rich because she had pitied him.

A few moments more, and they had emerged from the narrow, dusky thoroughfare, with the avenue ahead inviting and brilliant. They were in the region of stately brown-stone fronts and wide, high stairways. The clock in a neighboring church-tower tolled eight, and she listened, dwelling on the strokes.

"I did not think it was so late," she said. "How anxious poor papa will be. I had forgotten him, almost, and"— with a shade of self-reproach — "we have walked so slowly."

He had no answer for this, and when she spoke again it was in a lighter tone.

"I am afraid, Mr. Etherege, that I have taken you a great deal out of your way. I am sorry to have inconvenienced you."

She glanced at his face, as if expecting a remonstrance, but none came, and she did not again speak until they were ascending the stone steps of the mansion which she called home. He rang the bell for her and drew her attention to the snow, which had again commenced to fall, while they waited. The door was opened, and she smiled "good-night" to him as he regained the sidewalk.

The young man took his way homeward in an exalted mood. He did not try to analyze his feelings, for it would have baffled him to express them. In a comfortable frame of mind he reached his lodgings and ascended the steps. The hall which he entered was in darkness, except at the farther end, where a glimmer of light came through an open transom. His footfalls sounded hollow on the oak flooring. Half way down the hall he paused at his own door, and inserted the key in the lock. Then the muffled tones of a bass voice fell on his ear, and he glanced instinctively in the direction of the open transom. A smile played about his mouth as he recognized the voice: it was that of a fellow-artist and grinder of pigments, by name Colville.

Colville was a married man, and had a baby, the fact of whose existence Etherege had been uncomfortably aware. To-night, however although the existence was most manifest, it did no seem to affect him disagreeably.

"Lullabys and laziness," he murmured softly to himself as he listened. "That fellow has an ideal, even if he does paint detestable genres. What a fine thing is sentiment for an artist! I will step in and see Colville to-morrow; I believe that baby has made me unneighborly."

The lullaby ceased, and there was a confused sound of soothing bass and broken treble raised in altercation. The young man closed the door quickly, but not in time to escape another sound, that of a gentle feminine voice caressing and comforting.

Bare and black as it was inside, the rugs on the studio floor, seemed to deepen the stillness as he crossed them. The door of an inner room was ajar, and as he opened it wide, a blazing fire in the grate threw fantastic gleams across the woodwork. It gave a bright tinge and cheerful appearance to the room, and as Etherege stepped into the firelight it seemed to him more than ordinarily inviting and home-like. A huge dog, stretched at length upon the hearth-rug, turned drowsily as he approached, and blinked his dog-welcome.

The young man removed his coat, and, after warming himself before the blaze, drew an easy chair up to the table and sat down. A few moments of meditation followed, and then he collected some scattered sheets of paper. Taking a pen, he essayed to write. The room was in stillness, except for the rapid, monotonous ticking of a little French carriage-clock on the mantel. The dog slumbered peacefully. But while there was that in the air to induce inspiration, the young

man's thoughts wandered idly. With a petulant gesture he flung the pen from him, quite across the table, where it stopped beneath the outstretched wings of a tiny brass dragon that served him for a pen-rack. Clasping his hands behind his head he leaned back in the chair, while his fancy wove an airy, unsubstantial fabric, that stretched out like a bridge between the mainland of fact and the island of imagination.

He sat thus until the fire, exhausted below, threw up a shower of sparks and settled its remaining embers into a glowing heap. The clock on the mantel noisily chimed eleven. He moved then, and allowed his hands to drop. Roused also, the dog stretched himself and gave vent to a prodigious yawn, after which he gazed into his master's face with the sleepy expression which only a dog can assume.

"Well, Peter, what is it?"

Peter yawned again, ambled leisurely across the rug, and deposited his head on his master's knees.

"You think it is bed-time, eh, Peter? Well, so it is. We are keeping late hours; but then, you know, Peter, one does not have an adventure every day. Heigho!"

Edith Weston was in a discontented mood. She sat at the breakfast table, one hand playing restlessly up and down the handle of the brazen tea-urn, while the other traced imaginary figures on the snowy table-cloth. The violet eyes shot occasional impatient glances at the old gentleman who sat vis-a-vis, his plate pushed back and his face half buried in a newspaper. It was a habit which he regularly followed before departing office-ward, but his preoccupation this morning seemed to the young girl more than usually irksome. He had not manifested all the interest in her afternoon adventure which she had looked for. She was angry, not because of his indifference, but because of her own inability to keep her thoughts from dwelling on the incident. The old gentleman was really much exercised about it, but he had his own way of showing it. The only visible sign he had thus far displayed was the summary discharge of the offending coachman. He did not remember the young man's name. He was a gentleman, of course; but it was not necessary to tell him so.

There was an impatient twitching of the table-cloth, causing it to wrinkle half way across the table. The hand that was playing with the tea-urn dropped suddenly, overturning a spoon-holder in its descent. The newspaper was lowered then, and the old gentleman looked mildly across to the scene of the catastrophe.

The violet eyes met the blue ones reproachfully.

"You are so quiet this morning, papa. I wish you would talk to me. I wish — I wish ——"

She stepped quickly around the table and knelt beside him, winding her soft arms about his neck. There was a strong bond of sympathy between this old man and his motherless daughter. Silence intervened for a while, during which the newspaper fell to the floor, and he stroked her fair hair caressingly. But the thoughts that were upper-

most in her mind had no place in his, so that a mystified look came into his face when she spoke.

"I did not even ask him to call, papa; and" — a pause — "he must think so badly of me. Would you — may I ask him to come, papa?"

She spoke slowly, and with hesitation; but there was no nervousness in her manner. She was honestly regretful, and, to her reasoning, there was but one way to make amends.

Whatever may have been the thoughts that came to the old gentleman, he did not utter them. He drew out his watch instead, and, glancing at it, seemed surprised at the lateness of the hour. She had arisen, and stood beside him, with fingers interlaced, as he rose from his chair. Placing his hands upon her shoulders he regarded her troubled face with a quizzical expression.

"My dear," he said, and there was a faint twinkle in the blue eyes, "tell the gentleman, with my compliments, that we shall expect the pleasure of his company at dinner whenever he can make it convenient. There, now gather up your spoons, and bring me my overcoat. I have lost more time already with this Philip Sydney of yours than I can well afford."

It was more than she had looked for, this summary disposal of the matter at her own hands; but although the violet eyes drooped a little, she did not remonstrate. She picked up the newspaper and smoothed out its creases, one after another, while the old man busied himself with his gloves. She followed him into the hall, and, as he was a tall old man, she stood on tiptoe to be kissed, before the door closed.

The old gentleman walked along with a vigorous stride, swinging his arms as he went. His was an active nature, and on such mornings as this he disdained the close confinement of the street car. The publishing house in which he was a partner lay quite across town, but he did not care for that. The Christmas weather had its usual salutary effect, and he returned the nods of sundry acquaintances with a briskness that betokened an infinite amount of good-will.

The business streets were reached at length, and the old gentleman stopped to peer through the frosty windows of a print-shop. It stood on a corner, a weather-beaten old place, with a rusty awning-frame above the cornice and a Revolutionary cannon planted on either side of the doorway. Inside the window before which the old gentleman had paused a pair of oil lamps were burning, in odd contrast to the bright daylight, while the heat, melting away the frost, revealed part of the interior. Several prints, an assortment of oil and water colors, together with some plaques of polished brass, filled up the foreground. In the rear, supported by an easel resting on the floor, was the object which drew the old man's attention.

It was a genre painting, the subject a scene in the Alban Hills of Scotland. A Highland shepherd lad lay stretched at length against a heathered brae, gazing beyond his browsing flock to where the sun lit up the gray, irregular outlines of a ruined abbey on the plain below.

The expression of the figure was admirable, and the old gentleman was visibly interested.

Stamping the snow from his feet, he entered the shop. He had been there many times, so that his presence did not excite the immediate concern of the proprietor. At length he attracted the print-seller's attention.

Yes, the picture was for sale. Four hundred dollars! It was too cheap. Who was the painter? Could he have his address?

The painter's name was Etherege, and his studio was at such and such a number, Amen Corner. The print-seller was not very well acquainted with him. Nobody seemed to, though he was quite a gentlemen. Dropped in occasionally, but never seemed to care much whether his pictures sold or not. If Mr. Weston was interested, the print-seller would mention it to Mr. Etherege when he notified him of the sale; and, perhaps —

But the old gentleman did not care much about it. He had merely a curiosity to see the man who painted such pictures at such prices. Giving some careful directions for the delivery of his purchase, he buttoned his coat again, and left the shop.

The old gentleman communed with himself as he went along. His mind was upon the picture which he had just purchased. His steps slackened presently, and he paused, as if in meditation. To be otherwise than practical was so contrary to his usual custom that he was himself somewhat surprised to find his steps turning in the direction given by the print-seller. He was in that frame of mind when he could not resist the temptation to gratify his curiosity, even at the expense of time and punctuality. Business could wait for him, he thought, at least one day in the year.

Time was when Amen Corner had formed the aristocratic center of an aristocratic neighborhood. Lovely dames in swelling petticoats, and dainty gentlemen in powdered wigs and far-reaching waistcoats, had tripped in state across the cobbles of the triangular square which encompassed it, and, afterward, a Signer of the Declaration of Independence had occupied, with more simplicity, the sunny front rooms at the point of the triangle. But it was different now. The Corner had merged into a vortex of noisy thoroughfares, and whatever of gentility once appertained to the heavy cornices and antique window frames lay buried under an accumulation of rust and grimy soot-streaks, only partially lightened at times by the heaviest rains, on which occasions the old gray stones looked down upon the sloppy triangle with a pathetically dismal assumption of the splendor which had passed forever. With the rattle of carts and tramp of horses were mingled incessant sounds of footsteps on the stairs and in the lower corridors. Above, it was more quiet, and there were rooms higher up whither the street sounds scarcely penetrated.

To enter the studio of Paul Etherege in broad daylight was to encounter a mimic sea of harmonious color, having for shores and islands the various objects that went to furnish the apartment. In the afternoon, when the sun had withdrawn its rays from the triangle and

veered over the roof, shadows and half-lights played mysteriously in the corners and fought on the side wall with the brighter shafts of sunlight that fell slanting through the windows. The front room was divided by a partition, breaking its square outline and affording space in one corner for a cabinet organ. What lay beyond the partition was hidden by the folds of an embroidered portiere in fleur-de-lis, somewhat frayed along its convenient edge.

The entrance door was ajar as the old gentleman stepped along the passage, reading the numbers as he went. He knocked, and receiving no answer, pushed the door open and entered. The studio was untenanted.

With his mind only half made up not to wait, the old gentleman speedily forgot his first impatience in examining the pictures on the walls. He scanned them carefully, until his further progress was obstructed by an easel, which held an unfinished portrait. The outlines were not yet complete, but even in the faint lines there was to the old gentleman something familiar. But, pshaw! had not many young girls the same fine oval face and waving hair? He wondered who the portrait could be for, and had almost concluded to see about it, when there came an interruption.

A timid rap at the door caused him to turn quickly. In the doorway stood a little ragged boy, with traces of recent tears upon his grimy cheeks, and his hands working nervously in a tattered cap which he held closed pressed against himself.

"Plase, an' plase, sir, wud the gintleman — wud Mr. Eth'erge, sir? — me mother — me father's b-b-bate — batin',"— a gulp and sobs unrestrained. "Oh-h, ah-h ——!" The boy leaned against the door-post, and, with his face buried in his arms, cried aloud.

It was an unexpected turn of affairs, and for a moment the old gentleman was nonplussed. A vague notion came to him of comforting the lad, which he might have put into execution, had not the woful sobbing attracted other attention. At the far end of the hall a door opened and closed quickly, causing the transom overhead to rattle in its fastenings. An infantile wail was hushed, and a moment after, Paul Etherege himself appeared upon the scene. With him came the dog, who smelled about the boy's legs, while the young man bent over and whispered in the lad's ear.

The words must have brought comfort, for the sobbing ceased and the tear stained face was lifted with a quick, shy look of gratitude. Replacing his tattered cap, the little fellow drew his sleeve across his eyes and went slowly down the stairs.

Etherege turned to meet his visitor. The old gentleman had been an interested observer of the by-play, and as he now took in the well knit figure of the artist and looked into his clear gray eyes, was forming an opinion. He introduced himself, whereat the young man smiled, and threw a conscious glance across his shoulder at the unfinished portrait.

The old gentleman continued without noticing the gesture: "I have been buying one of your pictures, Mr. Etherege, and an unac-

countable impulse has brought me here this morning to tell you how greatly I appreciate your work. My time is limited just now, but it has occurred to me that our firm may want something in your line —" the old gentleman paused for a little. "Come and see me and we will talk it over. Come to-night — to-morrow — whenever you like; I will give you the number."

He placed a card on the mantel beside which he was standing, and turned to go. An afterthought appeared to strike him, for he wheeled about on the threshold and added:

"I shall be at home to-morrow, and will be expecting you, if you don't come sooner. Remember your appointment, and" — with a step forward, tapping the artist upon the shoulder,— "take my advice, young man; when you paint a good picture, ask a sensible price for it." Then he was gone.

Etherege turned to the mantel, where the card lay. He took it up, read the familiar address, and twirled it absently. Crossing the studio, he contemplated the unfinished head for a short space, then walked slowly to the window and looked out.

Thin wreaths of smoke twined in and out among the chimney pots below, and far off in the hazy distance the slated steeple of St. John's pierced through the house-tops like a gray lance of polished steel.

"Peter," he said to the dog, who had followed him, "Peter, we are in luck." The tone was one of mock solemnity, and the dog seemed uncertain whether to sympathize or to take it as a signal for a frolic.

"Yes, Peter, this is our Christmas patron. It means — well, what does it mean? Fame, perhaps, and wealth—who knows? What do you say about it, Peter? Shall I go to-night?"

Peter looked interested, but did not vouchsafe an answer. A pause ensued, during which the young man stroked the dog's head dreamily.

His thoughts were far away. He had forgotten the little ragged boy, and saw instead the bare sitting room of St. Mark's parsonage, where the meek little curate lovingly smoothed with his thin hand the sleeve of a new dressing-gown, while the wife with trembling fingers sought vainly among the contents of the hamper at her feet for the name of the sender. The artist smiled, for he fancied two violet eyes were also looking on, moist with sympathy. Slowly his thoughts came back to the present.

"To-night? indeed, no!" What would the trustees of St. John's say? To-morrow, then — Christmas day? Well, Peter, we shall see."

The underbrush looked through the iron railing of St. John's Park on Christmas morning, decked out with the powdery snow as if itself were part and portion of the holiday. It softened the hard outline of the railing, coaxing the passer-by to walk beneath the shadow, and filling him with a fancied sense of warmth. The frost was rampant everywhere, but it was not like ordinary frost, and even the sober-tinted sparrows, uneasily twittering their bird-language in the gutters, seemed to partake somewhat of the general cheeriness in the atmosphere.

As Paul Etherege ascended the stone steps of the Weston mansion and confronted his image in the polished door panels, he was conscious of a great hope that the polish might prove to be all on the outside. A servant ushered him into the drawing-room, and left him. Light footsteps were heard in the hall, and a moment afterward Edith Weston softly entered the room. She wore a dress of creamy white material, only relieved by the ribbon at her waist and the ruff which encircled her throat. With his sense of the artistic vividly yet unconsciously acute, the young man turned and stood for a moment, silent.

A heightened color was in her face as she stepped forward. He took the hand she offered in both of his, and they moved back until the firelight played on the hem of her white garment. Ten minutes might have gone by when another footstep sounded in the hall, but neither of the pair heard it. The old gentleman entered noiselessly, but paused as he discovered the figures in the firelight. He must have been satisfied with what he saw, for he turned presently and, retracing his steps with caution, went out, gently closing the door behind him.

FRANK DENMARK WOOLLEN.

In the summer of 1885, Mr. Frank D. Woollen contributed verses to the amateur press, and shortly after he became literary editor of the *Violet*. Here he was not a success, writing without much discrimination, and frequently assuming a style not in keeping with dignified criticism. In later years Mr. Woollen became recognized as one of the competent critics of the day. He contributed to the "Year Book of 1887," an extended "Review of Our Literature," in which his critical acumen was displayed to good advantage. He lacked somewhat the quality of properly entering into the spirit of the writer he was discussing. In 1887 he was elected official editor of the national association. He wrote considerable poetry, much of it of no value, but his later verses had the true poetic ring. His work was chiefly remarkable for beauty of sentiment. He wrote: Sonnet, *Genius*, Feb. '88; The Toiler's Flower, *Genius*, March '88; The Fountain Hyppocrene, *Palladium*, Dec, '87; His Ideal, *Violet*, Oct. '83; Sonnet, *Violet*, Dec. '85; Venus Rising from the Sea, *Violet*, June '85; Good Deeds, *Violet*, Dec. '85; Two Poets, *Stylus*, Aug. '85; Life's Sun and Rain, *Light*, May, '89; Sweet Spirit of My Soul, *Nugget*, May, '89; A Song of Love, *Rising Age*, Feb. '90; O Hope, *Red Letter Days*, Oct. '90; To ——, *Hyperion*, Jan. '91; Unrequited, *Gold Foil*, Feb. '90; Faith, *Gold Foil*, July '90.

TWO POETS.

One sang in studied verse of pain
Whose heart had known no anguish;
Past him the world unheeding rolled
And left his song to languish.

One sang the pain, the bitter pain,
That gnawed his heart to madness,
And lo! the world kneeled down to kiss
His tear-stained cup of sadness!

THE TOILER'S FLOWER AND SONG.

One morn I saw him go with lengthened stride
Across the bare brown fields, and watched him trace
The broad, dark furrows with his plow, his face
The while aglow with health and conscious pride.
For him no flowerlet grew on either side
The way, no laverock poured her sweet heart's tide
Of song; yet still across the fields his pace
He kept unconscious of the things denied.

"Ah, me!" I said, "with naught of song from sun
To sun, nor glimpse of flower, his heart is dead
To all this earth a toiling soil may yield."
But when at eve, his weary labors done,
I saw him kiss his blue-eyed babe, I said,
"This is the bud and bird he sees afield."

SONNET IN A GRAVEYARD.

Here rest the dead! The dead, whom all live things
Will spurn, when voice, and eyes, and lips are young;
But when sere age his arms has round thee flung,
Nor warmth, nor love about thy sad heart clings;
Thou wilt come here and lay thy earthly things,—
Thy riches, and thy fame,—these mounds among,
As doth a wearied child, with arms wide-flung,
Seek sorrow's respite 'neath the mother wings,

That nourished it. And here a dreamless peace
Will claim thee as it does the child, nor tears,
Nor joys, nor winning smiles that sweet surcease
Of sorrow will absolve; nor all the years
Of pulsing time shall earth her clasp release,
Till,—mother-like,—her own death angel nears.

But it was as a sketch writer that Mr. Woollen did his best work. His strongest points lay in his power of investing minute incidents and commonplace scenes with a significance beyond the ordinary. His creative power, in the sense of producing great effects with but little material, was wonderful.

As for example, his "Legend of Blytheville," *Dunlop's Magazine*, May, 1888. The sketch is in very truth alive with the animation of rural scenes. It breathes forth the actual air of the country, and the little details that make up the picture are so carefully drawn as to make one most harmonious whole. There is a fine touch of pathos, too, over it all. Mr. Woollen also was proficient in portraying human nature. His sketches were not in the ordinary line, nor yet grotesquely abnormal. There was but little depth or complication of plot, the effect being due to the treatment of the characters and their surroundings. Mr. Woollen could moralize without preaching. His best sketch was "Was he a Sphinx?" *Red Letter Days*, October, 1890. He also wrote: Sam Shiverick, *Amateur Press*, Dec. '87; Alex Paulson, *Light*, April, '89; A Village Patriarch, *Violet;* A Few Thoughts on Originality, *Violet*, March '87; Martin Cooley, *Leisure Moments.*

WAS HE A SPHINX?

He came down the steps in front of the Club house and stood looking out into the street — looking yet not seeing. His thoughts were foreign to the sights and sounds around him; you could see that by the mechanical motion of the fingers that stroked the brown mustache, and by the fixed stare of the dark, deep eyes. For him the passers by were as spirits, the opposite frowning brick structures of La Fayette Avenue as green fields stretching far, far into the *ultima thule* of his own day-dreams.

John Barton had been all his life a dreamer of dreams, yet was he known among the set that most frequented the Lotus Club as a stern Realist — a man who seemed to have no Art Sense, none of that yielding, sympathetic quality which to most club men is the essential attribute of romantic Juliets and love-sick Romeos. He was a silent man. A silent man in that few — yes, in that none had as yet heard the real John Barton speak.

Really, how little do we know of those around us — even those the nearest and dearest. We think — we have in our own minds the conviction that we thoroughly know and appreciate the character of those near — perhaps dear — to us. We hear them talk, we hear them laugh, we laugh with them. Sympathies and sorrows and evanescent joys are shared in common. From the same books we read; at the same club we meet, form in the same set day after day. But there are mysteries of life we cannot know; even the mysteries of a single heart, though sometimes hinted are forever hidden, unsolved and unsolvable. Speech, the shallowest of all attributes, actions ever strange and inconsistent stand for all the soul that is hidden, and the soul itself still defies and escapes us.

Every soul has much the same thirst, perhaps, but the draught comes not to all. He is unfortunate indeed, who does not have the cup of life pressed to his lips ere Time marks the zenith of his years.

Many drink the happiness ere the dews of morning have been brushed from the bramble; but, some, alas! go cheerless till the setting of the sun leaves them alone in the darkness of the night and they have known none of the song and poetry of life.

John Barton had been a member of the Lotus Club four or five years. In that period the members had come to know him thoroughly. At least they said so. They called him *The Sphinx*. That was because he was given to silence, not because he was considered an unsolvable man. Had anyone suggested the latter reason one of those superior smiles would have illuminated the faces of the Lotus Club members which superior minded and better informed people bestow upon the less learned and presuming auditor. As a matter of course they knew John Barton — had known him four or five years. There could be no doubt. They said they knew him; not openly did they say it, but you felt that to be one of their firmest convictions.

Barton with an air which still betrayed his abstraction gave a mere mechanical glance up at the Club windows, threw his half-smoked cigar beyond the curb, and turning on his heel with something like a sigh from his lips, walked slowly down the Avenue.

He was out of humor this morning he knew. He had gone up to his room early in the day and tried to write; but somehow, try as he would, he could not compose the simplest couplet. He was not at ease. It was torture to try to think. He paced the room from the side where the window let in a stream of fresh, golden sunlight to the farther corner where even in the daylight the various objects of the room lay in shadow. He whistled, drummed on the sash, looked into the mirror, talked aloud to himself, picked up a book, flung it down—

"Pshaw!" he had finally said, "What can a man write when all these fellows—" and he glanced at the rows of books on the wall — "have been before him and said the things he wants to say a thousand times better than he can ever hope to say it?" And then he crushed his hat down over his head in a way that gave emphasis to his thoughts, and went out.

His mind was not in that state which speculates or decides the destination of one's footsteps. From the force of daily habit — that miserable jade who binds men to so many absurd things — he was going up the steps of the Lotus five minutes after leaving his room. A half hour later he was going down again. The loss of three games of billiards had not increased his summer morning's fund of good humor. He recognized this as he stood out upon the sidewalk. Perhaps he thought of it in these very words. Perhaps he was thinking of a summer morning — yes, it was very like this. Only Barton was not the same man then as now. Wasn't he? He shook his head.

Beyond the noise of the streets and the smoke of the hived city all the senses of his soul seemed to have stolen away back to that one summer day. "That one perfect summer day," he thought, as he threw away his cigar, it, like his life, half-consumed; and all the better half in ashes he said.

Out of humor? Why shouldn't he be out of humor? What use was there for a sentimental, heart-yearning fool like him to live? The best thing you can make of life is bitter disappointment. It is all illusion, a dreaming with some day an awakening that makes a sepulchre of the heart for all the hopes ever placed there. And his face took on a bitter, hopeless look. Had a member of the Lotus seen him at this moment he would have thought, What a silent, calm man this Sphinx is! Yet the mighty convulsions of a Soul were going on there.

Man is an inexplicable creature. He the Enigma, the ever to be solved. And why should we worry our spirit attempting to unravel the skein? Do we not know enough if we know Love? "To love or to have loved, that is enough. Ask nothing further. There is no other pearl in the dark folds of life. To love is a consummation."

Barton was thinking of this the next evening as he sat in the balcony of the Lotus listening to the far-away music of Havemayer's Orchestra, rising as the breeze bore the strains farther and farther into the night, falling, dying away into whispers as the air quieted. It calmed him, this music. It seemed to lift his soul starward, and the bright world beamed with the light and beauty of the countless smiling orbs that cast their radiance earthward. That delicious sense of spirit, — that rare essence of divine rapture, which fills the soul with the beauty of a star-gemmed night made tender with music thrilled through all his being. O perfect, perfect life, if life were all like this.

"I pray your pardon, Mr. Barton, for intruding. I thought the balcony might be unoccupied, so many were in the ball-room. I assure you ——"

Barton but half heard. It took him some time to get out of this dream-land into which his spirit had been wandering. And that voice, it, too, seemed a part of his dream. He rather wished to sit still and let the dream go on. He thought if he could say to this woman what with the voice of other days he might have said . . . Impulsively he arose, put out one hand almost imploringly, but drew it back hastily and said:

"O, no offense calling for the granting of a pardon has been committed, Miss Mayhew; and, you know, even had there been I certainly was in such an amiable mood at the moment that I would have forgiven a still less charming offender. Will you come sit with me here, or would you prefer — "

"O, I would be delighted! No more of the *fete* for me to-night, I think. I much rather prefer a serenade by Havemeyer than the *Blue Danube* by the Lotus were my companion a less amusing person than Mr. Barton."

Barton smiled.

"Do you think I am amusing?" he asked.

"O, I think you are funny. Most club men are peculiar I think; aren't they?" And Miss Mayhew turned her head half-questioning, half-wondering what kind of an answer this quiet man who never talked would make. Just then the music from the Orchestra came

across the night, full and resonant, and both held their breath to hear. It was full a minute before Barton spoke. Then he said:

"I suppose I am funny. They call me the Sphinx, you know. That's because I don't talk much."

Miss Mayhew did not reply. Why, she did not know. Perhaps it was the music; more likely her own thoughts were filling her mind with matter altogether foreign to the conversation.

Barton went on more to himself than to her.

"A man might as well consent to be a Sphinx when the half of him is buried in the sand and the sand lies around as far as the track of caravans can be seen. Why should he desire the desert airs that come but to scorch him with their hot breath? Why should he open his lips to the paradise of palms that lift their heads heavenward in mirages of the soul alone? Is it not better to sit here and be silent than to be a babbler of set phrases and feel your soul's sharp edge dulled by the mendicant offering which the Sahara-world doles out to you by the pennyworth?"

As he continued, more and more of the previous morning's bitterness of spirit came back to him, and his heart beat restless to the melancholy music of his mood. Had not the Orchestra ceased suddenly at this moment he might have said more bitter words — words which would have changed the whole current of his life and hers. On the turning of such small events are the lives of men decided sometimes.

Miss Mayhew was the first to break the silence. She had been listening to the low, earnest, bitter voice of this man while her thoughts went back to a June day, the sad, sweet memory of which went through her heart sighing, sighing.

"I do not know that I fully comprehend all that you have been saying, Mr. Barton, yet I think I do mostly. It is very sad to—to,"—

And then she hesitated. She held her eyes down as she spoke, and he was watching the slender, white fingers that played with the fan in her lap with something of an old-time interest and longing. He stilled his breath to catch the words of sympathy he thought she was going to speak. But she — was it right for her to say what she had been just tempted to say? She had a fear of this silent man. All her womanly delicacy of feeling came, too, to prevent her repeating aloud what lay hidden in her heart. So she merely said:

"The music has ceased for the night, it seems. I think I shall go in now. Perhaps mama has missed me already." And she gave a little shiver, though the night was warm. Barton was about to beseech her to stay, when the form of Mrs. Mayhew was seen coming across the room in their direction.

"Why, Edith," she said, as she came out onto the balcony, "Mr. Poinsette and I have been looking for you everywhere." And then she saw Barton and greeted him with a very cordial smile, which really made him happy for a moment. He thought he might hope.

"We haven't seen you for a long time, Mr. Barton," she said, as Edith was adjusting a light wrap to her shoulders, and Barton having arisen stood looking from one to the other, with a kind of pleased

interest. "Can't you come and see us? We will be delighted to have you any time. Thursday you must come — will you not come Thursday? A small select party given by Edith, you know. I think you will enjoy it."

Barton was looking out upon the street. He was thinking of the half-buried Sphinx sitting lonely and desolate in the burning sands. He thought of those great stone lips parching in the wastes; of that cold, colossal figure eloquent in its very dumbness. For are not all greatest griefs the hidden and the silent? And is there not an eloquence that far supasseth human speech? Yes, he felt it now in his sorrow; he had felt it once before on that June day of his supremest happiness. He wondered if she ever thought of that day, but instantly dismissed the speculation from his mind. It was folly — sheerest nonsense — to think that she would recall any moment of the past for his sake. And yet he found a sweet satisfaction in looking back upon that rare day in the perfumed woods of Burhassett with Edith Mayhew. He thought she had never since been so near to him as she was that day. Perhaps a certain freedom from the constraints which society imposes was imparted to them both by the grand breadth of the blue sky which the round, dimly-etched horizon alone shut in. And the stillness of it all; away off there on the grassy hill-side shadowed by growths of gnarled oak and spreading beech no noise came to them save the minor threnody of some soft-throated wood bird or the sighing whispers of the beech and oak as their leaves kissed across the little stream at the foot of the hill.

He had read to her and he had recalled how each sweet utterance of the poet was re-born in the swift smile of intelligence and pleasure that lighted her face. She seemed so near to him. So near, that, when the day had taken off his golden crown and sank to rest behind the crimson glowing of the curtains that the night pulled down, he felt he could lie and rest there forever with that sweet presence near him. But what was he to her? What would she have said had he then taken advantage of the still evening, the hush upon the dreamy, sunlit hill and the sweet words of the poet, to tell her of his heart-ache?

"Edith —" he had started to say — "Miss Mayhew, I — permit me to help you arise." And out through the twilight of the summer night they passed from the land of romance with light talk on the current topics of the day which neither had the heart to make really light. Yet Barton thought she was still herself. He did not observe anything different in her voice or manner, and his heart grew cold; the sand gave way for the Sphinx to settle farther down. After that day he had not seen much of Edith Mayhew. He had tried to let the dream die out of his life.

"Ah! life — life" he was saying to himself, when something attracted his attention below in the street. It was the Mayhew carriage. Edith, Mrs. Mayhew, and that insufferable egotist, Poinsette, were just coming dawn the Lotus Club steps. Some members of the Reception Committee stood around expressing regrets at the early departure of their distinguished guests, and Barton could hear the clear,

soft voice of Edith replying with some bright remark about speeding the parting guest which made all below laugh. Then he saw them get into their carriage and drive away. Not till then did it occur to him that he had made no reply to the invitation of Mrs. Mayhew.

When Thursday evening came Barton was perplexed. He was angry, too; angry because he had made such a fool of himself. He wondered if Mrs. Mayhew would expect him now, and tried to reason out to his own satisfaction whether he ought to go or not.

"I suppose Poinsette will be there. Of course Poinsette will be there." He looked at his watch. It wanted a quarter to nine. He thought he would go about nine -- if he went at all. Would he go? He got up from his chair and looked out into the night. He watched the shadowy forms of passers-by with the dull interest which a sick man gives to the lights and shadows in his darkened room. He even found himself speculating on their history and building up romances out of their unknown lives. The air was heavy outside; it looked like it might rain. Looking up he could see just one little star showing through the clouds and smoke which seemed to lie within reach just above him. And then he thought of some lines he had written the night after that day in June, and he even smiled now as he repeated solemnly:

Into the darkness of the night,
O inaccessible and far,
I strain my vision for a sight
Of one most pale but peerless star;
Nor till my casement shows the grey
And haggard dawn do I arise,
And, lingering, longing still to stay,
Stride forth with hollow hopeless eyes.

He looked once more at the faint star that showed through the obscurity of the night, which seemed to look down upon him from a far, far distance.

"I think I will go," he said.

On his way over to the Mayhews he was overtaken by Poinsette, who, rather more affectionately than Barton desired, run his arm through his, and began to chatter away as if the conversation had been of long standing and the thoughts of both were in perfect accord. Plainly Poinsette was not a Sphinx.

"How did you like the appearance of the Tonneys at the Reception the other evening, Barton? Pretty swell, eh! old boy!"

"O, I don't know," was Barton's evasive answer.

"Of course you did not take much note of the fair sex," resumed Poinsette, as though Barton had never said a word. "One could not expect that from you. Why is it you are so eternally wrapped up in yourself that society gets none of you? Of course it's none of my affair," and Poinsette twirled his cane lightly in front of him by way of adding to the show of disinterestedness he took in all matters with which Barton had to do. "But really, now, I am sure you would set the heart of many a fair *debutante* in a painful thrill if you—"

"O, do you?" interrupted Barton, with something of a snap in

his tone. "Perhaps I do not care to win such success, if it is success. And possibly you have already played the 'painful thrill' act until it has grown too common an experience." This last was said in a tone which even the shallow Poinsette could not mistake. So there was a freezing tone in the conversation until they reached the lighted parlors of the Mayhew place. Then Poinsette, forgetting the humor of his companion, provoked a bitter smile from Barton by remarking as they entered the door:

"What a brilliant place this is, Barton, and Miss Mayhew—now really, Barton, I believe I'm half in love with her myself."

Just then the hostess appearing, they were shown into the well-filled, but select circle of guests, and each went through the formality of introduction and evening salutations. Poinsette, with the gayety and unceasing flow of small talk which distinguishes a society man; Barton with a slight inclination of the head; an even slighter smile which just parted the lips under the brown mustache. He did not appear to be at ease in such gathering; he rather wished he hadn't come. As he walked away into a corner somewhat removed from the gayest throngs he inwardly condemned the sentiment that had made it possible for him to come. Evidently the pale star had entirely faded from Barton's vision, and he said to himself that he would never be a fool again.

After awhile he went out into the yard. It was more quiet there and he could think. Self-communion was one of the selfish traits about Barton's character. He knew this; he had tried to reason it out of his life. This Sphinx-like solitude of soul had its delights for him; it had sustained him in many a disappointment in life. He remembered how he had always fallen back upon it when the publishers rejected his latest story; how it had been his consolation many times since that day in June. But it was selfish; it was shutting himself away from those who might at the very moment be desiring to help him. It was hindering him from experiencing life in its fullest, broadest sense. But then came bitter thoughts to drown these. Thoughts that left him unspeakably sad when he contemplated what life really meant for him. He had given his best days to labor, and what had he? His name was scarcely known outside a few magazines, and then was mentioned in a sort of patronizing way as one who gave promise of some day doing better work. *Some* day seemed a *no* day to Barton. One time this promise of better work had been his tower of strength; but somehow he had lost the spirit for writing. Something in life was wrong, he did not spend time considering what it was.

"What is the use," he said half aloud. "Even this flower here is of more value than I. It has a beauty and a fragrance which it gives without a thought of hiding them from the world. What a desirable thing it must be to be a flower." He stooped and broke the rose from its stem, and was just fastening it in his coat, when some one from behind him said:

"O let me give you a prettier rose, Mr. Barton," and, turning, all the painful remembrance of that June day came back to him as he

beheld the fair form and face of the girl beside him. A moment he hesitated, then he said quietly:

"I would like to have a flower—a rose—that you would give me."

She held a large, white, beautiful rose in her hand, and reached it out for him to take. He could not resist the opportunity to give her hand just the slightest pressure. He held his breath but she did not return the pressure. His heart beat wildly for a moment, then he said coldly, yet deeply stirred with the hope that some, the very slightest, sign might be given him that this girl gave a thought to him:

"Do you remember one day we spent at Burhasset woods—a day like this yet lovelier than this?"

"Yes," she said, "I have often thought of that day, but—but—had we not better go in, Mr. Barton?"

He did not, he could not answer for a minute. Had she — had she too thought of that day? Had it lived in her memory as it had in his? Was this real — could it be real? He doubted. Her words might mean everything for him — might mean nothing. It was a painful moment.

Miss Mayhew had her thoughts as well as Barton, and, perhaps, her thoughts were not in discord with his own could he have read them. But a woman's thoughts are not so easily read as a man's; it is her training and the conventionalisms of Society that make it so. To Edith, the silence was not distasteful. She would not have called it so, yet with that strange inconsistency which is so inexplicable in our lives she both wanted and did not want the silence broken. It was awkward, certainly, and it embarrasses a woman to be placed in an awkward situation. She felt she must say something. She had had in her mind all the evening a bit of a poem she had read in the last number of the *Folio Magazine*. She turned now to Barton and said:

"Do you know the author of those lines in the June *Folio*, beginning:

'Into the darkness of the night,
O inaccessible and far'?"

Without answering her question, Barton asked, "What makes you want to know that?"

"I thought they were very beautiful — and very sad," she said. "I would like to know the person who writes such lines."

"Would you?" came Barton's eager reply; and his soul was in his eyes again as he looked into her face and repeated the first four lines of the poem, adding as he came to the end of the last line:

"Edith, O Edith! I wrote those lines and you are the pale, perfect star of my soul. Edith," he said, and his eyes filled with the great hope that swelled in his strong soul as he came closer to her,— "Edith, inaccessible and far as you have always seemed save on this night and that other night in June, do not leave me to go from my casement with hopeless eyes; I love you, Edith."

Her eyes that all the while had been turned away, now looked into his own and he knew that forever and evermore she was his.

The members of the Lotus Club do not yet concede that they

were mistaken in John Barton's character, yet the dullest of them confess that Barton always was an enigma that no one could solve.

FANNY KEMBLE JOHNSON.

A brilliant light in the literature of amateur journalism was made manifest when Miss Fanny Kemble Johnson, in 1887, contributed her first poem to the amateur press. Her early poems gave much promise; her later poems more than redeemed that promise. Her "Vale, Sylvia," *Our Free Lance*, January, 1889, won the poet laureateship. Her poems turned in great measure to the problems of psychology and the abstruse realms of thought. Her poems were deep, though she occasionally, unconsciously, no doubt, substituted obscurity for depth. But this was only occasionally, and even when it did occur was evidently not intentional, but rather the result of an inadequate expression of thought. Her style, as a rule to which there were a number of exceptions, was somewhat involved, sometimes abrupt, and often inverted, but seldom forced. She would rather sacrifice beauty of sound than beauty of thought, but usually succeeded in retaining both. She wrote: Silver Wings, *Nugget*, March, '90; Enigmas, *Nugget*, March '90; His Reply, *Stylus*, Jan. '90; Then and Now, *Stylus*, Jan. '90; Rosa, *Athenia*, June '87; Renunciation, *Genius*, Sept. '88; The Reckoning, *Union Lance*, Jan. '89; The Difference, *Union Lance*, May '89; Dawn, *Union Lance*, March '89; In Twilight Hours, *Light;* Reading the List, *Mercury Magazine*, Aug. '89; Prescience, *Nugget*, July '89; Ashes of Roses, *Dowagiac News*, Aug. '89; A Summer Wind, *Messenger*, Dec. '89; Broken Off, *Light*, Aug. '89; A Medley, *Nulli Secundus*, Aug. '89; Half Told, *Fern Leaf*, March, '90; The Artist, *Our Free Lance*, May, '89; Questioned, *Stylus*, Oct. '88; A Prayer, *Union Lance*, March, '90; The Broken Cup, *Dowagiac News*, June, '90; The Unavailing Sorrow, *Nugget*, June '90; Of Magic Seas, *Amateur Writer*, May '90; Nego, *Red Letter Days*, Oct. '90; Ballade of Thought, *Ibid;* That Clouded Sky, *Stylus*, April '90; June Days, *Worker*, June '90; Elizabeth, *Dilettante*, Sept. '90; The Alchemist, *Tatler;* A Definition, *Fern Leaf*. A collection of her choicest poems was published in 1891 in a handsome volume, by Mr. W. C. Chiles.

HIS REPLY.

"Can aught be sadder than death," you say?
"There's life I answer beneath my breath:
For, truly, it always seems to me
That life is sadder than death can be,
Is sadder by far than death!

You are all, Heart's Dearest, the world can give,
Yet if Fate decreed than one of us two
Should lay life's armor aside to-night
I'd pray that it might be you.

SILVER WINGS.

I held a butterfly in my hand,
A fluttering, frail, and frightened thing,
Breeze blown out of a July sky
Into my life to live or die—
Vainly quivered each silver wing—
Just the moment ago, how high
The silver wings in the opal sky!

Holding it still within my hand—
Vainly quivered each silver wing,—
I looked out over the summer land,
A mile away through the July day
The wonderful spaces of ocean lay.
As if I dreamed, came the subtile stir
Of waves through the golden atmosphere
That deepened into the golden mist
Down where the tide, incoming, kissed
The shores of the Crescent Bay.

For years I had not thought of the dead;
But, looking down in my half-shut hand,
"I wonder if souls come back," I said.
"Suppose that this were the soul of her
Charmed down the golden atmosphere
By the life-loved melody of the sea:
Caught by the winds of chance once more
To the briery upland from the shore,
Given again to me."

"Suppose it her soul come back to me,"
Vainly quivered each silver wing,—
"This time," I murmured, "I set you free,
Go back to heaven unharmed of me."
With motion that it should fly away
I loosened the fragile, captive thing;
Down in the tangled grass it lay,
Vainly quivered each broken wing.

I had not meant that harm should come,
I saw the ruin my hand had wrought
Self reproachful, remorseful, dumb,
Touched to the quick by vain Regret,
Stung by the pang to useless tears,
I watched the butterfly with thought
For former years.

ENIGMAS.

She scarcely yet has lived, the sun of May —
Her birth month — dazzles yet her dark, sweet eyes
So low it hangs in May's Auroral skies,
  Then why, to-day,
Did Youth flee suddenly before her face
And leave her weary with the weight of years
She never yet has lived; leave in her eyes
  The shadow of the tears
The eyes have never wept; leave in her heart
Thorns of a rose that never was her own,
And in her life the Bitter of a Sweet
  Her life has never known?

VALE, SYLVIA.

She loved them so, these days sunkissed,
Of golden glow and purple mist,
Of margeurites with golden hearts,
Of redwood buds and dogwood darts;
Of brown hillsides, and upturned clod
And slender spikes of golden rod.
When cool winds catch the milkweed silk,
The filmy threads as white as milk,
And leave them stranded everywhere
Like fairy ships despoiled in air!

She loved them so, those wildwood things;
This splendid glow that Autumn brings
Brought answering blushes to her face.
She learned some sylvan woodland grace;
Her curls were like the tendrilled vine;
The keen winds thrilled her through like wine.
A new life tingled in her veins,
Born of autumnal suns and rains;
A strange new life of soul and sense,
Delicious, vibrant, keen, intense.

She loved it so, this autumn time
When all life's prose is turned to rhyme;
When sunset skies made dreaming eyes,
And touched her curls with Tyrian dies;
Till mysteries of shade and shine
Made something of her half divine;
When but to watch that purple peak
Shot kindling flame along her cheek
And waked such rapture in her glance
As Dian's had in old romance.

She loved it so, that when I read
Not long ago, that she was dead,
I could not think how it could be;

It seemed as strange a thing to me
As if some nymph of Grecian times,
Charmed by great Pan with river rhymes,
To whom in days with magic rife
Enchantment gave enchanted life,
Had one day fallen prone beside
The waves that gave her birth, and died!

NEGO.

"The Gods are dead!" Always I hear it said
In low, melodious moan, "The Gods are dead!"
From poet lips and utterances sped
Bear down to us this dole, "The Gods are dead!"

Eyes blinded cannot meet the eyes of May,
Ears deafened may not hear the laugh of June,
Tongues fettered utter July's roundelay;
Yet is it therefore proven May's young eyes
Are also blinded, June's low laughter hushed,
That July sings not under argent skies?

"The Gods are dead!" O, poet of these days,
Right well you rhyme a fancy of the time
Or sing sestinas in your Lady's praise,

Nor look before nor after. "Past be past —
To-day a trifle for a triolet,
To-morrow safe from ever a forecast!"

The Gods are dead, and dead indeed to you —
Should you see Pallas couched at languid feet
With careless, coquette eyes to look into?

Will Hermes greet you in the market ways,
Or Aphrodite's eyes dream into yours,
Divinely dim with tears for Grecian days?

Will Orphic wail bear down the opera song,
Or Philomela's melody outsoar
Commingled clash of gold, and greed, and wrong?

Eyes blinded cannot meet the eyes of May,
Ears deafened may not hear the laugh of June,
Tongues fettered, echo July's roundelay.

Ah, though I hear it said, "The Gods are dead!"
Comes to my heart the living truth instead —
The Gods, the Immortals, die not, are not dead.

But down in sunless levels of marble lands,
Where skies are gray as Sorrow, Saturn dwells
Weary with years uncounted as the sands.

And if ears could but hear, the pipes of Pan
Among the rushes at the river's edge
Make melody, long years denied of man.

And where wild vines run riot and the grapes
Burn purple in gold sunsets, Comus lies,
His shut eyes summoning a thousand shapes

Of days long dead — Greek girls with splendid hair,
Unfilleted, uncurled, in careless mood,
And dancing feet, unsandalled, white and bare;

Athenian boys escaped the Cynic's rule,
Charmed by dark eyes and wreathed cups to come
And learn in God-like wise to play the fool.

And as he dreams, go Dryads drifting by —
Rose leaves, chance blown along the summer winds
From lands of crystal air and cloudless sky.

And from the waters whispering through his sleep
The Naiad's whiteness gleams — gold lashes lift,
Sunbeams once prisoned in the shadowy deep.

And Aphrodite — Fools, can beauty die —
Or being undying, hide in mournful mood,
Oblivious of to-day for days gone by?

Though all this world of men, whose pulses stir
But at her coming, sing that she is dead,
In any girl Love shall discover her!

Yet is it therefore proven May's young eyes
Are also blinded, June's low laughter hushed
That July sings not under argent skies?

Ah! though I hear it said, "The Gods are dead!"
Comes to my heart the living truth instead,—
The Gods, the Immortals, die not — are not dead!

HALF TOLD.

The days pass by — he goes as one distraught,
His eyes, to me, with subtle madness fraught,
Yet none can see the change in him save me —
Indeed, what change is there for them to see?
The drooping of a lash, a trick of tone,
With inmost meaning for my heart alone.
A kiss the less or maybe a caress
That misses it accustomed tenderness,
By these, I dream no more, I know — and yet
Our marriage-day is like a jewel set
In the golden ring of the year.

The days pass by —
I that was once so loved, can pray to die,
And mean the prayer. Can see the answer nigh
Without one pang. Can know the dimmer eye,
The slighter hand, the quicker breath — and smile.
She that is now so loved — what thoughts beguile
Her solitude?

THE UNAVAILING SORROW.

My old self shadowed on the canvass there —
The eyes are pure, the lips are set for good,
And strong for right, and swift to act and dare,
The heart that knelt to God and womanhood —
How long ago? — I count the years to-night,
And wonder how the sum of them will look
Irrevocably in the Judgment Book
Set sharp and black against the page of white,
Assured forever from the saving tears —
O, heart, that kneels no more, the damning years!

Remorse, and evermore, remorse, remorse,
It comes at night when everything is still
Except the wind that sweeps the hollowed hill
And wails along the winding river course,
"For years, forever lost, — remorse, remorse!"

OUT OF THE DEPTHS.

Listening I lie in the weariness of night
Writhing in the clutches of my pain,
Longing, ah! my God, longing for the light,
Longing for the ceasing of the rain.
Even in the darkness I know my lips are white,
Trembling to the torture of my brain —
God, how eternally the life-long moments beat
Time to the beating of the rain!

Was there not a torture of the Three of old —
Life worn away with the strain —
The drop by drop of water, momently and slow,
Stabbed to the center of the brain?

Listening I lie in the weariness of night—
Slow falls the horror of the rain—
Not, my God, the power so to dare and fight
All of my man's will to gain;
Not the lips of love, nor the wounded heart of hate,
Pleaded from these pallid lips of pain,
Just, my God, one moment, one moment of respite
Respite from the horror of the rain!

Was there not a torture of the Three of old—
Life worn away with the strain—
The drop by drop of water, momently and slow,
Stabbed to the center of the brain?

Listening I lie in the weariness of night—
How long, O, my heart, have I lain!
Ah, my God, one moment, one moment of respite,
Freedom for one moment from my pain!
Freedom for one moment, one moment, only one,
Then I will suffer again—
God, how eternally the life-long moments beat
Time to the beating of the rain!

In prose Miss Johnson wrote with the same keenly intellectual and poetical touch as in her verse. The following shows her style:—

GATHERED LILIES.

Let us go down to the river, the old, old river on whose banks the three-leaved lilies cluster in white fragrance;— yet is there also a faint rose glow on their petals, as thou mayest note from this which I gather for thee.

Under the shade of these ancient trees I spread out the shawl for thee to repose upon. In what Persian loom were woven the golden arabesques of its wide borders and the clouded pink of its web?

Hundreds of years ago, thou idle child, the weaver gave half a century of warm life to the tracing of these subtle vagaries of leaf and vine; and to what end? That thou mayest have a carpet to keep thy white garments from the brown earth of the crumbling river bank. Yet, why not? A cycle were well spent in such service, for thou art beautiful.

The lilies lean lovingly toward thee — toward the gathered lily in thy half opened hand.

Thou art a lily thyself, loved one, that I have gathered. That old convent school where thou wast hidden with thy mates, behind the low hung branches that wove fantastic curtains before the ancient casements — thou hadst perished there, bereft of sunlight, if I had not beheld thee among the shadows that jewel-like day.

Thou hast crushed a lily leaf against thy soft cheek, thou careless child.

Tell me, are not these sun-gilt river banks, and the kisses I give thee, better than those old cypress shadowed walls and the caresses of thy schoolmates? The loveliest lips of them all, pressed to thine, could not make thee blush or bring that divine look into the great eyes underneath thy upcurled lashes.

The lily is drooping against thy rosy palm.

Couldst thou not smile, thinking of the convent as it appeared on the morning after I had stolen thee away; of the Lady Mother and the added penances meted out to the joyless nuns? And the pallid lilies, thy mates, even the dim old garden knew them no more, I'll warrant thee! Safe guarded behind the deep set casements, perchance, they wondered of thee and of thy alien destinies. Dost thou weep, longing for the dead days? Thou hast me, thou lovely ingrate!

Behold thy tears on the broken lily; but it only withers the more because of thy tears.

I kiss the dew from thy lashes, and, also, from the lily leaves where it has fallen, but some drops yet linger on the lily leaves. *Thou* smilest again, but the flower is a foolish thing. Thou shalt have another and I will toss this one in the river flowing swiftly by thy feet.

The river bears it out of thy life. Thy tears mingle with that great current.

Many other lilies are here; which wilt thou choose — this one, sunset tinted to its golden core, or this transparent flower as pale as Purity?

Thou lookest wistfully down the river. Thou wilful one! Is not this newly gathered lily dearer than that broken and tear-drenched one just given to the waves?

Maybe thou rememberest that the river flows by the convent walls. It will bear the ruined flower past, or else, cast up on the sand, thy mates (watchfully loosed for a space from durance) may find it, little thinking that it once lay in thy hand, and touched thy lips, and knew thy lover's kisses.

Thou lookest as sad as if it were some living thing that I had thrown away to be beaten about by the waves, and (such chance might come) cast up at length on the once loved shores of thy childhood.

Thou dost not smile for my caressing?

How dark the morning is become! and that shadow in thy eyes, — is it caused by thy unbound hair, or do thoughts of the years that are to come darken around thee?

The river moans as it hurries by.

See, thy lily is fallen from thy hold; but, then, what does it matter? One may always gather new lilies.

HARRIET CARYL COX.

Miss Harriet C. Cox entered amateur journalism in 1887 as an author. She was subsequently one of the editors of *Our Compliments*. In 1889 she was elected president of the Massachusetts association and also of the New England association, and the same year she was chosen second vice-president of the national association. The next year she was almost unanimously elected official editor of the national. In 1890 she was on the staff of the *Messenger*. She wrote a number of poems, but she was not at her best in this field. Her ideas far exceeded her power of poetical expression. Her best works in this line were: The Poet, *Coster*, Dec. '87; Sunset, *Nulli Secundus*, Nov. '87; My Idol, *Bijou*, Oct. '88; What is Rest? *Nulli Secundus*, Sept. '88; Poet's Inspiration, *Palladium*, Oct. '88; My Heart, *Our Venture*, March '90.

In prose her style was singularly free from affectation. Her sketches were charming in their very simplicity and naturalness, and as such were as a cool, refreshing draught after the turbid and turgid waters poured forth by the average amateur. In her best sketch, "Teddy," in *Union Lance*, May, 1889, which won the sketch laureateship, there are many fine touches in the simple, pathetic story, told in a manner instinct with sympathy and eloquent in its appeal to the heart. She also wrote: Little Lucky, *Litera*, Jan. '88; Samantha's Secret, *Index*, May '89; Miss Bascome, *Fern Leaf;* May Clyde, Authoress, *Rising Age*, Jan. '90; For Better or Worse, *Amateur Journalist*, Jan. '90; The Homely Girl in Fiction, *Messenger*, July, '89; Great Men, *Our Compliments*, June, '87.

TEDDY.

It was sales day on High street; sales day for all the great leather houses whose offices crowd either side of that busy thoroughfare.

In the office of Fisher, Lyman & Hallowell, one of the oldest and most reliable firms in Boston, sat the senior partner, pen in hand, writing with rapidity, while now and then a smile came over his face as he stopped to re-read some particularly striking or satisfactory sentence.

As yet it was early, for the morning trains that brought their crowds of suburbans to their daily round of business or pleasure, were not yet in, and in the adjoining room sounds of sweeping and general cleaning up could be heard; but within the office all was neat and clean; not a speck of dust marred the beauty of the shining rosewood desk; not an article of furniture was out of place; a curious antique vase containing a bunch of fragrant roses stood at the elbow of the writer; everything betokened care and comfort. Only the scratch of the pen broke the otherwise absolute stillness of the sunny office.

Suddenly the door leading into the sample room opened and a boy, slender and pale, walked half-hesitatingly in, shutting carefully the door behind him to exclude the cloud of dust that persistently sought an entrance.

"Please Mr. Fisher, the elevator gate needs fixing."

The scratch of the pen continued for a moment, then stopped and the gentleman glanced at the boy, carefully wiped his pen and placed it upon its rack before speaking.

"Well, Teddy, what is the matter with the elevator gate? I thought it was all mended."

"No sir," the boy answered, "it has been broken now more than a week, and I am afraid some one will get hurt; it would only take one false step to tumble down the well; then"—and the boy shuddered.

"Well, you're right my boy," replied Mr. Fisher, "I'll see to it directly," and he arose with a smile to greet a customer who came through one door while the other noiselessly shut and the boy disappeared.

A week passed and again it was sales day, an unusually busy one at that. Every man in the whole establishment, from the senior partner down to Teddy was busy as could be selling, sorting, measuring, calling off stock and shipping. It was only twelve o'clock, yet Teddy was tired; he had raced all over the street, leaving a call card here and one there; had carried great bundles till his shoulders, back, and arms ached; and then he wasn't happy which made his work seem doubly hard. For some reason the broken gate troubled him, though he seemed to be the only one who minded it, for in the hurry of the week Mr. Fisher had forgotten his promise to the boy. Teddy at last finding a spare moment, again made his way to the office, but paused at the door, for through the heavy plate panel he saw Mr. Fisher's wife and little girl evidently waiting for him to go out with them, for he

stood gloves in hand, giving a few last directions to his private clerk. This was a good time Teddy thought, for he looked extremely pleasant — and well he might, for a customer who owed the firm a large bill had suddenly not only paid it up but had left an open order — so the boy approached him as he was about to follow his wife and child, and accosted him. "Please sir, the elevator gate —" The gentle voice got no farther, for the gentleman turned his kindly gray eyes on the boy. "Bless you," he said, "did I forget that? Guess I did, but then Ted, I'm getting old you see and besides I had a very important matter on hand and the thing entirely slipped from my mind. But I'll see to it directly," he added as he scanned the boy's eager face. "Don't fret, I'm on my way up town now, and I will stop in and send Davis over to fix it this noon," and with a reassuring smile and drawing on his gloves in a self satisfied manner, he turned and joined the others and proceeded up town happily talking with his wife and answering all the little one's numberless questions, entirely forgetting Davis and his promise to the boy.

First they did some shopping; Amy must have a pair of bronze slippers and a gossamer waterproof for Amelie Rives, the last addition to her family of dolls, and Mrs. Fisher wanted him to look at a cloak at Chandler's. And then they had dinner at Young's, where Amy much amused those within hearing distance by remarking — "I suppose Amelie Rives is real lonesome without me, but when I get home and show her what nice things I have got for her, she will be real glad her grandpa took me to dinner at Young's and let me buy those darling bronze slippers with gold buckles, some more cream if you please."

At three o'clock, Mr. Fisher returned to the office where he found his partners and a wealthy buyer laughing and joking. On the desk lay a pile of letters and orders that must be attended to at once. "By George!" suddenly exclaimed the youngest of the men springing to his feet, "there is that order of Bradley's that I entirely forgot. I promised it should be filled to-day, cert!" and he touched the electric button which brought Teddy to the spot. "Run up stairs," was the order, "quick and bring down thirty dozen of those heavy Angola kid to the shipping room, and fast as you can, mind." "Yes sir," and the boy disappeared. He ran hastily up the three flights of stairs, not waiting for the elevator which was waiting to be unloaded, and was soon picking out the skins and piling them near the elevator well, ready to send down. It wasn't long before he had them all ready and rang for the elevator, then turned to gather part of them in his arms so as to lose no time. Just as he was nearing the gateway, he tripped in some unaccountable manner and in trying to save himself, caught at the frail gate which snapped like a thread at the sudden grasp.

In the office below sat the men admiring a dainty gold watch that had just been bought for the eldest Miss Hallowell. "Yes," one was saying, "it is an exquisite thing," when a sharp, despairing cry brought them all to their feet — a crash of glass, a shower of skins, a heavy thud — then a silence. "Oh God! that elevator well" groaned Mr. Fisher whose face had suddenly grown colorless while drops of

sweat stood on his brow. "*Teddy!*"—called a voice down the well. No answer. At the foot of the well they found him, a little limp, lifeless heap, a thin little body with one arm thrown out as if to grasp support, a white upturned face and motionless hands. They took him in to the office, did all they could to bring back life into the poor broken body, one answering look to the closed eyes; but to no avail, the pathetic little body lay motionless, bringing tears to the eyes of the sternest—a touching reproach to the careless neglect of duty.

"A Shocking Accident," the paper said; men read the account and said, "a sad case—am sorry for the firm—why will people be so careless!" Mothers read, some carelessly, for it brought no meaning to their eyes; others pityingly and clasped closer the cherished little ones to their sides, but to the world in general, to the busy city in which it happened, it caused but a tiny ripple of sympathy or excitement; it added but one more to the fast increasing chronicle of accidents. The world rolls on—it is soon forgotton, well meaning and kindly men continue to forget little things, to neglect the safety of those for whom they should care. Another and still another similar accident will occur; men will realize it only as to them comes the thought "too late," when sharp in their ears rings that despairing cry followed by the deathly silence.

KATHERINE LOOMIS PARSONS.

A poet who in 1890 was just beginning to be heard in the amateur press was Miss Katherine L. Parsons. And her voice was of no uncertain sound; it was that of a true poet, and a poet of a high order. Of course she had defects, but her poetry was grand, strong and original. Original in form as well as matter, for though some of her poems were written nominally in the form of the rondeau, sonnet and triolet, she did not confine herself to the conventional rules altogether. Her lines ran in a somewhat nervous, abrupt and unusual manner, but were full of soulful music. The matter was sombre, sometimes gloomy, even her poems written in the form of the so-called light verse being of a serious cast. She was given to metaphysical speculation, to searching the mysteries of the soul, and to the contemplation of death. As for example:—

> Death is not sad.
> Only nun's cloistered lips and gentle hearts
> Grieve over Death, to whom life's ceaseless war
> Is but a far-off rumor,—as of bees
> Busy and crowding in a sun-white field
> Beyond the convent walls, and barely seen
> And faintly heard through casements high and small.
> These sheltered sisters, verily, may shrink—
> (Living their guarded lives) from that sure Change
> Whose horror prayer and faith do not assuage.

* * * * *

Death is not sad.
To have life's wreck and woe,
Pangs of forgetfulness, of ruth and hate;
Pure eyes enshadowed, heavy lids that drooped—
Haply to hide the secrets in their depths—
The hated face of pity; laughing Love,
(The world-embracing cruel arms of it!)
Dead dreams, the pallid, awesome ghosts of life—
All, like a leprous garment, thrust aside!
Death is not sad.
The bent sweet brows of Death
Are beautiful above the lotus-eyes.
And what were fairer than the tender mouth
Curled down caressingly,—a rose-soft cup
Whereof betimes my lips shall drink,—drink deep
And slake life's feverish torture-thirst.

She seemed to frequently struggle in the toils of disappointment, and such bitter lines as these were the result:—

All of a life to strain, to struggle and strive for one thing;
All of a youth to deny, to repress and ignore.
Then after, to pause and recount what is gained, to find, more—
What has been lost—the rose, the song and the curl and the ring;
Psyche's white tremble of wing:
For the veriest bauble—for what?
Death; wasted hands, a chill brow where the coveted bay-leaves cling—
Death; and dust in the lips!

She was original, keen and searching; full of the true poetic fire.

TRIOLET.

I think that Sir Adam in Eden regretted
His marvelous vanishèd Lilith.
With his fingers in Eve's golden tresses close netted
I think that Sir Adam in Eden regretted—
That sometimes his eyes with sharp sorrow were wetted,—
For to keep or forget is as no man willeth,
So I think that Sir Adam in Eden regretted
His marvelous vanishèd Lilith.

IN BLACK AND WHITE.

Against the moon, the locust boughs
Are sharply clear, and darkly bright;
Between your inky hair and brows
Your snowy forehead gleameth white;
About my mother's silvery hair
The shadow of her widow-care;
Across the pure sky of the night
Bats velvet-winged take errant flight.

These plain things may I not mistake?
But more obscure than these I see
The finger posts of Destiny.
The Right seems dark; and Wrong to me
Seems clothed in fair transparency.
Wide-eyed, methinks, I dream, and know not if I wake.

RONDEAU.

I see thy face, Beloved, altho' the sky
Has dawned and darkened with the days gone by;
Has dawned and darkened till the numbered years
Are fewer only than my hopeless tears;
Than hopes that die.

O Love, thy face — thy rose-sweet face for aye! —
Against the background of the changeful sky,
In spite of eyelids thick with burning tears,—
I see thy face.

And so, through all of life, dream I,
'Midst hopes that spring, and faiths that die;
Through faith which doubts, and love that fears,—
Poor heart! thou plaything of the years!
Yet, all these things shall pass, and I
Perchance shall see her face.

THY PRESENCE.

Thou art not with me, and the best of me
Has vanished,—as the light went with the sun
That set an hour ago. The time is done
When I might—ever welcome—gladly be
Where only my sad thoughts may rest tonight.
There comes a sweetness in the unconscious air
Which merely sweeps across thy forehead—where
Is spun a little of the sun's gold light.
From out my hand life's clew of purpose slips
As I dream on of how thy face was fair
In those last days, when pain and grief and care
But smiled, with fingers at their kissing lips.
Now, in thy absence, I but seem to be
The echo of some word you said to me.

ERNEST ARTHUR EDKINS.

Mr. Ernest A. Edkins became connected with the literature of amateur journalism in 1883, his first contributions being to the *Pearl* of Worcester, of which paper he was for a time associate editor. Subsequently he published from Syracuse the *Gauntlet*, and later in his career was associated with Mr. Edwin B. Hill in the publication of the *Stylus*, a journal of criticism and *belles letters*. He served as president of the

High in the mid-air hell there circled round
Vast, misty, birdlike shapes, seeking to flee
The cursèd coast, the sentient enmity
Of the gray sea's sardonic laugh! —*A Vision.*

O tree! O tree! Night hides in thy dusky arms
Through the hot day, and wandereth forth again
When sinks the Day-god, baffled, beneath the plain. —*The Pine.*

His power may be still better seen in the subjoined poems:

AT TWENTY.

There's something noble in a shattered hope
That bends its remnant still against the blast,
There's pathos in the blindness that doth grope
Where light lay, last,
In level lines across Life's rugged Western slope.

And he who battled nobly in the strife
Is loved, and he who bravely fell is mourned,
But one, ah God! I know, whose empty life
Is justly scorned
E'en by himself, with myriad sad reflections rife.

O twenty barren years, forever fled!
O horror of inverted life, when age
Is felt in youth, and youth's desires are dead,
When the sweet mage
Of music vainly seeks to thrill this heart of lead!

APRIL NIGHTS.

When the moon is a blur in the sky, —
Faint, and affrighted, and far, —
When the breeze of the night is a sigh
For the light of the morning star;
When the Earth turns, troubled, in sleep,
And the East shows a sullen stain,
My watchful vigil I keep
O Love, at thy window-pane.

I come not with lute or with song, —
'T were a petty art to employ,
For mine is a passion too strong,
For mine is a tongueless joy, —
When the silence is solemn and deep
And the night shadows Westward flee,
I watch o'er thy dreamless sleep,
Else there is no peace in me.

SORROW.

Thrice welcome, Sorrow, though thy hand be hard,
'Tis but the grip of friendship, and I see
In thy stern eye's cold light the chastity
That marks a soul from pleasure self-debarred.
Men tell me that thy comradeship has marred
The lives of countless beings, but to me
There seems a higher destiny for thee
That that so often sung by mournful bard,

For in the pain and anguish, in the smart
Of injury, in the helpless sense of wrong
There lies a chastening power, which doth make
Us more of men, if there is in the heart
Aught of true manliness, and we grow strong
And live, and work, and learn for Sorrow's sake.

ON THE SEA-BOARD.

What magical spell abides in the keen salt wind and the stinging spray,
That thrills and uplifts my heart from its narrow life, —
And its hopeless strife,
'Till I scourge from my presence all sorrow, and only remember to-day?

Could not a man lie here forever with the breakers booming under
And the blue of the sky above and the cliffs around
That echo the sound
Of the circling bittern's scream and the angry ocean's thunder?

Drinking, a soul disembodied, in the days and the nights that pass,
In the blaze of burning planets at night, and the dead moon's rays,
Or through long days
List to yon musical cricket in the brine-encrusted grass!

NOSTALGIA.

The low and listless wash of languid seas
Lapping the level shores of tropic lands,—
The strange, sweet perfume of a fluctuant breeze,
Blowing at midnight o'er the damp sea-sands:
Visions of pyramids and palms and pines,
The lotos-laden Nile, and dreamful nights
In amorous Venice, where one's soul divines
All the old pagan passions and delights,—
Why do ye haunt me?
I can feel again
The touch of thrilling fingers, the caress
Of moist, emollient lips,— the joy, the pain,
And all the old love's power to blast or bless!
In a tense reverie, led by gray Regret
I softly tread amid the wreck of years,
Finding, where I had prayed I might forget,
Mem'ries that blind my eyes with bitter tears.

AMOUR.

Here, with the slumberous sea at our feet, that murmurs again in his sleep,
And the low, blind, muffled Western wind that passes with pensive tread,
Over the fenceless fields of air to the refluent wastes of the deep,—
I come as of old, love, to plead for the ghosts re-arisen of hopes long dead.

Low and large hangs the heavy, voluptuous moon in the clouded sky,
Soon will a dull light broaden along the infinite blue of the East;
Tell me, belov'd, have you nothing for me but a tear, a regret and a sigh,—
Love's *Vale*, the last tender message, of pity the most and of passion the least?

His prose productions are few in number, but are marked with a keen and brilliant style, their greatest fault being the too frequent use of foreign phrases and words of many syllables. As a critic he was good, though not always discriminating, and sometimes unnecessarily severe. His sketches were not only original, but were of a different order from most of the productions of this kind. As in his poems there was the same weirdness and fantasy, the same boldly sketched word pictures, as for instance, the following from "Phantasus," in the *Brilliant:*

He sat watching the blood-red moon emerge ever and anon from the scudding clouds like some filmy, bleared Cyclopean eye.

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